
Class No.....

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PUNCH



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“AND where, Mr. PUNCH, is *your* Stall?” inquired MERCURY, politely, as his penetrating eye surveyed the spacious spread of the Inventories.

“The Ubiquitous is not to be arbitrarily localised, as the Herald-God should know,” responded the A'-Pervasive-One sententiously.

“This is a marvellous sight,” said MERCURY; “one that may well make me and PROMETHEUS rather proud of our mortal *protégés*.”

“It may indeed be called, in a sense somewhat different from the Poet's, to be sure, ‘the Heaven of Invention,’” responded Mr. PUNCH.

MERCURY pointed with his caduceus to the Great Gun department. “Your youthful DIZZY,” said he, “for whom I admit I have a strong fellow-feeling, wrote *Ixion in Heaven*. The Thessalian came to grief. How, I wonder, would GATLING get on there?”

“I perceive your meaning,” said the Sage. “There are those, however, who consider that in the propaganda of Peace projectiles will be found to play the leading part, and that such a Devil Fish as the Torpedo will in the end conduce more surely to Universal International Harmony than AARON's dolphin.”

“Até and Eighty-Ton Guns seem to be rather more ‘in a concatenation accordingly,’ *at present*,” remarked APOLLO, drily.

“Inventions and Music!” ejaculated the Cyllenian Argiphont. “A charming combination, and one in which PÆCEBUS and I feel a natural interest. My Tortoise had to be tortured into tunefulness, and perhaps Humanity *may* eventually torpedo itself into harmony. Anyhow, these new Shows of yours are not at all a bad notion—for JOHN BULL. Characteristic jumble of Shop and Song, Business and Bands, Art and Advertisement, Serious Science and Sham Arcadia, Classical Music and Cheap Dinners!”

“Still the Olympian Smart Young Man, MERCURY!” said Mr. PUNCH, smiling. “What an admirable paragraph-writer you'd make, or what a first-rate Member for Woodstock!”

“Do you think Lord RANDOLPH will turn out as adroit a Bull-driver, in Britain, as I did in Pieria?” queried “the Saturnian's love-child,” archly.

“Can't say,” said Mr. PUNCH. “Though fresh, as *you* were, from his ‘ambrosial (political) swaddling clothes,’ the artful adolescent has shown some *nous* in getting the British Bulls—some of them—to follow his meandering footsteps. Whether he'll lead them long, or if so, to a hecatomb, after your memorable example, who can say?”

“Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,” murmured APOLLO, musingly.

“A bit of blind Johnsonian dogmatism!” said MERCURY. “Look at *Vivian Grey*! Was he bucolic or adipose? No, brain, not brawn, rules the Boötians. APOLLO, perhaps, was not quite at home among the herds of ADMETUS. Too ideal, uplifted, Gladstonian! But your mercurial Nimblewit makes the best drover, whether hailing from Cyllene, Bucks or Woodstock.”

"Why, there is RANDOLPH," said MR. PUNCH, "chatting with Sir FRANCIS BOLTON, seeking inspiration doubtless for the coming day when he shall 'wield the fierce democracy' as easily as Sir FRANCIS with a touch turns on and off his thousands of arcs and incandescents."

"When will STRAUSS strike up?" asked MERCURY. "I understand his dance-music makes all the world feel as feather-heeled as myself."

"It does," responded the Sage. "STRAUSS would set Olympus tripping it, and get a valse out of VULCAN himself. He'll be at it presently. But meanwhile why don't you two musical gods have a turn? I see you have your lyres with you. Come on!"

And Mr. PUNCH waved his *bâton* persuasively.

"Can you conduct?" asked APOLLO.

"Don't I conduct my world-renowned Journal? And can't he, who can conduct that, conduct *anything*, from a concert to a campaign?" laughed the Sage, confidently.

There was a soft twangling, as of celestial tuning-up, finger and plectrum set to work, and in a twinkling the whole Inventories was hushed in open-mouthed astonishment at the Olympian strains of a Terpsichorean outburst, sufficiently sweet, soul-stirring, and toe-quickenening, to make even "Leedle EDUARD STRAUSS" and his merry men "pale their ineffectual fires."

Once more Mr. PUNCH waved his world-compelling wand, and once more the Mighty Three were alone.

"Wonderful!" cried APOLLO and MERCURY in a breath. "How *do* you do it?"

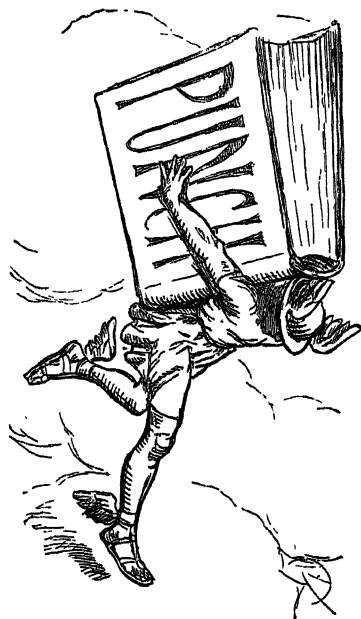
"Would you really like to know?" asked the smiling Musician of Fleet Street.

"Rather!"

"Well, I haven't time to tell you now," said the Sage. "Oh, don't look so dismally disappointed! I can easily put you in the way of learning. I am at once the Great Inventor and the Great Harmonist. My Show is biennial *and* perennial. It does not cover acres, but it pervades the world. Its Inventions are all original, all first-rate, and all—unlike Torpedoes—for the immediate good of mankind. Its harmonies match the Music of the Spheres, and, like the Angel's voice in Abou Ben Adhem, are 'blent all of sweet accord.' The World's wits dance as gladly to it, as their toes to stringed strains of EDUARD STRAUSS. Sir FRANCIS BOLTON would be the first to acknowledge that, for universal "Instantaneous Illumination," his knobs and generators, his lamps and dynamos, are, compared with it, as a glow-worm's twinkle to Aurora's full flush. MERCURY, you look amazed. APOLLO, you appear puzzled. No wonder! I'll relieve your minds. My 'Inventions Exhibition' is portable. You can take it with you, and examine it at your leisure. Lolling comfortably on a convenient cloud, or handy bed of amaranth, you, God of Music, and you, Arch-Inventor, can look over it together, and learn a few wrinkles, each in your own line. That's how it's done! Take it, and make Olympus as happy as Earth!"

Whereupon Mr. PUNCH handed to the delighted Deities his

Eighty-Eighth Volume!



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1885.

JANUARY xxxi Days.

1	St. Stephen	17	St. Francis
2	St. Basil	18	St. Anthony
3	St. Basil	19	St. Basil
4	St. Basil	20	St. Basil
5	St. Basil	21	St. Basil
6	St. Basil	22	St. Basil
7	St. Basil	23	St. Basil
8	St. Basil	24	St. Basil
9	St. Basil	25	St. Basil
10	St. Basil	26	St. Basil
11	St. Basil	27	St. Basil
12	St. Basil	28	St. Basil
13	St. Basil	29	St. Basil
14	St. Basil	30	St. Basil
15	St. Basil	31	St. Basil

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1	St. Valentine	15	St. Valentine
2	St. Valentine	16	St. Valentine
3	St. Valentine	17	St. Valentine
4	St. Valentine	18	St. Valentine
5	St. Valentine	19	St. Valentine
6	St. Valentine	20	St. Valentine
7	St. Valentine	21	St. Valentine
8	St. Valentine	22	St. Valentine
9	St. Valentine	23	St. Valentine
10	St. Valentine	24	St. Valentine
11	St. Valentine	25	St. Valentine
12	St. Valentine	26	St. Valentine
13	St. Valentine	27	St. Valentine
14	St. Valentine	28	St. Valentine

MARCH xxxi Days.

1	St. Patrick	17	St. Patrick
2	St. Patrick	18	St. Patrick
3	St. Patrick	19	St. Patrick
4	St. Patrick	20	St. Patrick
5	St. Patrick	21	St. Patrick
6	St. Patrick	22	St. Patrick
7	St. Patrick	23	St. Patrick
8	St. Patrick	24	St. Patrick
9	St. Patrick	25	St. Patrick
10	St. Patrick	26	St. Patrick
11	St. Patrick	27	St. Patrick
12	St. Patrick	28	St. Patrick
13	St. Patrick	29	St. Patrick
14	St. Patrick	30	St. Patrick
15	St. Patrick	31	St. Patrick

APRIL xxx Days.

1	St. George	16	St. George
2	St. George	17	St. George
3	St. George	18	St. George
4	St. George	19	St. George
5	St. George	20	St. George
6	St. George	21	St. George
7	St. George	22	St. George
8	St. George	23	St. George
9	St. George	24	St. George
10	St. George	25	St. George
11	St. George	26	St. George
12	St. George	27	St. George
13	St. George	28	St. George
14	St. George	29	St. George
15	St. George	30	St. George

MAY xxxi Days.

1	St. John	17	St. John
2	St. John	18	St. John
3	St. John	19	St. John
4	St. John	20	St. John
5	St. John	21	St. John
6	St. John	22	St. John
7	St. John	23	St. John
8	St. John	24	St. John
9	St. John	25	St. John
10	St. John	26	St. John
11	St. John	27	St. John
12	St. John	28	St. John
13	St. John	29	St. John
14	St. John	30	St. John
15	St. John	31	St. John

JUNE xxx Days.

1	St. Peter	16	St. Peter
2	St. Peter	17	St. Peter
3	St. Peter	18	St. Peter
4	St. Peter	19	St. Peter
5	St. Peter	20	St. Peter
6	St. Peter	21	St. Peter
7	St. Peter	22	St. Peter
8	St. Peter	23	St. Peter
9	St. Peter	24	St. Peter
10	St. Peter	25	St. Peter
11	St. Peter	26	St. Peter
12	St. Peter	27	St. Peter
13	St. Peter	28	St. Peter
14	St. Peter	29	St. Peter
15	St. Peter	30	St. Peter

JULY xxxi Days.

1	St. James	17	St. James
2	St. James	18	St. James
3	St. James	19	St. James
4	St. James	20	St. James
5	St. James	21	St. James
6	St. James	22	St. James
7	St. James	23	St. James
8	St. James	24	St. James
9	St. James	25	St. James
10	St. James	26	St. James
11	St. James	27	St. James
12	St. James	28	St. James
13	St. James	29	St. James
14	St. James	30	St. James
15	St. James	31	St. James

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1	St. Lawrence	17	St. Lawrence
2	St. Lawrence	18	St. Lawrence
3	St. Lawrence	19	St. Lawrence
4	St. Lawrence	20	St. Lawrence
5	St. Lawrence	21	St. Lawrence
6	St. Lawrence	22	St. Lawrence
7	St. Lawrence	23	St. Lawrence
8	St. Lawrence	24	St. Lawrence
9	St. Lawrence	25	St. Lawrence
10	St. Lawrence	26	St. Lawrence
11	St. Lawrence	27	St. Lawrence
12	St. Lawrence	28	St. Lawrence
13	St. Lawrence	29	St. Lawrence
14	St. Lawrence	30	St. Lawrence
15	St. Lawrence	31	St. Lawrence

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1	St. Michael	16	St. Michael
2	St. Michael	17	St. Michael
3	St. Michael	18	St. Michael
4	St. Michael	19	St. Michael
5	St. Michael	20	St. Michael
6	St. Michael	21	St. Michael
7	St. Michael	22	St. Michael
8	St. Michael	23	St. Michael
9	St. Michael	24	St. Michael
10	St. Michael	25	St. Michael
11	St. Michael	26	St. Michael
12	St. Michael	27	St. Michael
13	St. Michael	28	St. Michael
14	St. Michael	29	St. Michael
15	St. Michael	30	St. Michael

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

1	St. John	17	St. John
2	St. John	18	St. John
3	St. John	19	St. John
4	St. John	20	St. John
5	St. John	21	St. John
6	St. John	22	St. John
7	St. John	23	St. John
8	St. John	24	St. John
9	St. John	25	St. John
10	St. John	26	St. John
11	St. John	27	St. John
12	St. John	28	St. John
13	St. John	29	St. John
14	St. John	30	St. John
15	St. John	31	St. John

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

1	St. Martin	16	St. Martin
2	St. Martin	17	St. Martin
3	St. Martin	18	St. Martin
4	St. Martin	19	St. Martin
5	St. Martin	20	St. Martin
6	St. Martin	21	St. Martin
7	St. Martin	22	St. Martin
8	St. Martin	23	St. Martin
9	St. Martin	24	St. Martin
10	St. Martin	25	St. Martin
11	St. Martin	26	St. Martin
12	St. Martin	27	St. Martin
13	St. Martin	28	St. Martin
14	St. Martin	29	St. Martin
15	St. Martin	30	St. Martin

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1	St. Stephen	17	St. Stephen
2	St. Stephen	18	St. Stephen
3	St. Stephen	19	St. Stephen
4	St. Stephen	20	St. Stephen
5	St. Stephen	21	St. Stephen
6	St. Stephen	22	St. Stephen
7	St. Stephen	23	St. Stephen
8	St. Stephen	24	St. Stephen
9	St. Stephen	25	St. Stephen
10	St. Stephen	26	St. Stephen
11	St. Stephen	27	St. Stephen
12	St. Stephen	28	St. Stephen
13	St. Stephen	29	St. Stephen
14	St. Stephen	30	St. Stephen
15	St. Stephen	31	St. Stephen

THE CALENDAR



"THE SANDS OF CHRONOS."



A BLANK SUNDAY.

"NOT MUCH OF A *SERMON*, I OWN, UNCLE! BUT WASN'T THE *PULPIT* PRETTILY DECORATED, WITH THOSE EVERGREENS?"
 "OH, YES! PLENTY OF *COVER*, MY DEAR, BUT VERY LITTLE *GAME*?"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Young Husband. "YES, AUNT; I FLATTER MYSELF THE ROOM LOOKS PRETTY WELL—BUT, MY DEAR ELLEN, WHERE, IN THE NAME OF FORTUNE, DID YOU GET THOSE ATROCIOUS VASES? THEY'RE A PERFECT EYESORE!"

Young Wife. "MY DEAR FRED! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHY, DEAR AUNT GAVE THEM TO US! THEY'RE PERFECTLY LOVELY!"

[Dear Ellen has just rehomed them from a Cupboard, where they are always kept when dear Aunt is not selected.]



EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

Little Angler (to gigantic Friend, whom he'd invited for a day's Trout Fishing). "KEEP BACK, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! FOUR POUNDS, IF HE'S AN OUNCE!—THE ONLY WAY IN THIS CLEAR WATER (THERE HE IS!—AH! TUT-T-T—HE'S OFF AGAIN—) IS TO KEEP OUT O' SIGHT!"



"IN FLAGRANTE."

Keeper (coming on him unawares). "DO YOU CALL THIS FISHING WITH A FLY, SIR?"
Brigson. "EH?—I AH—WELL, I—LOOK HERE—HAVE A—(Diving for his flask)—TAKE A NIP?—DO!!"

[Tableau!]



MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Gushington (who is always to the fore). "OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH, FRAÜLEIN, FOR YOUR QUITE TOO DELIGHTFUL SINGING!—SUCH EXQUISITE ENUNCIATION, YOU KNOW!!—SO RARE!!! I SHOULD SO LIKE TO HEAR YOU SING A SONG IN ENGLISH!"
 Fraülein Nuchtigall. "ACH, LIEBER GOTT! VY, MY LAST SEER ZONGS ZAT I HAF CHOOST PEEN ZINGING, ZEY VERE IN ENGLISH!"

THE ALARMIST'S
YEAR-BOOK.

(For 1885.)

JANUARY.

1st. New Year's Day. Terrible catastrophe at General Post Office. Twenty-five experienced officials discovered buried alive in the Sorting Room under a pile of accumulated arrears of undelivered Christmas Cards.

9th. Remarkable cold. Thermometer marks 19 degrees below Zero in the upper boxes at the Savoy Theatre. A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas found frozen to death on the top of a Bayswater omnibus. Skating riots at Prince's begin.

23rd. Further rioting at Prince's. An invalid gentleman lynched by mistake for the Secretary in the Brompton Road. Three per cents. firm at 91.

A ROUNDDELAY.—Travelling by the Underground is an all-round-delay.



CATCHING A TARTAR.

Flippant Cockney. "ARE THERE MANY FOOLS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD, MY LAD?"
 Nondescript. "NOT AS I KNOWS ON, ZUR! WHY, D' YER FEEL A BIT LONESOME, LOIKE?"

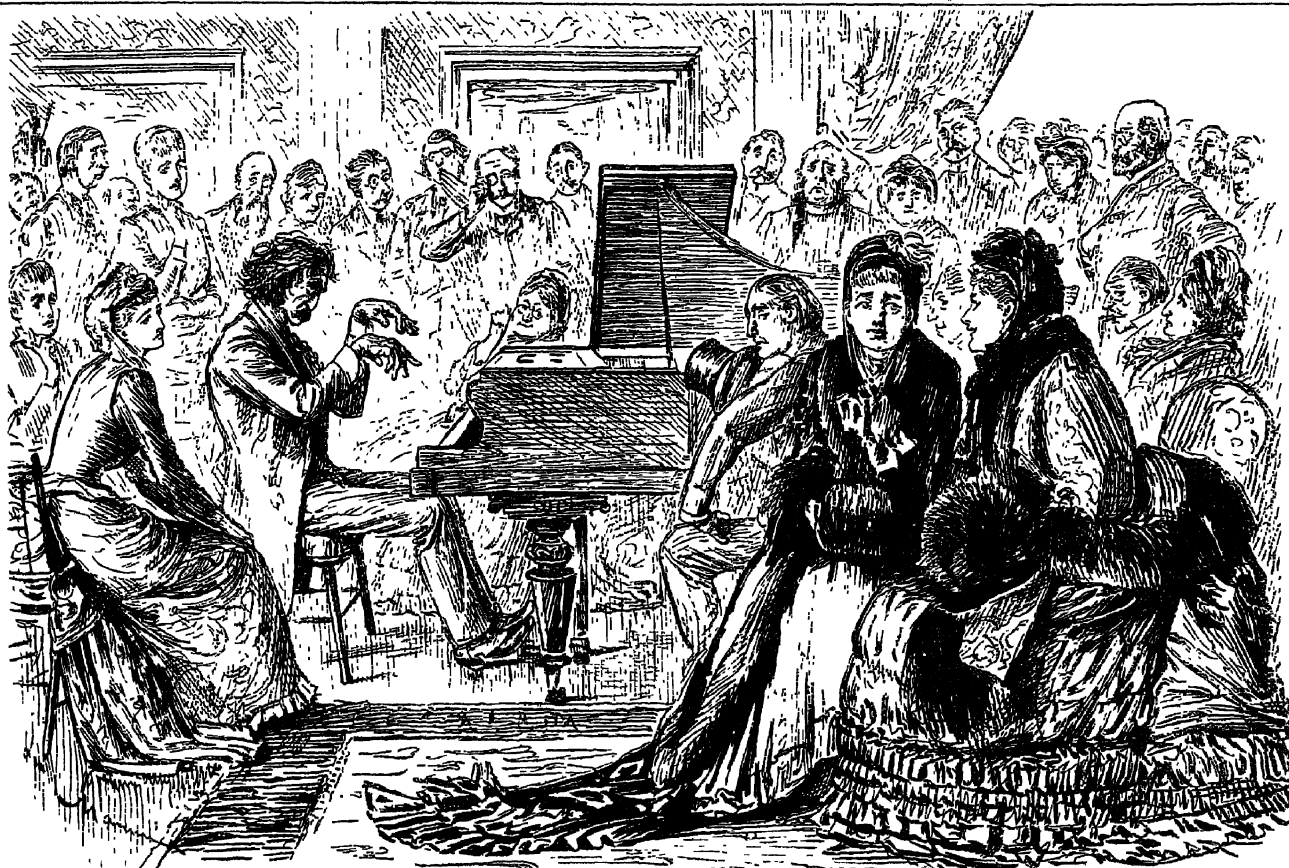
THE ALARMIST'S
YEAR-BOOK.

FEBRUARY.

14th. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT receives a Valentine which on being opened carefully at the Home Office blows his hat and the roof off. Revolutionary feeling on the Stock Exchange. The Governor of the Bank of England while on his way to luncheon tarred and feathered amidst tumultuous rejoicings. Three per cents. sink suddenly to 102½.

19th. Parliament meets for the first time under the New Expedition Rules, when 123 Members being committed to the Tower, the Speaker is forcibly carried from the House and held head downwards in the Coffee Urn.

How's THAT?—It has been said that the gentler sex's interest in Cricket increases. Well, surely Ladies may take a legitimate interest in creases—especially the "popping" crease.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Smith (fortissimo, to *Mrs. Brown*, in one of those sudden and unexpected pauses with which *Herr Signor Hammerantonga* is fond of surprising his Audience). "AND SO I GAVE HER A MONTH'S WARNING ON THE SPOT!"

SEA SIGHTS.



Boy at the Gnaw, and Waiting for
a Worry.



Puffins.



Limpets.

ON THE ICE.

LADY with the fur-trimmed bonnet,
As you circle o'er the lake,
You look so delightful on it,
I love skating for your sake.
Lances as of old might splinter,
Men their lives might sacrifice—
For your bright eyes, Witch of Winter!
On the Ice!



How the steel is scintillating
As you cut a careful three,
There's a something in your skating
Is a mystery to me.
Can you wonder at devotion
As I note each new device?
Here's the poetry of motion—
On the Ice!

Now like Atalanta flying,
I might catch you, so you said
While the keen north wind was dyeing
All your cheeks a rosy red.
Vainly with the task I grapple,
You outrun me in a trice,
Where's Milanion's golden apple
On the Ice?



Witch of Winter, pray take pity
On my soul's unceasing smart,
Not a swain in all the city
Loves you with more faithful heart.
Let me make a bold suggestion,
Life with you were Paradise—
Lady, here I pop the question
On the Ice!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says they may well call the Galoshus of Roads one of the Seven Wonders of the World, as they are the most "A. 1" comfortable things you can possibly wear for walking in wet weather.

SEA SIGHTS.



O-shun Shells !



A Sandy Cove.



Curlew.

'ARRIET ON YOUNG MEN AND MANNERS.

DEAR POLLY,

Yes, I've 'ooked him fair this time; there's no mistake about it. You was a nasty jealous sort, *you* was, to go and kind o' doubt it. I wouldn't ha' thought it of you, now. But there, perhaps 'twas all your funning; I send his photo took with me, and think you'll own he's really stunning.

Isn't he just a tip-top swell? Two quid a week, he says, his screw is;

He's something in the 'atting line, his name is JOSEPH HENERY LEWIS.

He might be a Italian, dear, his 'air's so long and black, and shiny, A 'anging all about his neck in lovely ringlets tight and twiny.

My mark hexact, my dear; in fact I always had a sort o' fancy For something of a forren cut—it's stylish like and so romancy,

He only wants an inch or two to look precisely like that Kernel As saved the Countess from the bull in last week's number of the Journal.

'Twas that last hat as did it, dear; that, leastways, and my natty figger.

He says that for your skinny sort he doesn't care not half a jigger.

His taste's so good; and that there hat, a bright green silk with yaller feather, Caught his hartistic eyeatonce, and settled of him altogether.

It stood me seven-and-tuppence odd—a reglar Mrs. Langbry, POLLY—

Copied from *Myra's Journal*, which of course Ma says is downright folly.

But go it while you're young, I say. Why should the rich 'ave all the fashion,

While one 'as got a smart young man, with *such* a screw to cut a dash on?

Coin, dear? he *chucks* it out on me! 'Ops, Music-'Alls, and Sunday outings!

And trust yours truly, when he slacks, to spur him up with tiffs and poutings.

Oh, we shop-ladies knows the ropes. Why, if I 'int he's getting stingy, Bless you, he's game to carry on as though the 'atting trade meant Ingy.

Takes the shine out o' some of them; espeshally that ojus 'LIZER. Her and her ossifer, indeed! Didn't it nettle and surprise her, When going to the Pallis, dear, a fly on which she'd reglar reckoned, 'Er long-legged lobster took her *third*, whilst me and JOSEPH we went *second*!

Oh, it was proper! What I like in life is jinks and all things jolly; But snubbing stuck-up enemies do make it all the sweeter, POLLY. I ain't a mealy, no, not me; your pious sort is small pertaters; All *real* ladies go it swell, starched ones is *always* second-raters. I *do* 'ate starch; it's only fit for old maids' caps and parsons' collars. I likes a girl who's up to sprees, and game to dash about the dollars; That's reglar first-class form, my dear. Modesty? Meekness? Thrift? Oh jimminy!

Ladies of Fashion ain't caught now with no such moral niminy-piminy.

JOE says if I was photographed in togs as fit me like my skin does, Nothing to speak of on my neck or arms, and shown in the shop windows, I should be took for some great swell, which that's *their* style, quite free and easy.

Mine's ditto. Only screws and frumps now does the finnickin' and freezy.

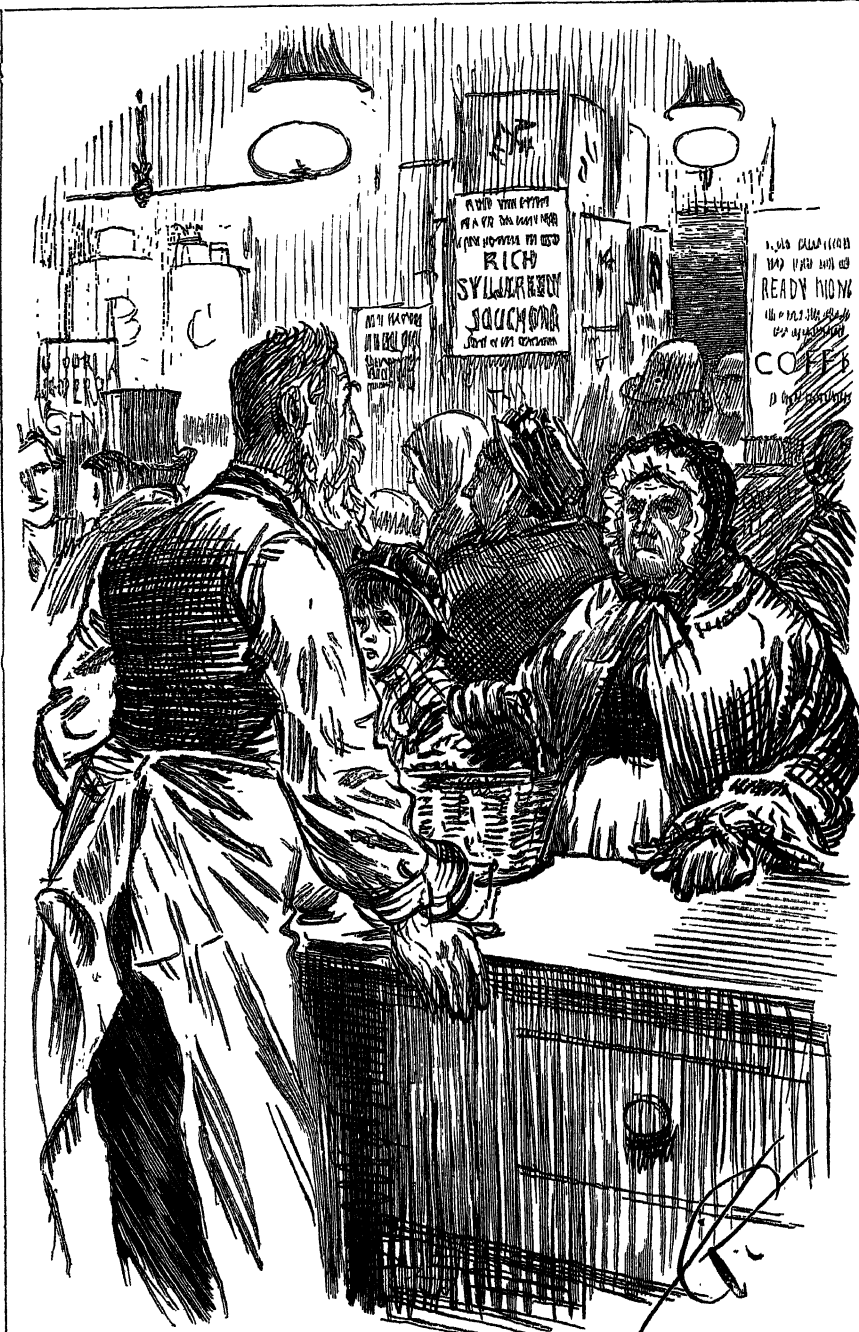
A lady ain't no call to be as prim and proper as a slavey; Sperrit will out, there ain't no doubt; whether in Brixton or Belgravey, The style's the thing. I'll 'ave my fling, in spite of Ma's old-fashioned wiggings, For, if there's something I *do* love, it's dash.

Yours truly,
'ARRIET IGGINGS.

LINE UPON LINE.

DEAR PRIME MERIDIAN,—So you've got fixed at last! That *must* be a comfort. Of course you're only a lineal *parvenu*, quite a "new Line" as it were, whilst I've been established for ages. Still I wish you well, now that you've acquired the respectability of a "local habitation and a name." People talk disparagingly of "hard and fast Lines," but they are the only respectable Lines, after all. Look at those shifty nomadic Isobars and Isothermals. I'd as soon be a clothes-line! However, you've settled down, so I "drop you a Line" of recognition and congratulation. Trust you have fallen in pleasant places—Greenwich doesn't *sound* very swell—but you mustn't expect the life of even

a fixed Line to be *all* beer and skittles. Not at all, I assure you. Even I have been "spoken disrespectfully of," and am "crossed" continually. But keep yourself select, and in six thousand years or so I may even be able to bow to you when we meet. You will not expect that *yet*, of course. Must draw the Line somewhere. In these days when new Lines are turning up continually—*nulla dies sine Linea* as somebody says—one can't be too particular. But I wish you well—from a suitable distance—and remain, that original "ancient Line," THE EQUATOR.



"THE FITNESS OF THINGS."

Country Wife. "'PUND O' TEA, PLEASE."

Grocer. "BLACK OR MIXED, MA'AM?"

Country Wife. "'DAUR SAY YE'D BETTER LET'S HAE BLACK—IT'S FOR A FUNERAL!!"



CHARITY IN VANITY.



A FACT.

Mr. Rode-Wolf (an old-established M.F.H.—to Mr. Bambocks, new ditto). "So you've set up a pack of hounds, I hear, Bambocks! Had much sport, eh?"

Mr. B. "Yes; done pretty well. But, to tell you the truth, I want to buy a few leading hounds."

[Joy of old-established M.F.H.]

THE ALARMIST'S YEAR-BOOK.

MARCH.

4th. A Boa-constrictor discovered loose in the Upper House of Convocation. Great panic. Twenty-seven Bishops endeavouring to jump simultaneously from the windows of the Jerusalem Chamber alight on a passing pastrycook's tray, and are taken in an exhausted condition to the Westminster Hospital.

11th. Social Sinecure Suppression Bill abolishing Rural Deans, Chairmen of Railway Companies, Country Gentlemen, and all the Beadles in the United Kingdom, passed at the third reading in the Commons by a majority of 508. Monster Meeting at Charing Cross of Esquires in their own right dispersed by dynamite.

19th. Serious Hair-brushing riot at Truefitt's.

A JOVIAL CREW.—Jack Tars in a Jolly-boat.



A SAVING CLAUSE.

The Vicar's Daughter. "Good morning, Mrs. Taylor. It's a long time since I saw you at church! You really ought to attend more regularly!"

Mrs. T. (guiltily). "Yes, yes, Miss. It is a long time since I was at church! But"—(cheerfully)—"I never goes to chapel!"

THE ALARMIST'S YEAR-BOOK.

APRIL.

1st. Universal consternation, owing to the receipt by the Government at breakfast-time of a telegram from the Indian Viceroy announcing the sudden blowing up of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and loss of the entire peninsula by mutiny. This news was, however, contradicted by a second despatch arriving later in the day, facetiously calling attention to the date.

7th. Public Service Saving Bill passed. Pay of First-class Clerks at the Foreign Office reduced to threepence-halfpenny an hour.

19th. Further drastic measures of Economy carried in Parliament. The Lord Chancellor on being informed that his salary is cut down to £400 a year without extras, spends the whole of it on an American oyster luncheon, and walks home in hysterics.



PUNCHIUS CLAUDIAN! THE BENEFACTOR OF THE CENTURIES!



COMMENCING ECONOMY.

"GOT A CIGAR, OLD CHAP?"

"No. I ONLY CARRY LIGHTS NOW."

A LOVE LAY À LA MODE.

WOULD you warble a lyric of love,
Of Love in the latter-day style?
Go snatch a white plume from Dame Venus's dove.
For your Poet's a party superbly above
A Gillott or goose-quill. How vile
The vulgarian varlet who'd tinkle-te-tink
His love on a banjo, or write it in ink?

We must thrumb out our love on a lute.
'Tis the instrument most *comme il faut*—
Though whether the thing's like a fiddle or flute,
Or sounds with a twangle or tootle-te-toot,
I'll be hanged if I happen to know:
But STREPHON—in rhyme—always has it at hand,
And *this* song is a lute-song you'll please understand.

It is set in three flats I may say,
In the very much minor, of course;
That's a *sine quâ non* in an amorous lay,
When inspired by the Muse of this lachrymose day,
Who is always delightfully hoarse
With weeping, for latter-day lovers rejoice
Like the cats on the tiles, and with tears in their voice.

If you do not quite relish the style
Of love-lyric, I've no more to say;
But you'd better not try, for it is not worth while
(And you'd only elicit Song's scornfullest smile),
Your hand at an amorous lay.
Try the drum if you like, or the fiddle or flute,
But you'll never make much of a fist with the lute.

CURIOUS FARMING OPERATIONS.—Harrowing Details.

THE THOUGHTFUL FEW-OPENER AND JONES'S SUNDAY HAT.



PRECAUTION.



OBSTRUCTION.



ABSTRACTION.



DESTRUCTION.

LADY GATHEREMALL AT HOME.



Lady Midas (to her Son). "SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, GORGY! LOOK AT THAT YOUNG MAN, NOW, WITH THEM TWO FAST-LOOKING MINXES HANGING ON TO HIM. SOME ARTIST, I SUPPOSE! FOR I RECOLLECT MEETING HIM AT THE ACADEMY SWARRY—IT WAS IN THE HALL, YOU KNOW, AND I WAS ALL ALONE, AND IN SUCH A STATE, FOR I COULDN'T FIND MY FOOTMAN, WHEN UP COMES THAT YOUNG MAN, AND WANTS TO KNOW IF HE CAN DO ANYTHING, AND GETS MY WRAPS, AND HOLDS AN UMBRELLA OVER ME, AND FINDS MY CARRIAGE, AND HELPS ME IN, AND ACTUALLY SAYS HE HOPED I SHOULDN'T CATCH COLD! A MOST FORWARD AND PUSHING YOUNG MAN!"

Gorgius Midas, Esq., Junior. "WHAT ROT YER TORK, MOTHER! PUSHING, INDEED! WHY, IT'S LORD BAYARD OF GRANDISON, AND HE'S GOT A HUNDRED THOUSAND A YEAR, AND THAT'S HIS WIFE AND SISTER WITH HIM?"

[Collapse of Lady Midas.]

A RURAL-URBAN
ROUNDELAY.

As down in Covent
Garden
At leisure I did go,
Outside the fruit and
flowers for sale
In the Market all on
show,
Amongst a hodge-podge
litter
Of rubbish and waste
strewed round,
Stalks, roots, and cab-
bage-leaves, shucks,
and greens,
And offal about the
ground,
There I espied a Party.
And unto him did
say:—
"Wun't thee employ no
scavengers
To cart mud-salad
away?"

"I wun't employ no sca-
vengers
I tell'ee I wun't—so
there!
But I manes to live a
Landlord,
And still the Crownet
wear."



Sir Gorgius. "SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, YER LADYSHIP! I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHEN LADY M.'S A DRIVIN' ABOUT LONDON IN ONE OF 'ER HOPEN CARRIAGES, SHE 'ARDLY DARES LOOK UP, FOR FEAR O' SEEN' SOMEONE SHE KNOWS ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS!"

The Lady Gwendoline Bearumanoir. "YES, VERY SAD! BY THE WAY, I'M AFRAID SHE 'LL OFTEN SEE PAPA THERE; BUT NEVER ME, YOU KNOW! MAMMA AND I ALWAYS GO INSIDE!"

CHRISTMAS NUM-
BERS.

(As we find them.)

ONE, two,
Nightshade and Rue ;
Three, four,
Goblins and gore ;
Five, six,
Gehenna and Styx ;
Seven, eight,
Pitiless fate ;
Nine, ten,
Murderous men ;
Eleven, twelve,
Graves that they delve ;
Thirteen, fourteen,
Vampires a-courtin' ;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Spectres with fixt een ;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Detectives in waitin' ;
Nineteen, twenty,—
Dash it ! that's plenty !
Such are the wonderful
witch-broth ingredi-
ents,
Fiendish devices, and
bogie expedients
With which yule-tide
writers haunt inno-
cent slumbers,
And freeze youthful
blood in—so-called—
Christmas Numbers !



SCHOOL OF COOKERY.



"BOYS WILL BE BOYS."

O'd Wiggins. "CONFOUND THOSE YOUNG RASCALS! HANG ME IF I'LL EVER HAVE 'EM HOME AGAIN FOR THE HOLIDAYS! THEY'VE BEEN MIXING HAIR-OIL AND FURNITURE POLISH WITH MY DRY CURAÇOA AND BROWN SHERRY!"

**THE ALARMIST'S
YEAR-BOOK.**

MAY.

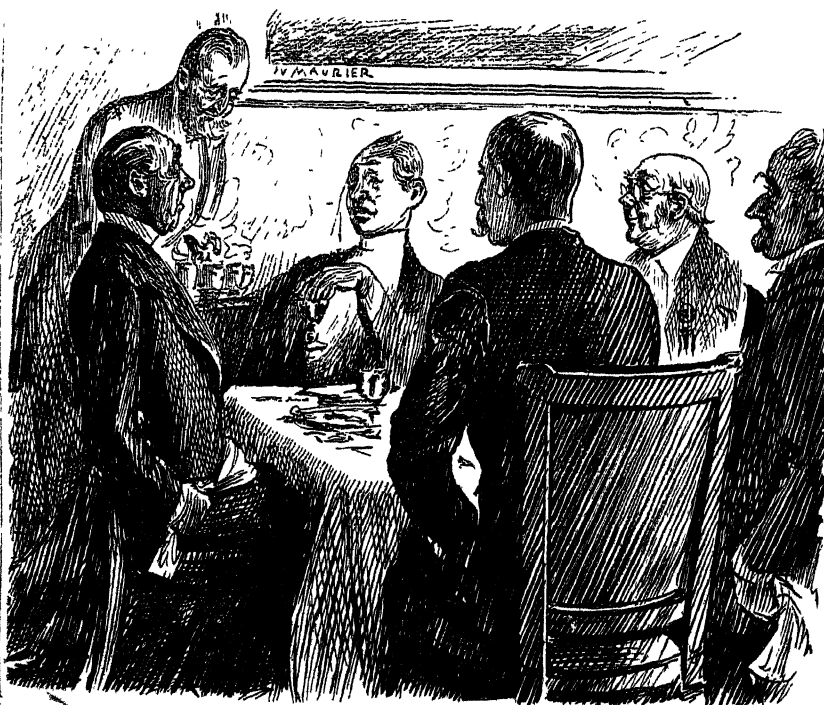
3rd. Simultaneous declaration of War against Great Britain by France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Roumania, Egypt, Khordofan, and the Straits Settlements.

5th. It having being reported in the morning that five hostile fleets were already threatening the coasts, and that twenty-seven of the enemies' iron-clads had been seen off Greenwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty announces to the House amidst deafening cheers that the keels of three unarmoured cruisers will certainly be laid the year after next.

25th. Unexpected cessation of foreign food supply. Bath-bun riots in the Burlington Arcade.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—What stands for grumbling? The little yellow Croakers.

CRIMPED SALMON.—*"Vidi et crudeles dantem Salmones pœnas."*



COMING OUT AS A CONVERSATIONALIST.

Young Ganderson (proudly conscious of the general attention). "OH YES, IT'S IN SOHO, YOU KNOW. I KNOW THE PLACE WELL. THEY GIVE YOU A CAPITAL DINNER FOR EIGHT—RENTENCE—WINE INCLUDED."

Host (proud of his Cellar). "AND IS THE WINE DRINKABLE?"

Young Ganderson. "OH YES—VERY GOOD—BETTER THAN THE WINE WE'RE DRINKING NOW!"

**THE ALARMIST'S
YEAR-BOOK.**

JUNE.

10th. Bombardment of the Metropolis commences. Great floral *fête* at South Kensington.

16th. A review of the entire available garrison of London being held by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE in Hyde Park, and it being found to consist of thirteen men of the South Staffordshire Regiment, five mounted policemen, and the invalided drum-major of the Coldstream Guards, the whole are put by the populace on the top of an omnibus, and conveyed to the front amidst a scene of the wildest enthusiasm.

25th. Madame TUSAUD'S, the British Museum, and the Duke of York's Column blown up simultaneously. Mr. IRVING and Miss E. TERRY, on their return from America, are received by Mr. W. BARRETT and Mrs. KENDAL waving pocket-handkerchiefs and dancing. Mrs. KENDAL refuses to make a speech, but writes out her address for the next *Court Guide*.



"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

Occasional Sportsman (suddenly coming upon the Hunted Hare). "Now, SHALL I SHOUT OR WAVE A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF?"



GETTING ON.

"MISSED 'EM AGAIN, JOE, I'M AFRAID!"

"I DOUBT YOU 'AVE, SIR. BUT, LOR! YOU DID SCARE 'EM FINELY THAT TIME, SIR, ANYHOW!"



N.B. FROM N.B.

THERE'S A TIME FOR EVERYTHING, AND THE MOST FAVOURABLE TIME FOR STEADYING YOUR NERVE WITH A PINCH FROM MACDOUGAL'S MULL IS NOT JUST THE MOMENT BEFORE THE GRAND DRIVE.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE JEUNE PREMIER.

"WHAT, ELEANOR? YOU KNOW SIR LIONEL WILDBRAKE, THE HANDSOMEST, WITTIEST, MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN TOWN! HE OF WHOM IT IS SAID THAT NO WOMAN HAS EVER BEEN KNOWN TO RESIST HIM YET!"

"THE SAME, LILIAN! BUT RUSH! HE COMES——"

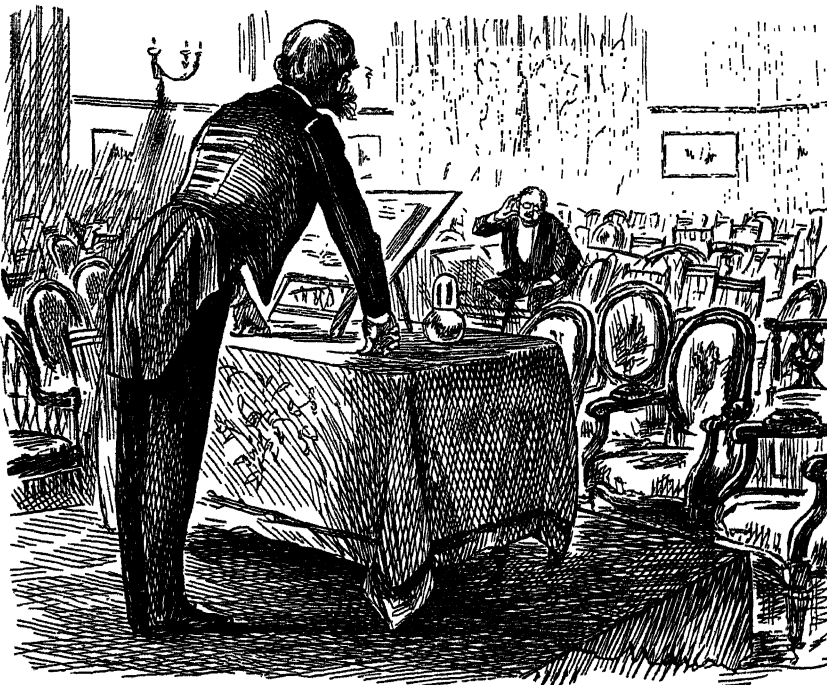
[Enter Colonel Sir Lionel Wildbrake.]

THE ALARMIST'S YEAR-BOOK. JULY.

4th. Great Naval Battle off Shoreham. The Brighton Railway Company, issuing cheap return day-tickets, including (by arrangement with the respective Admirals) admission to the hostile ships during action, receive the public thanks of the Government.

17th. Revolution commences. London occupied by five European Powers. The contents of the Bank of England divided, with shovels, in front of the Royal Exchange, and the National Debt declared to be the "personal obligation" of Mr. GLADSTONE.

21st. The pit of Drury Lane being invaded by French soldiers without tickets, Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, asking them to stay to supper at the close of the performance, is hailed, at half-past one, A.M., as "Emperor," and accepts the post with effusion. Great distress in the umbrella trade.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE READER.

Distinguished Amateur. "AS THE PROGRAMME WAS VERY LONG, SIR, I FEEL FLATTERED THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED TO THE END!"

Remaining Spectator. "I—A—ARE YOU SPEAKING TO ME, SIR? I AM SORRY TO SAY I CAN'T HEAR A WORD. I'VE THE MISFORTUNE TO BE DEAF!"

THE ALARMIST'S YEAR-BOOK. AUGUST.

11th. Peace concluded with the Five Powers in the half-crown dining-saloon at the Crystal Palace, England agreeing to cede Gibraltar, Australia, India, Canada, the Isle of Thanet, and the Metropolitan District Railway, and to pay an indemnity of £500,000,000,000.

12th. General rejoicing. A French Admiral caught making grimaces at the figure of NELSON at Charing Cross, is dragged through the fountains, and left to dry at the new Constitutional Club.

17th. Revival of public confidence. Mr. WILSON BARRETT appears as *Timour the Tartar*. Severe earthquake at Wapping.

FIELD SPORTS AND STAGE PLAYS.—Theatrical Managers and Foxhunters thoroughly enjoy a good run.

THIEVES' DRILL.—A Centre-bit.



VOLUNTEER TACTICS AT OUR AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

Captain Wilkinson (excitedly, to Major Walker, of the Firm of Wilkinson, Walker, & Co., Auctioneers and Estate Agents). "DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER BRING OUR RIGHT WING ROUND TO ATTACK THE ENEMY'S FLANK, SO AS TO PREVENT THEIR OCCUPYING THOSE EMPTY HOUSES WE HAVE TO LET IN BARKER'S LANE?!"

THE ALARMIST'S YEAR-BOOK.

SEPTEMBER.

9th. Continued progress of Radical legislation in Parliament. Free House-Rent Bill carried by acclamation. Great rejoicing of tenants, who celebrate the event by making a bonfire of their leases in the Cromwell Road.

15th. Disastrous *émeute* of pauper and disestablished Peers on board a Boulogne boat. On being asked to pay their fares, they refuse, and seizing the command of the ship, with the intention of escaping to Labrador, run it, by misadventure, on to the Goodwin Sands.

29th. New Unpreserved Game Bill comes into operation. Pheasants selling in Bond Street in the morning at sixpence the half-dozen, are by the evening charged five guineas the brace. Death of the Deputy-Chairman of the Intercolonial and Wapping Mutual Loan and Discount Company.



A MISQUOTATION.

(By a Young Miss on an Old Master.)

"OH, PAPA! THEY'RE ANGLES, NOT ANGELS!"

THE ALARMIST'S YEAR-BOOK.

OCTOBER.

5th. Scientific Carnival Gala at the "Inventories." An attempt being made to stop it by the Middlesex Magistrates in person, they are roughly handled by a crowd of angry savants, and passed hurriedly through a patent Bavarian Electric Sausage Machine.

25th. Severe epidemic of toothache among highly respectable Solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

27th. Painful occurrence on the Underground Railway,—seventeen trains returning from South Kensington, being blocked up for five days and a half in the tunnel between Blackfriars and the Mansion House, where the passengers, not being permitted by the officials to leave the carriages, are driven by hunger to eat the cushions, leathern straps, gas-fittings, advertisements, and their own clothing.

THAT JOKE!



I.

'Twas in the patriarchal period, when
Men dwelt in tents,
and watched, with
due attentiveness,
Flocks which fulfilled
the two first needs of
men,
Fashion and all-
mentiveness.

A simple time, but dullish, one
would say;
It was before the Pun had been
invented;
And in its absence how could men be
gay,
Or perfectly contented?

One night at a tent-door a party sat.
Things all went wrong; ABRAH had burst
his tabor,
BEN ABRAM'S latest desert myth fell flat;
Each herdsman bored his neighbour;

When on a sudden through the silence broke
A something! Then, of course, they had no name for it.
BEN ZOL had perpetrated the first JOKE!
(And earned eternal shame for it.)

A Lion pouncing in their midst had not
Produced so great a shock, so quick a scattering;
Each man rose hastily and left the spot;
This to BEN ZOL seemed flattering;

But nought to what came next. Anon there rose
From palm-clump, and from sand-ridge, and from pool-
edge,
Most novel noises; the spasmodic throes
Of a new birth of knowledge.

AL RAF exploded like a bursten dyke,
HAMER boomed nasally, like a flying scarab,
And ASSAR bounded, wriggled, twisted, like
A Beni-Zong-Zong Arab!

One did not catch the Joke! At the tent-door
He squatted, watching every novel antic,
Thinking that it was all a horrid bore,
And that they'd all gone frantic.

They all rushed back! BEN ZOL was like to choke
With their embraces. Like to wasps round honey
They clustered, begging him to repeat the Joke,
And once again be "funny"!

II.

That Joke went forth! That patriarchal jest
Spread like the rinderpest, or Jews, or rabbits,
And altered, North and South and East and West,
Man's customs, Woman's habits.

With it the Pyramid-builders did beguile
Their leisure hours; it came so well in Coptic.
In Accad dialect it made NINUS smile,
And wink his royal optic.

At Kouyunjik some early chisel pen
Has carved a Babylonian much contorted;
That shows the sort of thing which happened when
That Joke was first imported.

It has been taken for a tortured slave,
Or an Assyrian Conqueror. Not a bit of it!
'Twas in such fashion all men would behave
When waking to the wit of it.

The Persians introduced the "wheeze" to Greece;
A prisoner nabbed at Marathon imparted it
To his two captors. Laughter would not cease
When once the Joke had started it;

So, while they held their sides, he made escape.
MILTIADES vowed that nought from death should save
them,
Till one of them retold the Persian's jape,
When he at once forgave them.

The Romans borrowed it, with other "crisps,"
TERENCE inscribed it in his pungent pages;
It played old gooseberry with the monks' fat ribs
Through Dark and Middle Ages.

The Normans brought it hither. Here, at last,
After eight centuries more of constant wear, it
Became so stale, that suffering men, aghast,
Vowed they'd no longer bear it.

Like that Egyptian skeleton, it lurked
At good men's feasts, till they, for once in unity,
Saw that to have the Horror safely buried,
Concerned the whole community.

III.

The Joke was dead, as dead as PHARAOH's dust,
As Death's own door-nail, as defunct JOE MILLER
Who killed it? Well, the doom was deemed so just,
That Law sought not the killer.

'Twas dead and buried, underneath a heap
Of last year's novels, in a place none wotted of;
Men blessed him who that Joke had choked in sleep,
Or severed the carotid of:

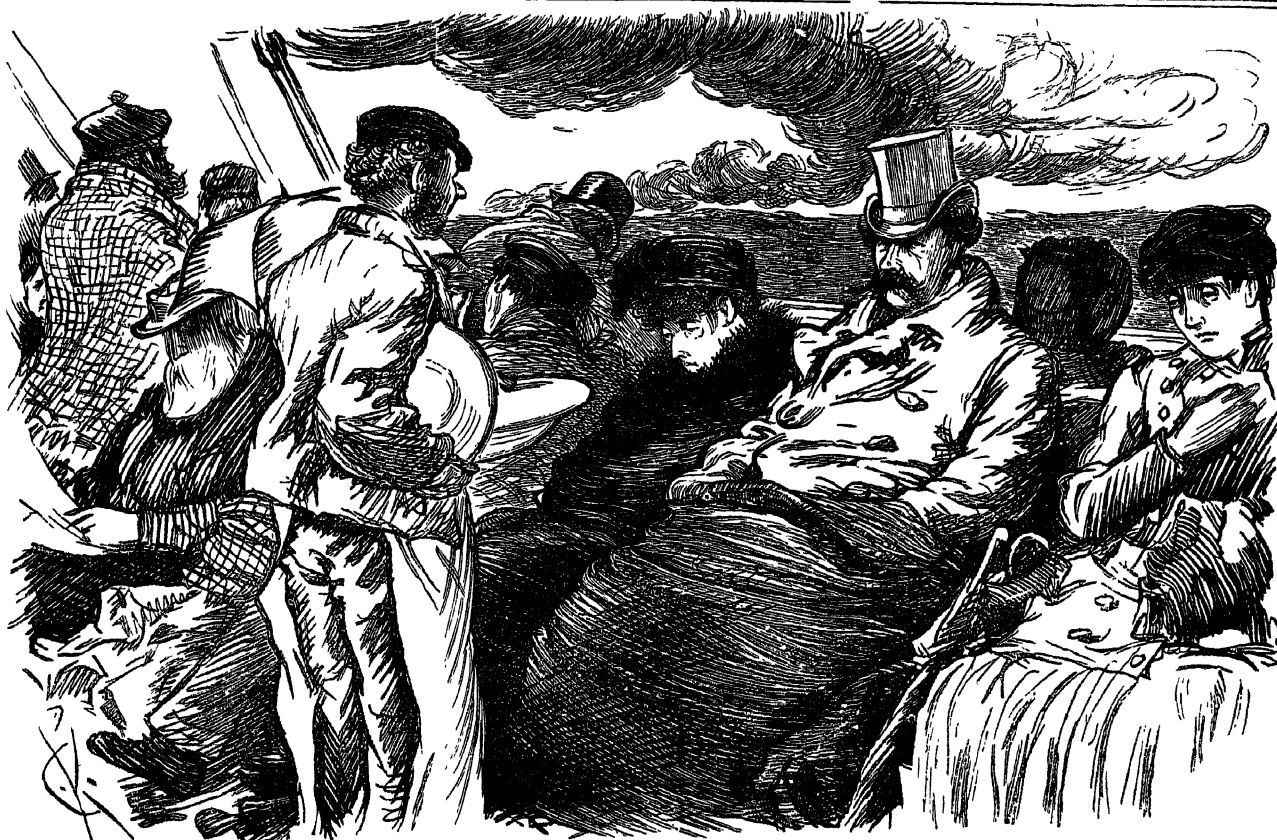
Folks breathed. But lo! a hideous whisper went
About all places where mankind assembled
For grub and gossip. What the rumour meant
Men asked, and paled and trembled.

It checked in midmost flow the diner's glee;
It choked the story-teller's raciest chortle.
Could there, oh, could there be an inside key
To Death's portentous portal?

"Why no! Ha! ha!—of course not! Most absurd!"
So blustered BUMPS at a board convivial;
Then stopped, and shook. A chuckling sound was heard,
As cause for trembling trivial.

Trivial? The convives' hair stood all a-point.
What said that Spectre grin in vaporous sable cloth?
"Why is a—?" "Yah! they hinged at every joint,
And flopped upon the tablecloth!"

Back came that ancient lately-shifted joke,
Which they'd thrown off, and made so glad a boast of it!
Was it that old, old Patriarchal Joke?
Nay, worse!—it was the Ghost of It!!!



A PROTEST.

Steward (for the third or fourth time). "BAS'N, SIR? BAS'N, MISS?"

American Passenger. "I SAY, STEE-U-ARD, IF YOU KEEP TEMPTING US WITH THOSE LITTLE DISHES, WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO RE-SIST—WHAT——!"

THE ALARMIST'S YEAR-BOOK.

NOVEMBER.

5th. Rival production, by the Managers of the Princess's Theatre and the Lyceum, of *Guy Faux*, with every attention to historical

detail. A distinguished critic, in an exhaustive and able letter to the *Athenæum*, writes:—"They are two of the very best Guys I have ever seen. The boys' chorus, too, that accompanied them, was quite beautiful."

9th. Terrible tragedy at the Mansion House on the occasion of the first "Penny Dinner Banquet" as prescribed by the New Economic Conviviality Corporations Act, the whole of the guests, after partaking freely of "tinned rabbit," are almost immediately carried away, frantically delirious, on stretchers.

21st. Explosion and total disappearance of Woolwich Arsenal, the shock unroofing Westminster Abbey, and being felt as far north as Glasgow. Walnut-trees, owing to the extreme mildness of the season, flower on the Embankment. Three-per-Cents at 102.

THE ALARMIST'S YEAR-BOOK.

DECEMBER.

3rd. Dense fog in the Metropolis, during which a steam-roller, escaping into the Lowther Arcade and doing considerable damage,

ploughs its way in a direct linethrough every obstacle, and is only met with, on the following afternoon, at the bottom of an area in Half-Moon Street.

13th. Severe plethora of Christmas Numbers. Several people of position, who have read them all through, including the Advertisements, refuse to give their names, and jump off Waterloo Bridge.

26th. Boxing - Night. Severe weather. The audience at Drury Lane being completely snowed up for a week, the Grand Christmas Pantomime is given fourteen times in succession. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS is offered a baronetcy, and places the whole of the Dress Circle tier for the rest of the Season at the disposal of Mr. GLADSTONE.

31st. Great discovery of frauds in the treacle trade. Riot at Peckham. Three-per-Cents at 107. The year closes quietly.



CLASSICAL.

'Bus-Driver (to Musical Amateur, who came out of St. James's Hall with a folio copy of Beethoven's Scores). "ANYTHING NEW AT THE CHRISTY'S, SIR?!"

OUR THREE-VOLUME NOVEL AT A GLANCE.



VOL. I.—She sat apart, a cloud hanging on her fair brow, and her sweet eyes downcast.



He threw himself at her Feet,



And crushing her slender Fingers within his—



"Lettuce fly!" he murmured.



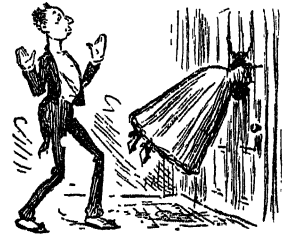
She turned a little pale—



And tossing her head in the air,



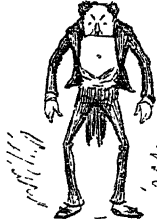
She swept past him,



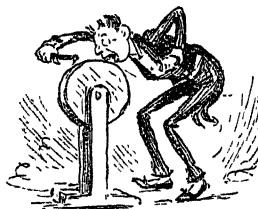
Flung herself out of the room, and disappeared through one of the doors.



VOL. II.—He was somewhat taken aback.



And burping his chin in his breast,



Ground his teeth.



Quickly recovering himself,



He leapt to his feet,



And folding his arms tightly across his chest—



"Foiled!" he cried.



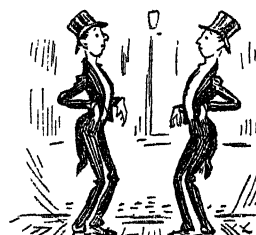
Then, bending his brows, while a curious smile curled the corner of his lip,



He crushed his hat deep over his eyes, and sought the door.



His suit had been declined!



VOL. III.—In another second he found himself in the street.



"The die is cast!" he hissed, while his brow grew black as night.



He had drained the bitter cup to the dregs.



That night he caught the packet,



And, in a foreign climb,



Vanishes from these pages for evermore.



GISSING THE ROD.

WE have but now laid our hand upon a few days' old number of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, which containeth a piece of wisdom so entirely monumental, that it well deserves to be "*ære perennius*"—which we would render, for the moment, into "longer-lived than its own brass." It has nothing to do with the conduct of that bright and many-sided journal, be it said, but merely with a Correspondent who has at least the courage of his opinions in signing his name. The correspondence appears to have begun in one of the endless foolishnesses about contemporary novel-writing which appear to beguile the leisure of so many of our modern Cacoëthics. And "*SYLVANUS*" and "*GEORGE GISSING*" are severe upon a Mr. MOORE, who seems to have complained that, in these days of Mudie-cum-Smith tyranny, books are sometimes capriciously withdrawn from all the bookstalls of the Autocrats, and the Author left without a remedy. As a matter of fact, that is quite true; and the personalities of "*SYLVANUS*," who says he is a woman, neither young nor old, and so adopts that eminently female signature (Girtonism is good—but imperfect Girtonism is dangerous), do not affect the position of Mr. MOORE.

But "*SYLVANUS*" is eclipsed indeed by the Correspondent who follows him or her—the great Mr. GEORGE GISSING. Humbly we own that we never heard his name before, though it seems suggestive of a kind of guttural German embrace performed by the nationalist of the Land. But GISSING should be known. This is what GISSING writes:—

"One of the most painful confessions in literature is that contained in the preface to '*Pendennis*,' where THACKERAY admits that 'since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man,'—on penalty, be it understood" (by GISSING) "of a temporary diminution of receipts. If this be not a tradesman's attitude, what is? Let novelists be true to their artistic conscience, and the public taste will come round. In that day there will be no complaint of the circulating libraries. It is a hard thing to say, but THACKERAY, when he knowingly wrote below the demands of his art to conciliate Mrs. GRUNDY, betrayed his trust; and the same thing is being done by our living novelists every day."

O ye demigods and little GISSINGS, did anybody ever hear the like of this? Not all the waters of Gissingen can do much for anybody who openly prays that the public taste may "come round" again to the open coarseness of *Tom Jones*; the vice of an age as much as our age has its own, which THACKERAY, one of the cleanest-minded writers who ever lived, points out in that same preface to be happily out of date. All the world knows what that preface meant, save and except GISSING, who thinks that THACKERAY's artistic conscience suggested Dirt, and his art demanded it, but that he was afraid of losing money by it!! Had he but been true to his conscience and his tastes, his receipts would have gone up in time, for GISSING would have bought his books. But THACKERAY betrayed his trust (ye gods! THACKERAY!) by being sweet and pure, though

it is a "hard thing" to say." It should have been not only hard but impossible, GISSING. As for our living novelists, they are disgusting GISSING by "doing the same every day." Well, they are, GISSING; and speaking with some knowledge of them, we do not altogether regret it. We regret that GISSING cannot get the reading he likes, except by going back to more conscientious days; and we do not wholly love Mrs. GRUNDY. But we like her taste in books better than GISSING's. We will do all we can to help you to your desired celebrity, GISSING, though we care not to be gissing who can have brought you up. Praised be the gods for thy foulness, GISSING! but also that, as we fondly hope, there are not very many like thee.

HOW TO COIN MONEY.

(According to Precedent.)

As easy as possible. All you want is some paste, a pair of scissors, a number of old Periodicals, and a moderate credit at a Printer's and a Paper-maker's. With these requisites you can commence publishing a new Weekly Paper, which you can call boldly,

SWEET STUFF.

You will have made it up of cuttings from the Periodicals already referred to. But you want a little original matter, and will advertise in your own Paper that you will give a

£10 PRIZE FOR THE BEST ROMANTIC STORY,

reserving to yourself, of course, the right of publishing every Tale you receive. Thus, for a moderate sum, you will obtain any amount of Original Fiction, of more or (generally) less merit. But now you want to advertise the Paper a little, so again offer Prizes, say,

SPECIAL PRIZE—A CHRISTENING SILVER GOBLET,

to be given on the condition that the Baby to be named is given the sole title of "*Sweet Stuff*." Then, to please other tastes, announce

UNIQUE PRIZE—FIRST CLASS FUNERAL.

The lucky recipient to guarantee, however, that when he is buried his executors shall be directed to inscribe merely "*Sweet Stuff*" on his tombstone.

Other prizes and rewards of a similar character might be awarded. For the rest stick to scissors and paste.

Sweet Stuff you will find soon paying its way. Its circulation will increase by leaps and bounds. Before you know where you are, without the assistance of a staff, without the aid of anyone, you will find you have amassed what, of course, you will advertise everywhere,

"A COLOSSAL FORTUNE."

TRANSFORMATION SCENES.—*Called Back* at Prince's changed into *Twins*. *Twins* at Olympic changed into *Called Back*.



COMMUTATION.

The Curate (nervously). "I'M SORRY NOT TO SEE YOU OFTENER AT CHURCH, SIR GORGIUS!"

Sir Gorgius. "OH—AH—YES! MY OLD HENEMY, THE GOUT, YER KNOW. BUT IF THE FUNDS ARE DICKEY, SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO SEND YOU A CHEQUE!"

The Curate. "OH, THANK YOU, SIR GORGIUS! THAT 'LL DO JUST AS WELL!"

"A NEW LEAF" IN LAW COURTS.

(A Charge by Mr. Justice Lush.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,—You have been engaged a whole fortnight in trying a case which, when I was a boy, would have been decided at one sitting in a single day. During your detention in this Court, obliged to neglect your own affairs, they have probably, for some, if not all of you, gone to ruin. I would certainly have cut proceedings short had I not known that the consequence of that step would be a new trial, and after that an appeal with all the waste of words you have had to endure reproduced over and over again. I am going to add to that endurance as little as I can. The Counsel for both Plaintiff and Defendant have made speeches full ten times as long as they had any occasion to, and examined and cross-examined an excessive number of Witnesses at a most unnecessary length. It may be expected that in pursuance of the practice which has become prevalent, I should follow suit, and deliver a summing-up of proportionate prolixity. I shall subject you to no such infliction.

The matter in question for your decision is one that lies in a nutshell. It is simply as follows. (Here the learned Judge, in a few words, stated the case.) All of the evidence that has any bearing whatever on the case is that of six Witnesses on either side out of sixty. I shall read you only that of the six (which his Lordship briefly did). Now you know all that you have any need to, for agreement in your verdict, which you can retire to consider, if not prepared to return it without leaving the box. As this is the beginning of the year, when there is annually talk of "turning over a new leaf," I have determined to do so myself in my judicial capacity, by way of example; and I hope none of you will ever again be detained for half a lunar month by proceedings so preposterously protracted as to suggest the influence of lunacy.

WHY NOT?—East London is at present in desperate need of work. East London is *always* in much need of play. The converting of the Main Drainage Embankment into a place of public recreation would give East London work now and play hereafter. This seems a consummation devoutly to be wished. Why not bring it about? The only reason seems to be that the Metropolitan Board of Works consider it "undesirable." Is that "final, conclusive and binding" as the parchment-spoilers say? *Mr. Punch* thinks not. What does the Public think?

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

"THE POISON TREE."

You ought to read *The Poison Tree*—
'Tis FISHER UNWIN's copyright—
By BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE!

'Tis taken from the Bengali,
Translated well by Mrs. KNIGHT—
You ought to read *The Poison Tree*.

'Tis published in one vol.—not three—
A story quaint and apposite;
By BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE.

As Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD he—
A learned preface doth indite;
You ought to read *The Poison Tree*.

Though bored by novels you may be—
Don't miss this tale, by oversight,
By BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE.

'Twill whet, this novel-noveltree,
The novel-reader's appetite:
You ought to read *The Poison Tree*—
By BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE!

AN OLD FRIEND FOR 1885.

Of learning there's a store,
In *Whitaker's Almanack*!
Indeed we find much more,
Profound statistic lore,
Than e'en in Eighty-four—
'Tis full as it can pack!
Of learning there's a store—
In *Whitaker's Almanack*!

"RHYMES À LA MODE."

Rhymes à la Mode, you'll find we know,
'Tis polished, piquant, *comme il faut*:
The Poet makes no long harangue,
But strikes his harp with merry twang,
With melody 'tis all a-glow!

While fitful fancies come and go,
In *rondel, ballade, or rondeau*,
He guiltless quite of Cockney slang—
Rhymes à la Mode!

Of all who sing such songs and show,
How rhythmic rhyme should rightly flow;
A brighter, lighter, seldom sang,
Than laughing, lilted ANDREW LANG!
So get from KEGAN PAUL & Co.—
Rhymes à la Mode!

"UNE JOURNÉE D'ENFANT."

UNE Journée d'Enfant, here you see,
In twenty drawings by MARIE—
Supremely skilful.
The clever Artist here unfurls,
The hopes and fears of little girls,
Short-frocked and frillful!
In bed, in bath, at dinner, tea,
At lessons, music, romping, we,
A Baby Beauty clearly see,
Divinely wilful!

Mind your Eye!

THE Boundary Commission in Suffolk has been holding a kind of spelling-bee (no, a spelling-eye) over Dame BARTLETT's famous borough. Mr. GLADSTONE says it ought to be pronounced "Eh?" probably because of its confirmed habit of asking foolish questions. But can anybody doubt that Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT is the best representative living of an exceeding large class, as the Member for "I"?

Bless thee, our BARTLETT, thou art redistributed. Thou hast but made a hash of it; and it is thy just hash-meed.



NEW YEAR'S EVE. MR. PUNCH, IN HIS MERRIEST OR POM-MERRIEST MOMENTS, DRINKS TO DEPARTING DECEMBER!

'ARRY ON 'APPINESS.

DEAR CHARLIE,

A 'APPY New Year to yer! That's the straight tip for to-day, So I'm bound to be in it, old chip, though things don't *look* remarkable gay. I inclose you a Card—a correct one, I 'ope, though it strikes one as queer; That such picters is thought *apprypo* this particular time of the year.

You'll observe there's a hangel in muslin a twisting 'erself all awry, With some plums, happple-blossoms, and marigolds, backed by a dab 'o blue sky. Dekkyrative it's called, so the mivvy informed me who nobbled my tanner; I call it a little bit mixed, like the art on a Odd-Fellow's banner.

But, bless you, it's all of a piece, CHARLIE—Life is so muddled with rot That it takes rayther more than a Judge or a Jury to tell yer wot's wot. Whether knifing a boy 'eos one's peckish means murder, if lyings are libels, Seem questions as bothers the Big Wigs, in spite of their Blue Books and Bibles.

Where are we, old pal? that's the question. Perhaps it would add to one's ease If life was declared a "Mixed Wobble," its motter a "Go as you please." But 'tisen't all Cinder-path, CHARLIE, wus luck! if it was, with "all in," You wouldn't go fur wrong, I fancy, in backing "yours truly" to win.

"A 'Appy New Year!" That's the cackle all over the shop like to-day. Wot's 'Appiness? Praps Mister RUSKIN and little Lord GARMOYLE will say. You an me's got *our* notions of yum-yum, as isn't fur wide o' the mark, But who'll give us change for 'em, CHARLIE? Ah! that's where we're left in the dark.

The Reform Bill won't do it, my Pippin, no that you may lay your last dollar. The fact is this 'Appy New Year fake is 'oller, mate, hutterly 'oller. 'Twon't fly—like the Christmas Card hangels, it doesn't fit into the facks; All it does is to spread tommy-rot, and to break all the Postmen's poor backs.

You'll be thinking I've got the blue-mouldies, old man, and you won't be fur hout.

Funds low with yours truly, my bloater, no chances of getting about. Larks, any amount of 'em, going, advertisementes gassing like fun, But 'ARRY, for once in the way, 's a stone-broker and not in the run.

It's cutting, that's wot it is, *cutting*. I'm so used to leading the field, That place as fust-fly at life's fences is one as I *don't* like to yield, Espeshly to one like BILL BLOSSIT,—no style, not a bit about BILL! And they talk of a 'Appy New Year, mate, and cackle o' Peace and Goodwill!

Oh yus, I'd goodwill 'em, BILL BLOSSIT and false FANNY FRISWELL, a lot! They are off to the World's Fair to-night, Sir, and *that's* w'y I say it's such rot. If form such as mine's to go 'obbling whilst Mugginses win, out 'o sight, I say the World's Handicap's wrong, mate, and Christmas Cards won't set it right.

Lor bless yer, he ain't got no patter, not more than a nutmeg, BILL ain't; But the railway has taken his shop, and he's come out as fresh as new paint. And so because I'm out of luck, and that duffer has landed the chink, She 'ooks onto him *like* a bat to a belfry, Sir! What do *you* think?

A 'Appy New Year? Yus, it looks like it! CHARLIE, old chap, I've heard tell Of parties called Pessimists, writers as swear the whole world's a Big Sell; No doubt they've bin jilted, or jockeyed by some such a Juggins as BILL; And without Real Jam—cash and kisses—this world *is* a bitterish pill.

Still I wish you a 'Appy New Year, if you care for the kibosh, old Chappie, Though 'taint 'Igh Art Cards full o' gush and green paint 'll make you and me 'appy.

Wot we want is lucre and larks, love and lotion as much as you 'll carry! Give me them, and one slap at that BILL,—they're the right New Year Gifts to suit 'ARRY.

Lounging Suit for Managers.

THE *Daily News* interviewer has been at it again. Look here!—

"As Mr. BANCROFT is discovered in a fulvous-hued velvet jacket and the pretty library at his house in Berkeley Square—"

No wonder Mr. BANCROFT finds managerial cares irksome, when he has to wear "a fulvous-hued velvet jacket and the pretty library." This interviewer is a very Costume Columbus, and his ability in discovering dresses of an entirely original nature ought to make him invaluable at a theatre. The Honourable LEWIS WINGFIELD must look to his laurels.

The London Bridge Explosion.

THE 'real 'culprit is said to be MACAULAY's New Zealander. The worthy Native—who has been promptly interviewed—says that he has been waiting for so many years to sit on the ruins of London Bridge, that he was naturally anxious to do so before he became an *Old Zealander*. "Alas!" he added, with a grim smile fitting o'er his swarthy countenance, "I am a Middle-Aged Zealander as it is!"

NOTHING LIKE NUMBERS.

[The Triangles, Euclidsville.]

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

BEFORE Mr. COURTNEY's excellent plan for secur- ing proportional representation is forgotten, if not forgiven, will you kindly allow me to recapitulate what I understand to be its provisions?

If am not mistaken, the ex-Minister wishes to give everybody one vote more than the number of Candidates. Thus, if there are five Candidates, every one is to have six votes. This is as simple as possible—say that there are 12,000 votes, then this number must be divided by six, which will give 2,000. It stands to reason, then, that any one having more than 2,000, must have been elected, because 2,000 represents a sixth, and only a fifth is required, as there are only five Candidates.

This is perfectly simple, and comprehensible. Thus, we will imagine a list of Candidates:—

1. Mr. GLADSTONE.
2. Mr. BRADLAUGH.
3. Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND.
4. Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI.
5. Mr. HUGH CONWAY.

We will imagine the votes are given, and at the first scrutiny Messrs. GLADSTONE and BRADLAUGH are elected, both having more than 2000 respectively—the first having 8000, the second, 3000. We now take the votes not required by the two duly elected Members and add them to the other Candidates requiring votes. Mr. HUGH CONWAY has 500, and Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI, 500: Each of these require 1500 votes a piece to obtain the required number, so we knock off 6,000 of Mr. GLADSTONE's votes and 1000 of Mr. BRADLAUGH's and begin counting again. We have a second scrutiny with the following result:—

HUGH CONWAY	684
TRACY TURNERELLI	1007
WILLIAM HOLLAND	5000

Now Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND is triumphantly returned by an enormous majority to every one's surprise, as in the last scrutiny it will be remembered he had no record. And now it is discovered, by turning the votes round and beginning to count at the other end, that quite a different result would be achieved, that the figures would come out thus:—

HUGH CONWAY	5991
TRACY TURNERELLI	503
WILLIAM HOLLAND	7

This of course differs vastly from the second scrutiny, and is a little embarrassing. But say a third is tried, beginning the counting in the middle, and then we get the following:—

TRACY TURNERELLI	5991
HUGH CONWAY	503
WILLIAM HOLLAND	7

This again is rather disappointing, as it shows that the same number of votes may be productive of vastly different results. But perhaps the simplest way to meet the admitted difficulty is to multiply the favourite by six, adding ten to each of the others, and a moiety of the whole number. This will give us (I have not worked it out on paper but it can easily be verified):—

TRACY TURNERELLI	24000
HUGH CONWAY	7
WILLIAM HOLLAND	1143

This somehow does not look right, because by our first rule Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI has many thousands more than he requires, and the others considerably less. So, again, we add sixteen, divide by five, multiplying by the result thus obtained and leaving out fractions—but here, as I am rather at fault, I call upon Mr. COURTNEY to take the matter out of my hands, and himself explain his admirable system. With deep respect, Yours, like Plum Pudding and Mince Pies at this Season of the Year, SLIGHTLY MIXED.

The Day after New Year's Eve, 1884—1885.

REAL "REDISTRIBUTION" BILL.—BILL SIKES.

NO JOKE.

A FEW days since a man, charged with begging, and who said he had walked eight hundred miles in search of work, was brought before Mr. BALGUY, the excellent Magistrate of Woolwich Police Court, when the following dialogue (suggesting that perhaps, after all, employment just now may be scarce) took place:—

“Mr. BALGUY: And so you may go on for a thousand miles longer. A man who is thrown out of work just now has very little hope. Why don't you go to the workhouse? DEFENDANT: The workhouse is not for an able-bodied man like me, able and willing to work. Besides, I am only one out of thousands of men out of work all over the country. I saw hundreds and hundreds at the docks this morning fighting for the chance of an hour's work. Mr. BALGUY: Have you tried the new docks at Tilbury? DEFENDANT: Yes, Sir; but there were a hundred men waiting for every one wanted. Mr. BALGUY: You are a Scotchman, are you not? If a Scotchman cannot get work nobody can. (*A laugh in court.*) Don't laugh. It is not a joke, but a fact; for Scotchmen, as a rule, are industrious and persevering. DEFENDANT: I really don't know where to turn next.”

As he had said, the workhouse was not the place for able-bodied men such as he; and as for the only other refuge, there still exists amongst the class to which he belongs an objection to the prison. So the only answer to the kindly-intentioned request to “move on” was “whither!”

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 2.



PROPOSED ELEVATED ROADWAY FOR PERAMBULATORS.

EDUCATIONAL ESTIMATES.

(By a Parochial Philistine.)

WE've reason to congratulate Ourselves, you think, MUNDELLA, So mightily that our school-rate Ameliorates our “fellah.” But when instruction shall have all The People elevated, Oh, then what will therefrom befall The Higher Classes rated!

What will they do for servant-maids, Cooks, footmen, grooms, and pages,

Who'll claim, upraised in mental grades,

As high a rise in wages; The price of Education's fruits, For hands to wait at table, Clean knives and forks, and shoes and boots,

And tend the steed and stable?

Eftsoons will menials, maids, and knaves,

Both, come too dear to cost us. The system of a race of slaves Is now for ever lost us.

It was, in sooth, a Pagan plan, Because, though queer men, truly, A Nigger is a kind of man, So, likewise, is a Coolie.

Well stored with Lower Orders' heads,

We ne'er shall get those others To scrub our floors, and make our beds,

Fair sisters, gentle brothers, Except on terms which would almost

Amount to ruination; Then wait we on ourselves, and boast

Of popular elevation.

IN A CHRISTMAS NUTSHELL.

(Amusing Précis for the Season.)

I.

COUNT MÜNSTER presents his compliments to Earl GRANVILLE, and will be extremely obliged if he can inform him whether he or any member of his Government has ever heard of a tract of land lying beyond the region of the Orange River; and if so, what they think of it.

II.

EARL GRANVILLE presents his best compliments to Count MÜNSTER, and begs, in reply to his kind inquiries, to inform him that as it is an invariable custom for himself and his colleagues never to have any cognisance of any land whatever, either beyond the Orange River or elsewhere, until the knowledge they have acquired on the subject is either useless, or humiliating, or both, he has not yet received any information about the tract in question, but hopes that his Excellency is quite well, and enjoying the pleasant spring weather.

P.S.—Earl GRANVILLE takes this opportunity of adding, in a purely sportive vein, that though he and his colleagues never heard of the place, they should consider further inquiries on the matter a distinct violation of the integrity of the British Empire.

III.

Count MÜNSTER's kind compliments to Earl GRANVILLE and the Earl of DERBY, and would be glad to know whether at this present moment, an English Travelling Circus is in need of British protection beyond the Orange River; and if so, where?

My LORDS

IV.

I am astonished, surprised, and hurt at having been kept waiting six months without any reply to my simple and ingenuous inquiry made in all good faith in November last. The boy waits for an answer to this. I have the honour to be, my Lords,

Your Lordships' faithful servant, MÜNSTER.

DEAREST COUNT MÜNSTER, V.

WE were out of ink, 'pon my word we were. But you know the little ins and outs in these matters, and will take our petit four

pas diplomatique in a pleasant and congenial spirit. But there—we'll see about it. All in good time. Yours cordially.

(Signed)

GRANVILLE.—DERBY.

VI.

COUNT MÜNSTER begs to inform EARL GRANVILLE that he has received instructions from his Government to announce the annexation to the German Empire of the entire tract of land beyond the Orange River, extending five thousand miles West by East to longitude 42° 37' inclusive.

VII.

LORD GRANVILLE and Lord DERBY by telegram to Count MÜNSTER. BLESS us! you don't say so!

WAITING FOR THE WAGGON.

As we have already waited three-quarters of an hour in the centre of a dark and stuffy tunnel, and I am due in the City half-an-hour ago, perhaps it would be as well to inquire if there is a stoppage on the line.

Guard, have you any reason to suppose that the train has been stopped in order to allow the engine-driver and stoker to have a quiet game of cribbage behind the coals in the tender?

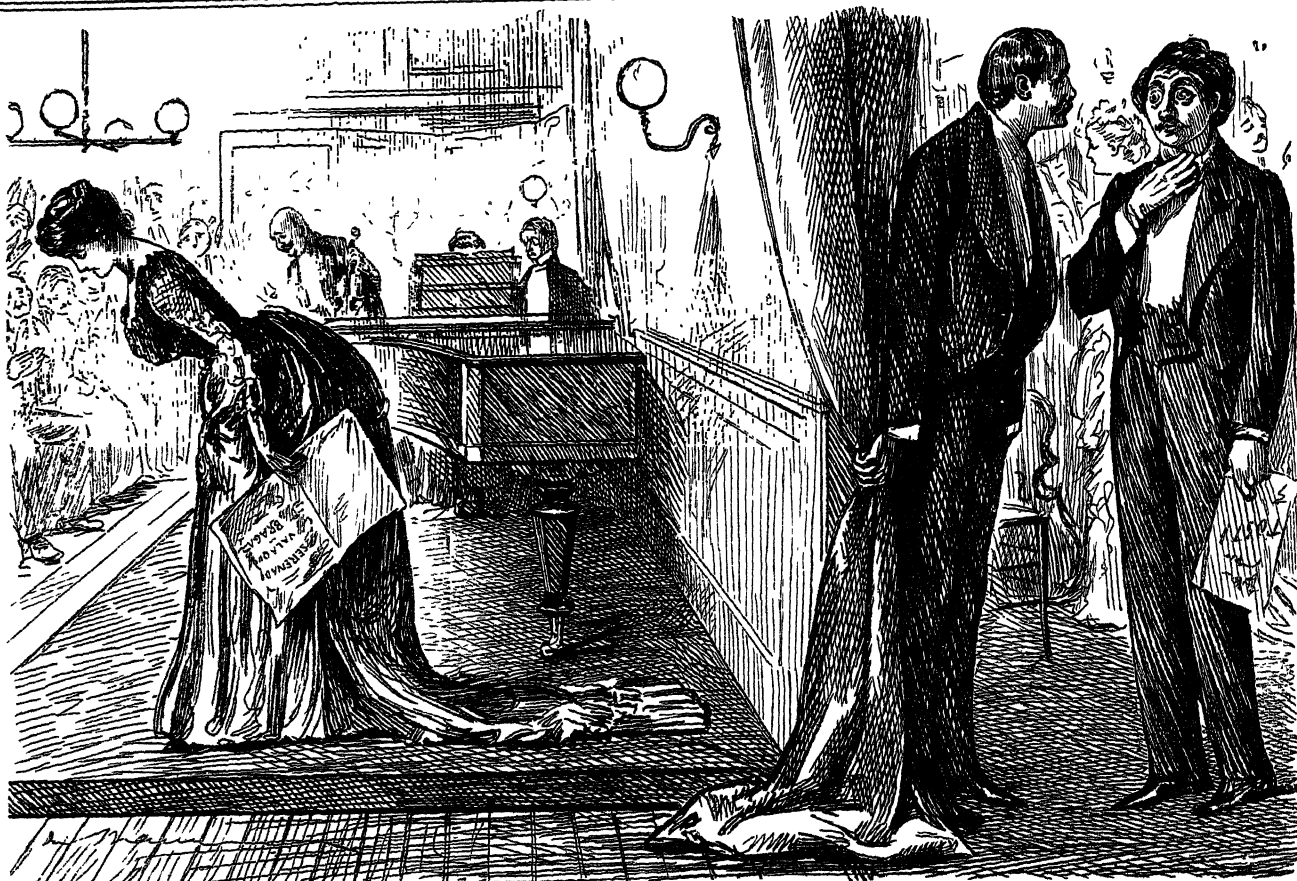
As I have been particularly recommended by my Doctor to “select a bracing air” and as I suffer from asthma and chronic bronchitis, I really don't think that this detention in a sulphurous sewer near Baker Street for a whole hour is likely to improve my general health.

Porter, is my bed made up in the wagon-lit which now runs between Earl's Court and the Mansion House?

Quite considerate of the Company to keep one's train waiting at South Kensington. Can visit Museum.

In spite of the “immense benefits” which the newspapers say will accrue to the Public from the line between Aldgate and the Mansion House, the working arrangements of the “Inner Circle” can hardly as yet be said to be “all square.”

REMEDY A. HAWARDEN.—How to counteract the Dynamite force, —try extra Police Patroleum.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

SORNE—A Concert for the People.

Distinguished Amateur (about to make his First Appearance in Public). "OH, I DO FEEL SO NERVOUS!"

Sympathetic Friend. "OH, THERE'S NO OCCASION TO BE NERVOUS, MY DEAR FELLOW. THEY APPLAUD ANYTHING!"

BY THE FIRST TRAIN.

WELL, this is the portmanteau, band-box, rug-age,
With Pelion-on-Ossa Man goes travelling,
But such a youngster, and with so much luggage!
The thing is gravelling.

If it were a young Wife, or one of matron age,
Bound seaward for a week, it were no wonder;
But when a Boy gives Woman's weakness patronage,
It seems a blunder.

Poor little lad! what a prodigious burden!
He cannot find it needful for a jolly day,
Like JENNY JESSAMY or old Dame DURDEN,
When making holiday.

He looks extremely jaunty, jocund, jolly,
Almost a sort of adolescent Masher,
As though he meant—but youthful hopes are folly—
To prove a dasher.

Doubtless, in Sweedlepian appraisalment
He'd be a *Bailey Junior*. Mrs. HOMINY!
Would say he filled the sons with amazement,
Young Anno Domini.

He looks all saucy ease and smart security,
But he will find a traveller's trials troublesome;
He'll also find the coming of maturity
Deepens and doubles 'em.

Yet why discourage thus our young *Viator*
With echoes stale of the *labuntur anni*?
Though these come natural to Time's contemplator,
Who's seen so many.

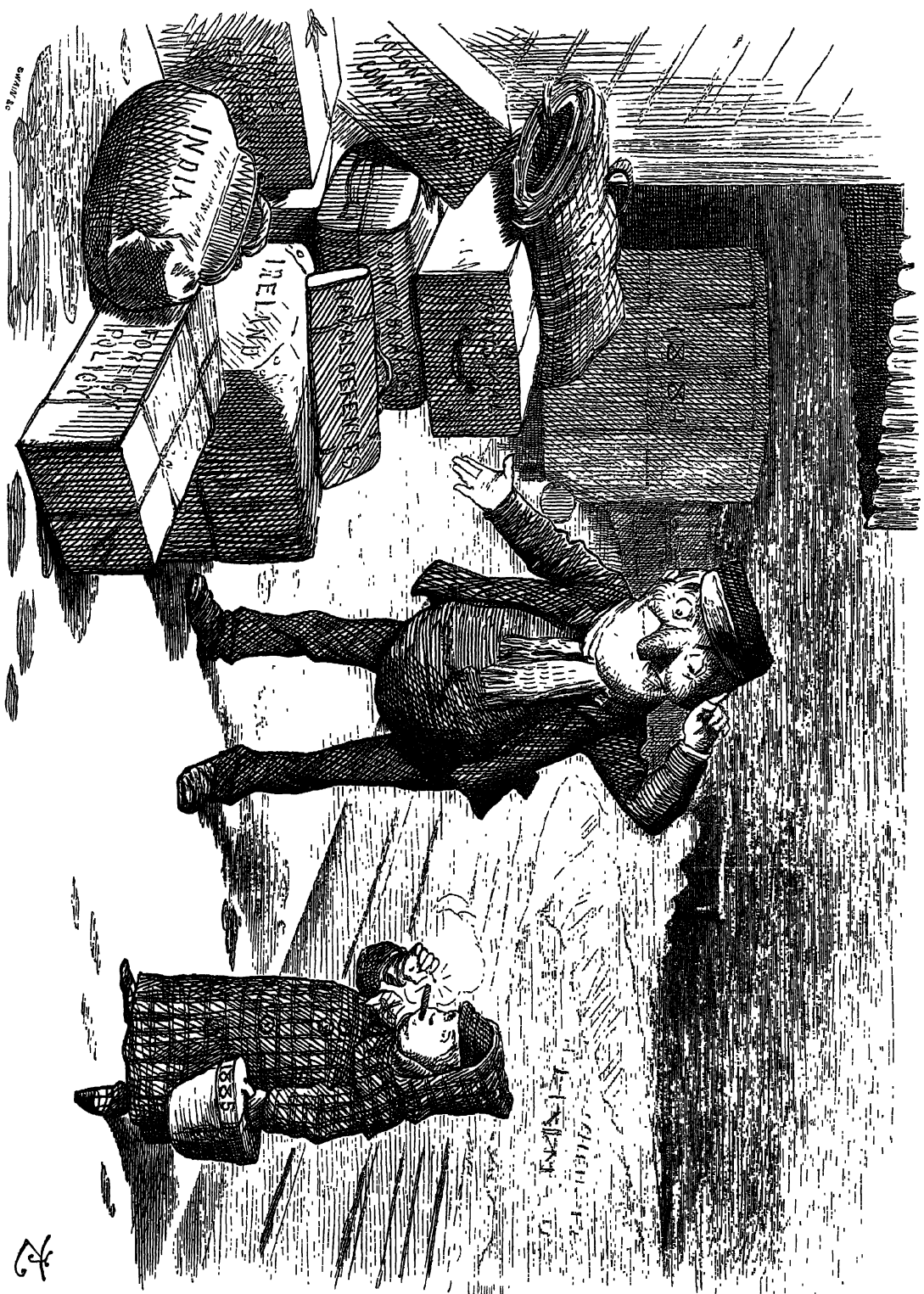
Rather with pæans gay of cheery trope full,
As ever sung at triumph or at tourney
By troubadour, let's welcome our Young Hopeful
On his first journey.

True all that pile of baggage more than doubles
The youngster's burdens in a mode scarce merited.
He's not the first though who his "Guvnor's" troubles
Has thus inherited.

What will he do with them? 'Tis yet too early
To answer. Here's your health, Boy! May you thrive well!
May Heaven protect, amidst Time's hurly-burly.
Young Eighty-Five well!

THE END OF AN ACT.

A FEW days ago a prisoner who had confessed that he had frequented a public place with the intention of committing a theft, was liberated by Mr. D'EYNCOURT on the score that two Judges had decided that a place could not be said to be "frequented" by a person if the alleged frequenter only paid it a single visit. The prisoner was so overjoyed at this that he fainted away on the spot! When he recovered, the Magistrate informed him that, though he (the prisoner) had been under the impression that he was picking pockets, yet, in the eye of the Law, which must be very short-sighted, he was not guilty of anything of the sort, as the pockets in question being empty, are, it appears, anybody's property and open to all the world. The new legal *argumentum ad pocketum*—so to speak—is doubtless cheering to digital experimentalists, but somewhat discomfiting to the public at large. A little more of this delightfully subtle casuistry applied to the criminal Code and the Ten Commandments will, we should think, ensure the advent of that Universal Freedom for which philosophers—and pickpockets—have so long been yearning.



BY THE FIRST TRAIN.

PORTER. "ALL THIS LUGGAGE BELONG TO YOU, CAPTAIN?"

YOUNG 1886. "YA-AS;—AT LEAST, I'VE GOT TO LOOK AFTER IT!!!"

PANTOMIME PROBABILITIES.

THERE are only two West End Pantomimes, and, as a Pantomime in Covent Garden Circus is not a Pantomime on the Stage, we may



AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, THE RENOWNED WARRIOR.

"I'm monarch of all I survey,—
My right there is one to dispute."

Punch's young men insist on taking it easy this week, and are all out Christmasing, not one of them can be found to write an account of any Pantomime whatever, or to draw a picture, or to engrave it, or cut it—on second thought they all agree to "cut it"—and so do we—the Editorial We—till next week, when some of us will be able to tell you all about it, and to record victory along the line.

May Imperial AUGUSTUS rejoice and may WILLIAM the Silent point to the newspapers with pride, and like *Prince Paul* sing—

Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi,
Dans la gazette d'HOLLANDE.

At the Court Theatre—which is a South-western theatre—is *Bozancox*, or *Harlequin Major-General Bouncer the Magic Match Box and the Little Back Second Floor Room*. It is played in big heads, and was produced on Boxing-an-Coxing night. In the meantime a Happy New Year to every one, and "So say all of Us!" the Editorial Us.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1885.

(Compiled by our Cynical Prophet.)

January.—Ice, snow and sultry summer weather.

February.—Opening of the House of Commons. Talk.

March.—The House of Commons in session. More talk.

April.—The Parliament still sitting. Most talk.

May.—The Royal Academy Dinner. Sweet-stuff speeches by the President.

June.—Newspaper Article appears—"Truth about the Militia." Frantic Excitement.

July.—Various proposals anent the Militia. Most practical of them—Keep it permanently embodied, and officer it entirely with Field Marshals.

August.—Militia entirely forgotten, and frantic excitement about something else.

September.—The House of Commons, after getting through six months of hard talk, adjourned to look after the Grouse and Part-ridges.

October.—Publication of 247 Christmas Annuals.

November.—Closing of the Inventories, and opening of the Theatres.

December.—The Compliments of the Season—Bills, Indigestion, Waits, Insomnia, and the usual gush about a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

look upon the veteran E. L. BLANCHARD'S *Whittington*, produced by AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (who does the Crystal Palace Panto too) as the only genuine Pantomime. If there were one at SANGER'S late ASTLEY'S (we must get very, very old, before we can forget that it was ASTLEY'S) "Scenes in the Circle of our childhood! once more don't we behold thee!" it would not be a West-End; indeed it belongs to the Surrey side; and unless there's one at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, with CORNEY GRAIN for *Harlequin*, and ALFRED REED for *Clown*, we know of no rival to *Whittington*. Long before these lines appear, the result of the Boxing Day will be known. But as *Mr.*

WRONG SIDE AND RIGHT.

ONE year more is one too many
But for few, indeed, if any,
Old however they may grow,
Save the very poor and needy,
Or extremely sick and seedy,
Some, that may be fain to go.

At what decade does one find him
With his best of life behind him,
And declining days before?
Which New Year, as first of lesser
Vigour than its predecessor,
On the wrong side must he score?

Past twice ten, to girls in plenty,
On the wrong side seems of twenty,
If they say not so for fun.
Is nineteen upon the right side?
And, regarded on the bright side,
Which is the wrong side of One?

Right or wrong which side of Eighty?
Though the load of years be weighty,
Eighty-one's the right—no bounds
To the hope that you are going,
Nearer, on as time is flowing,
To the Happy Hunting Grounds.

SOME ELECTION ADDRESSES.

To the Electors of the Ward Borough of Drury Lane.

GENTLEMEN,

IN soliciting your suffrage, I really don't think that I need introduce myself. You know me already—or, if you don't, I can conscientiously assert that it is not my fault. My claims to your votes are simply irresistible. My *Pluck* is not unrecognised by the *World*, and I have almost discovered the secret of perpetual *Youth*. If I am elected, here's a Transformation Scene for you all! Every man, woman, and child in your Ward shall be placed on the *Free List* for the forthcoming Drury Lane Pantomime, which, I need hardly remark, is the most colossal, and at the same time the most a-mew-sing thing ever put on any stage! AUG-ST-S H-RR-S.

To the Electors of the Strand.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE no 'politics—none whatever. Excuse my glove. You will, however, agree with me—I know you will—that the fellows who are always taking up our noble thoroughfare want taking down. Then that block of 'buses at the corner of Wellington Street is most un-bussy-ness-like. Return me, and I'll abolish it! Keep your eye on your father, and your father will pull you through, and if I don't catch the *Speaker's* eye, my name isn't J. L. T-LE.

To the Magna-Chartists of Wapping Borough.

GENTLEMEN,

I COME before you as an ill-treated Nobleman. It is true I no longer languish in Dartmoor, whither I was sent by the machinations of an unprincipled Government. Perhaps Dartmoor's a place I *Orton*'t mention, so I will merely observe that I come before you on a broad personal basis. I would support any party that would undertake to bring the only genuine CASTRO over from Paramatta, and meanwhile my motto is that some Electors has money and no brains, and some Candidates has brains and no money, and that the former are evidently intended for the use of the latter.

SIR R-G-R T-CH-B-RNE, Bart.

To the Electors of any Metropolitan Borough that is idiotic enough to accept me as its Candidate.

GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH I have no reason to suppose that one among you is so much as acquainted with my name, still less with any claims of mine to represent you all in Parliament, I think it as well to let you know at once that it is my intention to solicit your suffrages on the simple ground of my possession of a really surprising amount of native impudence, and a total want of all political knowledge or experience.

I am a true Liberal, and although I am unhappily prevented by the operation of the Corrupt Practices Act (the only regrettable measure passed by the present Government) from displaying my Liberality as I should desire, I yet beg to assure you that I have managed, by dint of screwing my workmen and swindling my customers, to amass a "modest competence," and that I am ready—indirectly, of course—to spend as much of it among you as it would be safe for me to do, considering the stringent provisions of the Act to which I have referred. Need I say more?

I remain, your devoted Servant,

M. ONEXBAGS.



EUPHEMISTIC.

Colonel. "I'VE NEVER MET WITH A SMARTER DRILL THAN YOURSELF, SERGEANT, OR ONE MORE THOROUGHLY UP TO ALL HIS DUTIES; BUT YOU'VE ONE MOST OBJECTIONABLE HABIT, AND THAT IS YOUR CONSTANT USE OF BAD LANGUAGE, AND SWEARING AT THE MEN."

Sergeant. "SIR, PERHAPS I AM A LITTLE SARCASTIC!"

THE PORE 1-STARVED HI OFFICERS OF THE CORPORASHUN.

I do sometimes read dreadful stories of starwashun, and they natrally tells more upon me, who may be sed to spend his life on the lap of lucksery, than they does on them as don't. But it's werry seldom as I have red sitch a long tale of wo on this werry painful pint, as I red the other day in my favrite noosepaper, the *City Press*. An igh hoffer of the Copperashun, who signs his name with a Cue—I don't know none on 'em as begins so, so I spose its wot we Orthers calls a *nom der ploom*, rites to complane as how as the great City Gilds never asks him and his numrous brotheren to dinner.

Pore fellah! I'm sure as I pitys him artily, knowing wot I nose of them scrumpshus entertainmeants. But he shouldn't condersend to stoop from his lofty spear, and tork, or rayther rite, wot I'm compeld to call gammon. He says as it isn't as he cares pussonally for wot he, sumwot corsely, calls "the Flesh Pots of Egypt"—tho' witch of the many ontrays he means by that indesent illusion I'm sure I don't no, not with even all my esperience—but he feels most keenly the exelusion from them Marble Aills in witch sum yung lady used to dream as she dwelt. But then, strange to say, he goes on to tell us as how he has bin to every one on 'em wunce, as a frend of one of the Court, but, as he loftyly hobseves, so coud any meer Mr. SMITH, or even a Mr. JONES—how complementary to the City Arkitees!—if, as how he had bin asked, but he natrally, as a lofty City swell, pines for the distingwist honner of a speshal inwite, a speshal seat, and a speshal speech.

Well, I natrally trembels as I asks the question, but I wunders how many people who has ewer bin to these abodes of bliss, bleeves this prowd but hungry City Hoffer. It's all werry well to speak contemptuously of his being "flooded" with dinner inwitasheens. Good grayshus! wot a idear! flooded with 'em! but, as no one nose better than me does, there's dinners and dinners, the same as there's turtel soup, and there's cold shoulder, and my esperienced eye

FROM THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

(To G. A. S. and other friends, about a recent lapsus quotationis in our last number but one.)

Shade of Sir JOHN SUCKLING and Shade of ROBERT HERRICK.

Herrick (playfully). Why so pale and wan, fond Johnnie?

Prithee why so pale?

I am looking blithe and bonny,

Tell me now your tale.

Prithee, why so pale?

Sir John (sarcastically). "Attempt the end and never stand in doubt,"

Yes. I will tell you what it's all about.

ROBERT, read this. I beg to say

These lines you did not write,

"No Sun upon an Easter day

Is half so fine a sight."

Herrick. That's yours.

Sir John.

Herrick.

But Mr. Punch—

I know't—

Attributes them to me.

Yet tell me, JOHN, these lines I quote,

Are they by me or thee?

"Her pretty feet like snails did creep,"

"A little out, and then—"

Here Mr. Punch through telephone,

Was heard, "Nay, Gentlemen!

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,

Like little mice stole in,

And out," the younger poet wrote.

(Bob, smiling, smoothed his chin.)

"The metre in each poem sweet

Is perfect, there's no doubt,

And yet I notice that 'the feet,'

In both alike are out!

"And 'out' was Mr. Punch. And yet

Shall he with fault be fixed,

When Poets two contrive to get

Themselves a little mixed?"

"A FIRESIDE HAMLET."—If the scene of a domestic drama were laid among the few scattered cottages on the Thames between Monkey Island and Surly Hall, a good name for it would be The Waterside Hamlet.

reads atween the lines of his werry undignified letter, a hungering arter the loftyest forms of queeseenery, and the oldest forms of grand wines, with a hunger as wood do honner to a past Lord Mare who was blest with a Oliver's twist.

He pints out, however, one exseption to the crewel rule. The onest Fishmongers, as Amlet calls 'em,—so! praps he knowd more on 'em at Fishmongers' All than at blooming Billingsgate—never leaves out this hungry ofishal at their numerus Bankwets—and they are werry near being fust class, speshally their '20 sherry to witch I'm particklar partial—not ony so, but, as he says, they are so werry fond of him and his brotheren, that no less than eighteen on 'em het and drank of their horsipitality ony last Toosday was a week.

Just one partin word of advice to Mr. Cue. The werry wust way to git a inwitasheun to a reelly grand fust rate Bankwet, such as you gits at—never mind where—is to go and complane to the noosepapers as you ain't never asked, and the werry best way is to wait till it cums natrally, witch it's sure to do if you're the rite sort of fellow, and then to make yourself so agreabel that you're shure to be soop wanted agane.

ROBERT.

TWO SPEECHES.—Hooray! he hasn't gone yet! Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL, and making a capital speech last Monday week at Peterhouse, Cambridge. A real Happy Thought was that when you said you "thought it spoke well for the vigour of our ancestors that 600 (founding of Peterhouse) and 260 years ago (landing of Pilgrim Fathers), they should have been able, on what was virtually the shortest day, to have laid the foundation of a college, and the foundation of a mighty empire." To lay a foundation on a day at all is wonderful, but on the smallest day in the year is of course still more so.

Prince EDWARD got a laugh by regretting apologetically, in anticipation, his absence from the next centenary. Is this his first joke? If so, very good, and perhaps there's more where that comes from. We shall be happy to hear from His Royal Highness—occasionally.

A NEW GUINEA'S WORTH!

WE have not been requested to publish the following correspondence:—

I.

The Imperial and Colonial Convention Society, New Guinea.

MY LORD,

IN reply to your Lordship's communication of the 15th ult., expressing, on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, a lively conviction that the "best interests of all parties would be most efficiently served by the entire absence of definite aim in negotiation, coupled with a resolute avoidance of clearness and perspicuity, in the language official or otherwise, in which the details of the question at issue might happen to be discussed," I have now the honour to inform you that it has come to the knowledge of this Society that a gunboat, flying the colours of the Imperial German Navy, has been for some time busily engaged along the whole of the coast of this extensive and valuable Continent, as well as among the numerous rich and productive neighbouring islands, and that there is every reason to apprehend that unless some vigorous action is speedily taken, the whole Archipelago, including New Scotland, Young Brompton, Old Britain, West Putney, East Ireland, North Wales, Greater Brixton, and some twenty-five other obviously natural British dependencies, comprising together an area equal in extent to that of the united Continents of Asia and South America, will pass suddenly into the hands of some one of the more aggressive and ambitious European Powers. Hoping to hear promptly from your Lordship on the matter, as the situation, involving as it does the future of the whole Anglo-Saxon race in this hemisphere, may be regarded as momentous and acute,

I have the honour to be, &c.,

THE SECRETARY.

II.

The Colonial Office.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter has been received by me, and, I feel I need hardly assure you, has amused and interested me immensely. We are all asking ourselves in this Department "what can that German cruiser be up to?" Pray, therefore, make no sign; were you to do so you might necessitate the use of plain-speaking on the part of somebody (a thing highly to be deprecated in delicate situations), and *spoil all the fun!* Begging you to be carefully on your guard to do nothing, and to feel assured that whatever happens, Her Majesty's Government are fully prepared to give the matter their utmost consideration.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

DERBY.

III.

*The Imperial and Colonial Convention Society.
Temporary Office. Off New Guinea.*

MY LORD,

IT is with profound regret, not unmingled with annoyance, that I have to announce to you that yesterday evening the Captain of, the German cruiser suddenly producing from the hold of his vessel a parcel containing a dozen of the national flag of his country, proceeded to hoist one at this place, and at the same time announced his intention of continuing the process at intervals in every direction until he had exhausted his stock, and annexed the entire Continent. This spot has already been re-named *Grosser Brixtonburg*, and I am inditing this letter under difficulties from the top of a bathing machine, to which these offices, under a peremptory notice of eviction, have been hurriedly transferred. Respectfully directing your Lordship's attention to the fact that the future of the Anglo-Saxon race in this portion of the globe is now hopelessly compromised,

I have the honour to be, &c.,

THE SECRETARY.

IV.

The Colonial Office.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your communication of the 17th inst., which it affords me much satisfaction to say not only pleased, but surprised me. The tact and discretion shown by the German Commander in avoiding, while carrying out a delicate manoeuvre, anything like a rupture of those friendly relations that it has always been the aim and hope of Her Majesty's Government to cultivate and maintain with everybody and anybody, cannot be too cordially acknowledged. With regard to "the future of the Anglo-Saxon race," to which you so creditably refer, I have to direct your attention to the fact that a mere question of detail such as this lies distinctly outside the traditions of this Department. Requesting you, therefore, to convey to the Society you represent the entire satisfaction of Her Majesty's Government with what they can only regard as a very honourable, desirable, and timely solution of an interesting question; and wishing you and all your brother Colonists, under all the circumstances, a very Happy New Year,

I have the honour to be, &c.,

DERBY.

SEVENTY-FIVE!

[On Monday, the 29th of December, 1884, Mr. GLADSTONE completed his seventy-fifth year.]



"MANY HAPPY REDISTRIBUTIONS!"

SEVENTY-five years! And of such stirring story
So big with battle and so blent with change!
Star still of Liberal hopes, as once of Tory!

Had ever high career so wide a range?

From PERL to CHAMBERLAIN, from Newark borough

To far Midlothian's heart, yet valid still

With brow defiant of Time's ruthless furrow,

Unshaken mastery and unbroken will.

Praised by MACAULAY as opponents grimly

Praise mighty foemen worthy of their steel.

Loved, hated, now, but apprehended dimly

By loud denouncers as by henchman leal.

Through fifty years of strenuous toil elastic

Responsive to each shaping touch of Time;

Proteus, but to high influences plastic,

Of ceaseless growth and long-enduring prime.

GLADSTONE! A name to conjure with, that lingers

With a half love on hatred's very lips!

Lock-thinned, face-worn by Age's iron fingers,

But suffering yet no shadow of eclipse.

Ad multos annos! Gladdened by the crowning

Of a long-cherished hope with sure success,

Plucked from the waves of strife like honour drowning,

Take birth-day ease far from St. Stephen's press

No long repose awaits our Palinurus,

May Heaven strengthen his tenacious hand

From the deep's many dangers to secure us,

For troubles throng the sea and haunt the land.

No coasting caution, Steersman, will avail us.

You must, with iron grip and heart uncraven,

Straight o'er the seething billows point and sail us

Toward a safe and honourable haven.

And so *Punch* wishes you all pluck and power

In this imperial enterprise to thrive.

Be youthful resolution your joint dower

With wisdom calm that comes with Seventy-five!

"De Omnibus Rebus."

THE Omnibus Drivers, says the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, have at last formed a Provident Society. *Punch* is glad to hear it, and hopes the Busmen will "spread the truth from pole to pole," as the Poet—with a somewhat different meaning, perhaps—remarked. So numerous a class doubtless require "organisation" as much as Cabmen or Hatters. Let us hope that it will be followed by some organic changes in their manners and customs, as well as their comfort and prosperity. If they will give up racing, and be more cleanly in their chaft, the Busmen will have the approval and best wishes of *Mr. Punch* and the Public.

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

CHRISTMAS BOXES.

I AM the fortunate possessor of a very rich Uncle, and for years he has had the admirable custom of forwarding me a cheque of very considerable amount as a Christmas Box. I regret to add that my admirable Uncle, in addition to the possession of very considerable wealth, is also the possessor, in a very considerable degree, of what is generally denominated as humour, a quality in which I am absolutely and entirely deficient, but which I do not at all regret, as it seems to me to consist very largely in the saying or doing of ill-natured things which are intelligible only to the select few. As an example of my rich Uncle's humour, I may mention, that happening one day, just before Christmas-time last year, to be in his company, the conversation turned upon the nuisance and annoyance of the Christmas Box system prevalent in London, and several of the guests having spoken strongly and emphatically in denunciation of what they called the beggarly begging system, I naturally, but thoughtlessly, joined in, and added my little part to the general chorus. My Uncle was a silent but evidently amused listener, and said, when we parted, that my arguments had thoroughly convinced him of the truth of what had been stated, and he complimented me very warmly on my persuasive eloquence.

On the 24th of that same December, I received from my wealthy Uncle, instead of the customary cheque on Coutts', a basket of game, which he informed me, having been all shot by his own unerring hand, I could probably oblige him by accepting, without any of that feeling of degradation which I had so eloquently described as accompanying the receipt of unearned money, under the disguise of a Christmas Box.

Wondering whether my rich Uncle's rich vein of humour could possibly last more than twelve months, I waited with some considerable degree of anxiety the arrival of the 24th of this present month of December, when, to my intense surprise, I received by rail a large and exceedingly heavy package, for the carriage of which I had to pay the sum of 3s. 9d. Having, with some considerable difficulty, opened this Pandora's Box, as I rather wittily called it, I discovered, to my extreme disgust, that it contained about a scuttle-full of coals, of a particularly dull-looking complexion, and a letter from my wealthy Uncle, informing me that, after the expenditure of a vast deal of money, he had at length struck coal, of which he forwarded me the first specimen, and of which he desired to have my candid opinion.

Recalling to mind the splendid cheque on Coutts', for which this coaly sample was but a melancholy substitute, I seized a nubby piece with the pair of tongs, placed it on my cheerful fire, and patiently awaited the result. What was my astonishment to see that, after a gallant attempt by his blazing neighbours to make him one of themselves, they gradually ceased from the vain endeavour, and grew black, and dull, and cheerless as he. Surprised and disgusted, I seized the black poker, not the polished one, and proceeded to inflict upon it very severe chastisement; but all in vain—it calmly resisted my fiercest attack; and a second piece, tried as a last despairing experiment, extinguished my defeated fire, and sent me to bed angry and sneezing, and wondering what answer I could possibly write to my wealthy Uncle that would be at all consistent with truth, and yet not fatal to my natural expectations.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

A GERMAN AUTHORITY.

HERR PUNCH,

Deez Herr Korrespondent orf ze *Times* from Leipzig vort a command orph ze arnglesch tong az he! Zee ow he write an ven he zend ze letter about deez dynamitard skronndrel an he zay, in ze *Times*, December 23:—

"Altogether the chance of the prisoners seems much more worse than in England."

Ow exbressiv he is! ow much more better is zat exbression than as you would zay zimply "worse," or "much worse." Ach! ye shall teach you zomtings zoon, here and in ze Kolonies, zo! Deese Christmas is mit your families a zeazon orph blum-budding, zo, I wish you a very Goot-pie!

VILHELM V. SPÜTTERWESSEL.

Tyndall and the Fogs.

GREAT JOHN illuminates the fogs,
That men may so evade 'em:
Most deep of scientific dogs,
I always thought you made 'em!

"THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS"—Boxing Day. It passed quickly, but was observed by everybody everywhere.

THE NEW YEAR.

From Various Points of View.

Emperor of G-r-m-n-y.—Additional tumbles and periodical imperial meetings.

King of It-ly.—Freedom from Cholera.

Emperor of A-str-a.—Absence of fox-hunting Wife.

The Czar of R-ss-a.—Fresh precautions against Nihilism.

The Prince of W-l-s.—Work and relaxation at high pressure.

The Duke of Ed-nb-rgh.—Command of the Channel Squadron.

The Duke of C-nn-ught.—Permanent address—Horse Guards.

The Duke of C-mbr-dge.—Royal addition to the Retired List.

Prince Von B-sm-rck.—The German flag in Africa.

General Baron W-ls-l-y.—Stars and Garters.

Ch-n-se G-rd-n.—Rescue.

The Kh-d-ve.—Retire.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gl-dst-ne.—A seat in the Upper House.

The Rest of the C-b-n-t.—Other seats.

The Marquis of S-l-sb-ry.—The Treasury Bench.

Sir St-ff-rd N-rthc-te.—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Lord R-and-lph Ch-rch-ll.—Ditto.

Alfred Baron T-nm-s-n.—New play—Cardinal Wulsey (improved modern spelling of WOLSEY).

Lord Mayor N-tt-ge.—Camera obscured until the Ninth of November.

Mr. W-ls-n B-rr-tt.—Return of Mr. HENRY IRVING.

The Rest of the Th-tr-c-l M-n-g-rs.—The opening of the Inventories.

The H-m-n R-ce (in general).—Mr. Punch.

His Supreme Majesty Mr. P-nch (in particular).—Direction of all mundane affairs as per usual.

A DIFFICULT POST.

AMONG the extraordinary wants that appear from time to time in the advertisement columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, the following appears to be especially remarkable:—

MATRON WANTED, to have charge of 20 rough girls, in laundry. Must understand the work. Age about 35. Wages £18 to £25. Must be total abstainer, high principled, and able to assert authority.

To take charge of twenty rough girls in a laundry strikes us as being a very arduous undertaking. Why, these damsels might smother the Matron in soap-suds, put her head in a blue-bag, dry her with hot irons, or hang her with her own lines. It is all very well to be high-principled, and to be able to assert authority. But what is a poor Matron to do with twenty rough girls armed with clothes-props? It strikes us very forcibly the good Lady would soon get into hot water.

NEW YEAR OF OLD.

(A Duet of Other Days.)

"AROUND the hearth, in former times,
At wassail with their friends and kin,
Folks waked o'er midnight, while the chimes
Rang Old Year out and New Year in.
It was merry in hall with Knight and Squire,
Where big logs blazed for lack of coal,
And, roasted on a roaring fire,
The crabs were hissing in the bowl."

"Crabs roasted? How now! Say'st thou so?
'Tis told that lobsters, boiling, scream;
An crabs hissed likewise, what a go,
To roast them living it would seem!"
"Nay, Sirrah, but thou dost misprize
A word in meaning not the true.
Thou art a Wag, or less than wise.
The crabs were crab-apples. Go to!"

PARIS TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

LOVE you, *mon Prince*? Oh yes, of course we do;
But—"distance lends enchantment to the view."

CHANGE OF NAME.—I, ALFRED, Baron TENNISON, hitherto known as TENNYSON, give notice that, having out out the "a" in the name of his Eminence THOMAS, sometime (in the Twelfth Century) Archbishop of Canterbury, I intend to drop the "y" out of my own title. Following the precedent set in the nomenclature of my latest Poem, I drop the "y" because I do not know the wherefore. As witness my hand. Witness, *Punch*. (Signed) TENNISON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



TWO CENTENARIANS.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE CONGRATULATES THE TIMES ON REACHING ITS 100TH YEAR.

NOTHING IF NOT CRITICAL.

WITH a charming *naïveté*, Mrs. KENDAL has recently been giving a good deal of interesting information on the subject of Dramatic Criticism to the "Interviewer" of an enterprising journal; and if the fair and gifted *Artiste* be correct in her estimate of the present condition of this special department of literature, it certainly would seem to be in rather a bad way.

That a great Actor should nowadays be able to demoralise the "Upper Ten of the Press" by "Capuan Suppers" is sad enough; but still there is, it must be granted, about the gastronomic downfall of these distinguished gentlemen a certain melancholy dignity. Nothing, however, can be said in extenuation of the conduct of the representative of another, and it is to be presumed, less exalted class of journalism, whom Mrs. KENDAL playfully gibbets under the name of "Mr. SPARKLER." To ensure a laudatory notice of a new piece from this venal and exacting personage, much art, discretion, temper, tact, expense, and even serious inconvenience will have to be faced by any high-class management. But that the feat is to be accomplished, the following fly-leaf recording Mr. SPARKLER's experiences of a *première*, extracted from his own private diary, conclusively testifies:—

8⁶.—Arrive at the Theatre one-and-twenty minutes late. Thought so. They haven't dared to ring up without me. Halloa! what's this? Why, if it isn't—the Guards' Band in the Entrance, playing, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," just as I step out of my Hansom! JACKSON, the Acting-Manager, meets me, hat in hand, and explains that they send their compliments, and hope I like the Music on the stairs. Civil. Wonder what sort of a Box they've given me. Ha! this isn't bad. The three next to the Stage on Grand Tier all knocked into one. Notice a sofa-divan, seven easy chairs, two tables (one laid), a mantelpiece with clock on it, several genuine "FRANCATELLIS," an astronomical telescope, hot India-rubber water-bottle, and artistic display of fernery, with all daily and weekly papers; in fact, everything to make one comfortable.

8¹⁶.—Audience hissing a good deal because they don't begin. Dear me, this is really meant very civilly. Man from neighbouring Restaurant has just wheeled in a joint to back of the Box, and says he is requested to ask me, with compliments, whether I "wouldn't like a little something, just to keep me up after my cab-drive—just one slice—before they begin." What is it? "Boiled pork, and pease-pudding." Well, I don't know that I won't. Uproar in the house. They send round "compliments," and wonder whether I would mind eating through the First Act. Not in the least. Tell them "to begin, and not mind me."

9¹⁷.—First Act over. Something in it. Like it. Almost as good as that boiled pork. They have just sent round a dozen of stout with "compliments" and want to know whether, as there is rather a heavy set, I would like to take a little turn in a private coach and four round Hyde Park in the dark and refresh myself. Send back to say "Thanks—but not now, I'll let them know about it later."

10⁵.—Second Act over. Public seem to like it. Rather annoyed at getting no message from "behind." Ha! ha! they had better look out! Knock at the door. Good. It's all right! They've sent round two barrels of oysters with a man to open them as fast as I can eat them, and then "compliments" and would I like to have the Acting-Manager in to do a little rough tumbling and conjuring, at which he is rather clever, at the back of the box to amuse me. Accept the oysters. Acting-Manager bad. Send him about his business and, at his suggestion, have in the opficleide from the Guards Band to play a solo. A few cries of "Order!" from the house, but I get a kindly nod of encouragement through the curtain. They evidently mean to be civil.

10⁴⁵.—Have finished the oysters, and at End of Act Three, accepted invitation to go round "behind" and, carefully packed in cotton wool, get into the costly and elaborate machinery and revolve with it, partaking of bits of fresh pine-apple, bonbons, strawberry ices, and *petits verres* of Chartreuse in three colours, while its purpose is explained to me by the "management," who follow me about with a Surgeon from the Charing Cross Hospital, in case I stick. Again press me to have a turn somewhere in a four-horse coach before last Act commences, and finally take a rush in a tandem up Northumberland Avenue and back.

11¹⁷.—Last Act in progress. Am smoking the second out of a fine hundred of cigars I found waiting me, spread out in the front of the Box on my return. Feel a little sleepy. "Kindest compliments" sent round to say they have noticed it from the Stage, and would I like to have my hair out, and be sprinkled with Eau de Cologne, and be kept awake, "as it won't last very much longer," by some good Stories that the Acting-Manager will be delighted to tell me. Thoughtful. Pull myself together, and try to make out what it's all about. Seems to be a costly and artistic revival of *Macbeth*. MEM. *If there's a good feed after it's over, give 'em a lift? eh?*

MIDNIGHT.—All right. I thought they would do the correct thing. "Very kindest compliments," and will I join them afterwards in a little "select Capuan Banquet—to meet the *crème* of the Press, and have a friendly little chat about it all—"quite *sans façon*." Six-horse drag now waiting. By Jove, I'll go, though—and, though I didn't think much of his First Withe, if the Château Yquem, 1865, is good, he shall have a whole half column to himself!

A CROWNING DIFFICULTY.

It having been definitely decided at the latest sitting of the Berlin Conference that the future form of Government of the *New Central African Association* shall be "Monarchical," and, as far as the idea can be conveniently carried out, of the Newest Approved European type, the following notes of a rough draft scheme have already been drawn up:—

1. The king shall be elected by the *Minor Purposes Committee*.
 - (a) His income shall consist of 500 tons of ivory dust, coccanut-fibre, live performing camels, human bones, date jelly, hyæna skins, and unscented palm hair-oil, payable quarterly in advance, and he shall have power (*droit*) to levy for arrears with a tomahawk.
 - (b) He may take out a portable Palace, Circus, Italian Opera House (with reduced prices), and five dozen lamp-posts with him; but, in the event of there being no Capital to receive him, he will be expected to find his own.
 - (c) An eleven months' residence in the basin of the Upper Congo will be regarded as the minimum of his annual presence on the spot, and, owing to the natural advantages of the situation, he will not be required to put his washing out.
2. The Candidates eligible for the post will be (a) the Emperor of GERMANY, (b) the Emperor of AUSTRIA, (c) the King of the BELGIANS, (d) the King of ITALY, (e) the Emperor of RUSSIA.
3. In the event, which is not probable, of the crown being refused by all of the above Royal and Imperial personages, it will be offered to (a) Mr. SANGER, (b) the Representative of Messrs. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, (c) the Lama of Thibet, (d) Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
4. In the further improbable event of one, or even all four of these gentlemen together, declining to go out and see how they like it (*leur convient*), just for a month (*un mois seul*), then it shall be thrust on some distinguished ticket-of-leave man by private pressure (*force majeure*), and he shall be required to finish out his legal term on half-salary, dividing the balance among the acting Committee of Appointment.
5. In the still further and more improbable event of the new king, however chosen, being suddenly eaten, together with the rest of his dynasty, by his subjects in a fit of popular enthusiasm, it shall then be competent for the Committee of Appointment to reconsider the above constitutional scheme, and advertise occasionally in some widely read weekly paper for an elderly, amiable, confiding, and eligible substitute.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CHILD.

"IS YOUR COLD BETTER THIS MORNING, DARLING?"

"I DON'T KNOW. I FORGOT TO ASK NURSEY!"

THE MANHOOD OF GREAT BOYS.

Most boys are familiar with virtuous little books which instruct them about the Boyhood of Great Men. They are well aware of NELSON's want of acquaintance with Fear, and his interview with the Polar Bear, and they know about GEORGE WASHINGTON and his little Axe, and the Young Spartan who fed the Stolen Fox on Black Broth, while he himself dined luxuriously on Sea Urchins and *Garum*. But the moral lessons of the *Manhood of Great Boys* have still to be drawn. Perhaps they serve rather as warnings than attractions, but they are none the less valuable and salutary, especially as they are seldom or never derived from classical life, but from the palpitating present. By way of improving the holiday season, too often spent thoughtlessly (like pocket-money), we publish one or two brief Biographical sketches of the Manhood of Great Boys.

I.—THE HUMORIST.

There never was a greater Boy than PETER PLAYFUL. His mind was always full of fun, and his pockets of squirts, squibs, whistles, pea-shooters, and other allied forms of wit and humour. He was famous for his Practical Puns, where the joke consisted in doing the right thing to the wrong person; for example, in sending in his pastry-cook's bill to his Form-master, by way of Greek prose, while he would endeavour to satisfy his Tradesman with an exercise on the *Life and Adventures of Balbus*. He would fill letter-boxes with orange-peel, and use the letters which he had been given to post, in the manufacture of paper-boats on the Round Pond.

When he grew up to be a (University) Man, PETER would play at being Proctor, with some of his friends disguised as Bull-dogs, and it made great mirth when he met the real Proctor, and asked him for his Name and College. As PETER was smoking at the time, the Proctor did not fail to see the joke, but, being of a jealous temper, he caused PETER to be removed from Oxford.

PETER then desired to be a Successful Merchant, like Mr. SAMUEL BUDGE, but, as he still remained at heart a Great Boy, he did not become Lord Mayor.

For example, when in the Coal Business PETER would send his customers slates, instead of Best Wallsend, and, when in the Wine Trade, he would playfully substitute logwood and potato spirit, for very curious tawny old Port, and extremely clean and nutty Sherry, while he would insist on putting a few "surprise cigars" (which exploded when ignited) in every box of Havannas. By his happy boyish ways, and his habit of paying everyone with what he called "Sell Cheques"—drawn on Banks where he had no account—PETER made many friends, but he was too gay and generous for business, and became quite poor. He did not inherit his old Aunt's money, because he once sent her a hamper full of live rats for a Christmas Present, "as he knew she was fond of animals."

At last PETER had to spend his Christmas Eve in the Workhouse, where, however, he would have had a good dinner next day. But, being unable to resist the desire to make a booby trap for the Chaplain, PETER was shut up alone in a cell, with only skilly, instead of roast beef and plum pudding for his Christmas Dinner. As the other Paupers went past the cell to their nice meal, they heard PETER PLAYFUL singing "*Oft in the Skilly Night*," which shows us that a Great Boy can be happy while many another man would feel quite sad and cheerless.

II.—THE INVENTOR.

THOMAS TREADWELL was always reckoned a very Ingenious Boy. While still very young, seeing other boys with boats, while he had none, he converted his Sunday hat into a circular iron-clad, with a newspaper for a sail—and his barque behaved nobly. THOMAS also converted the mainspring of his father's watch into machinery for the lock of a brass cannon, and, being in need of a saw, made a very fine one with his father's razor, which he nicked in the edge with a piece of the drawing-room window-pane.

Come to Manhood, THOMAS remained a Great Boy, and laid out all his property on his own useful inventions. He discovered a machine for writing Leading Articles, but this only only caused him to be hated and insulted by the Gentlemen whom his cleverness deprived of their livelihood. Later, THOMAS devised a mechanical Member of Parliament for the Representation of Minorities. This was a great saving of trouble, as the mechanical Member, on being wound up, almost always went into the right Lobby and voted straight, while the Government of the day, by regulating the works, could make him alter his course in any direction. Finally THOMAS produced and patented two mechanical self-feeding Waste-paper Baskets, with dust-bins complete, which he proposed to substitute for the Colonial and Foreign Offices. About this invention he received a most flattering letter from PRINCE BISMARCK, who said that he found these new inventions quite equal to the old-fashioned English articles then in use. But public prejudice was stirred up against THOMAS, and the War Office neglected his plan for "giving the enemy snuff" in patent soft-coated explosive shells, recommended by the Peace Society.

By this time the money of THOMAS was spent, and he had to develop his Self-steering Dynamic Balloon in the retirement of Colney Hatch, where he is one of the most respected inmates. Parents and Guardians will observe the results in the way of honours and rewards, that may be won by encouraging inventiveness in the young.

UPSIDE DOWN.

WE are so familiar at least with the names of our Colonies, that we are apt to forget the varied conditions among which our kinsmen live. We talk of Australia, Queensland, and Canada as if they were Kensington, Fulham, or the new Parliamentary Borough of St. George's-in-the-East. It is well to be occasionally reminded, as we are by the telegram from Queensland which the Agent-General published the other day, that things are not as they seem. Amongst the items of intelligence given it is telegraphed: "Parliament prorogued Governor yesterday." Now here, as everyone knows, it is the Governor (the QUEEN) who prorogues Parliament. At the Antipodes things are naturally just the reverse, and it is the Parliament that prorogues the Governor. A strange World, my Masters!

SNUBBED! OR, NO ONE WILL DANCE WITH HIM!



Cavalier Seul, sings:—

THEY say that "silence means consent,"
Alas! the adage-mongers fib.
My bland proposals I present,
With sinuous spine, with pliant rib;
In vain I plead, in vain I prance.
They will not dance!

Silence? By Memnon, they're as mute
As Tara's harp, as Sphinxes, fish,

Or Orpheus with a shattered lute.
They do, they *must* know what I wish,
Yet freeze me with Medusa glance.
They *will* not dance!

Germania gives a scornful sniff,
And Austria pouts an Austrian lip,
Whilst Russia looks incarnate tiff.
I in the waltz can deftly trip,

Yet even saltatory France
Declines to dance!

True, little Italy,—methinks—
Would gladly take my arm and try;
But stops in awe, poor timid minx,
Of stern Germania's glassy eye.
Cold, all alike, to my advance,
They will *not* dance!

'TIS COURTESY MAKES THE MAYOR TO GO.

A VERY remarkable example of courtesy is reported from Liverpool. The *Liverpool Daily Post*, which is properly enthusiastic on the matter, says:—

"One of the many instances of the Mayor's (Mr. DAVID RADCLIFFE'S) courtesy was shown to the Deputation from the General and Sub-post Offices, which waited upon him at the Town Hall on Monday. The Mayor presented each of the Deputation with a Cabinet Photograph of himself; and it is needless to say this signal kindness has been greatly esteemed."

"Signal kindness" is rather a poor and inadequate way of alluding to this action on the part of the Mayor of Liverpool. It is prodigious. We trust it will prove that Mr. RADCLIFFE has not only done good himself, but has been the cause of others doing good. We can imagine nothing more pleasing, or indeed more elevating, than to be the recipient of a Mayor's Photograph, cabinet size. Lord Mayor NOTTAGE may, from delicacy of feeling that will be understood and appreciated, hesitate to follow the example. But to Mayors in other towns we commend it.

WAS IT VERY COLD?

THE day after Mr. GLADSTONE'S seventy-fifth birthday—there is no other date known in a liberal computation of time,—*The Standard* had this paragraph—

"Mr. GLADSTONE seemed as fresh and as hale as he has done at any period during the last four years, and faced the biting easterly wind at eight o'clock in the morning with no other protection than that afforded by a shawl loosely thrown over his shoulders."

Nothing but a shawl loosely thrown over his shoulders! Good gracious! The PREMIER was very nearly affording a representation of the First Gentleman in the World as he appeared on quitting Eden. And Police surveillance has been entirely withdrawn, or partially modified! Odd!

THE REAL ORIGINAL CORSICAN BROTHERS.—LOUIS, JOSEPH, and NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

TWO SHARPS AND ONE FLAT.

ONE of the most delightful books we've come across for some time is *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, by G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., and E. A. ABBEY. The Sauce Hollandaise with this dish is indeed excellent. It is beautifully got up by MACMILLAN & Co., the reproduction of the sketches being simply perfect. The two *collaborateurs* drew one another occasionally; and Mr. J. E. ROGERS, not mentioned on the title-page, draws a picture which he calls "part of the Abbey." He has not done "part of the BOUGHTON," as the latter appears to have done his own part himself, and done it so well and such a lot of it, as to be able to say of the book, "*quorum pars magna fui*," i.e., "I wrote all the 'pars' myself." How Mr. ROGERS is in it we don't quite understand, as, though we confess to having read it just as a Dutch Skipper might do—that is "skipping"—yet we do not remember having ever alighted on the name of J. E. ROGERS anywhere except in the list of illustrations. No doubt we're wrong, but no matter for that, it's the best book on Dutch land, Dutch life and manners and customs, that any intending traveller in these parts could wish for, and if we're wrong, then all we can say is that we're a Dutchman—a double one, of course.

But don't they both of them flatter the women? They do—and quite right too—that's the way to get on; and then, no doubt, they're going "book agen," and these little compliments will be of use to them. Besides, isn't Holland a country that might be "let out in flats?" Not that flat is the character of the people. No, sharp's the word. An Englishman staying in France becomes *plus Français que Français*; and so between these two artistic companions there was perpetual emulation when in Holland, which is the flattest of places, as to which should be the flatterer. This is clearly the secret of the beautiful Dutchesses whose charming portraits are to be seen in this book. To our thinking, speaking for *Mr. Punch*, it is the best Christmas, New Year's, or any other Season's present that can be given. Get it.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE.

MY DEAR MR. HARRY PAYNE,

ON the first night of the Pantomime, it was not until half-past eleven that I beheld your beautiful red and white complexion, the visible evidence of a Clown's perfect state of health, saw the



The Guiding Stars.

movements of your mobile countenance, and heard you observe that you and several other people were there once more. But my feelings of joy were alloyed with (if you will allow me to make this witty remark, probably for the first time) some "pain" on noticing that directly you had said "Here we are again!" the majority of the Audience in the Stalls and Dress Circle seemed to retort, "No, we're not!" by getting up, putting on their cloaks and wrappers, and hurrying out.

The younger Children were dead tired, and Old Boys were athirst. For my part, I would have given anything to have been allowed to witness what are called the "Comic Scenes," which of course are intended to be a relief to the first part of the entertainment, which is always so intensely tragic, but I was removed by superior force.

It went to my heart to tear myself away, and I could not bear the thought of your having sat out in the cold, so to speak, all through those thirteen or fourteen scenes, waiting for hours to come on and exclaim, "Here we are again!" I wonder you didn't cry out, "Here we are at last!" I believe you would have made a distinct hit had you done so. No matter, if the same thing occurs next year, say it then.

AUGUSTUS DEBRIOLANUS is the Lorenzo the Magnificent of the Stage: and CHARLES, his brother, is his true friend and assistant—the

bashful, shy, retiring CHARLES, who, on Boxing Night, when dragged out of some mysterious hiding-place by the energetic and splendidly-attired Manager, appeared in a working dress, bashfully cowering before the enthusiastically applauding audience, as though he had done something wrong, and was in dumb show begging everybody's pardon, and imploring his brother to let him off this once, and he'd never do it again.

The most original effect is in the First Scene, my dear Mr. HARRY



Making Faces in the presence of the Audience.

PAYNE. The Five Senses come on, represented by Ears, Noses, Mouths with tongues out, Eyes and Hands, all dancing about separately, each on his own account. As long as these capital Masks last, Messrs. LABHART and F. BURDETT, they won't be out of their Senses at Old Drury. These Senses all combine, and make several faces (very rude of them) in sight of the Audience. It was the first hit, and it was irresistible.

The next great hit was Mr. LAURIE as *The Cat*; and, to celebrate his praises, would require the genius of a Laurie-ate, when he isn't writing "BECKET."

Hit Number Three is made by Madame KATTIE LANNER's Pupils. What, indeed, would *Whittington* be without his KATTIE? Not a



Whittington's Kattie Lanners practising with a Kit.

child in London but must see these little dears in their night-dresses, dancing, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. KATTIE LANNER's is the real Infant School of Dramatic Art.

Of course, my dear Sir, while awaiting your turn, you did not see the Grand Ballet scene. It is dazzlingly brilliant, and the dancing by Mdlls. PERTOLDI and ZANFRETTA is perfect in toe-toe. The last big hit which knocked me over entirely was the Lord Mayor's Show. The idea of making the shields and arms of the various Municipal Guilds and Corporations into living, moving, and dancing figures, is most ingenious; and seeing that every sort of political satire is allowed in the *Candidate*,—and probably several are subsequently given by yourself, Mr. HARRY, in your comic scenes with telling effect,—I cannot understand why the HOME SECRETARY was not brought on in that scene to step a lively measure with the Heraldic Dragons, as lively a measure, at all events, as his own Municipal Reform Bill. No doubt Sir W. V. HARCOURT will go in state to see it, and be admitted to the procession on the stage with the Lord Mayor NOTTAGE himself, who, if it is very cold weather, might have a scene on the ice with Sir WILLIAM, and show him how to "keep the pot a bilin'," on one of his own Stereoscopic Company's slides.

I must not forget the sylph-like *ÆNEA*, flying gracefully as ever in the air, walking daintily on the Children's out-stretched hands, and perching lightly on their heads. What do these little mites think of it all? Some little ones in front are frightened merely at the view, to

which distance lends enchantment, of the monsters, which for the little Kattie Larners have no terrors whatever. What, hereafter, will travellers' tales be to these Children of Pantomime? Can they ever hear of anything more wonderful than what, at two or three years old, they have seen with their own very eyes?

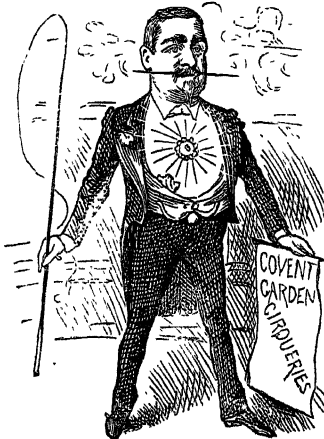


"The Wanderings of Æneæ's."

The funny men—who might be described as "Messrs. NICHOLLS, CAMPBELL & Co., with POWERS to add to their number"—are droll as it is, and will be droller and droller when they've quite forgotten all about the Veteran E. L. BLANCHARD's lines, and speak nothing but their own jokes, which suit them of course so much better than what the fanciful Author has been at some pains to write for them. I'm afraid Miss FANNY LESLIE has been trying her voice too much, though she is as sprightly as ever as *Whittington*.

You should try and see her with *Alice* in the pretty farewell scene. Also, my dear Mr. HARRY, stop at the wing one night, and listen to Miss KATE MUNROE singing her Nightingale Trill Song. Its effect is trilling! This year it is the singing KATE, last year it was the dancing KATE; so, anyhow, AUGUST's Katers for the public. The Pantomime is, on the whole, about the most gorgeous spectacle ever yet seen on this or any other Stage. Some of the scenery is admirably painted. Mr. BEVERLEY takes the audience by storm, —an effective scene—but I regret that his graceful and artistic fancy should be conspicuous by its absence from the Transformation. I am told there's a tremendous run on the seats, which the Manager must stop if it's done in dirty boots—and the place is so crowded, that there's small chance of your inimitable comic scenes being witnessed by your friend and admirer, NIBBS.

P.S. — WILLIAM the Silent's Show at Covent Garden was thronged on Boxing Night, a most appropriate evening for Athletes to revel in the Prize Ring. There are eighteen Clowns!—this results from a dearth of Pantomimes. How fortunate that at this time of year employment can be found for them in "The Garden."



William Holland and his Magnificent Stud.

SAD CASE OF STATUE.

THE Achilles Statue (so called) in Hyde Park is reported to be in a bad way:—

"In the calf of the right leg there is a great gash, several inches long, and an inch or more wide. The bronze is completely severed, with the hollow interior of the leg laid open. For some time past the aperture has been growing and widening; and it threatens to entirely destroy the leg, if not to cause a complete collapse of the Statue."—*Letter to the Times*.

Ære perennius? Not the molten image in the deplorable condition above described. But that is not the form of a man of metal, strong and solid, but, as the boy calls his twopenny jam-puff, deficient in jam, a hollow humbug. No wonder that its leg has got laid open, and that its entire system is in such a state that it stands in need of surgery. Perhaps, indeed, it may be past that, but whether or no, St. George's Hospital being close at hand, it might be taken there, by order of the proper Authority, to ascertain what the surgeons say.

THE Bishop of OXFORD wants Vivisectionists to be logical, which is asking them to be better than himself. This is true humility. The Bishop wants to know if those who vivisect an animal for a given purpose, would vivisect a man? Certainly. Holding as we do that, under certain clearly-defined and stringent restrictions, it is expedient and lawful to vivisect animals, we would even go so far in our unrelenting logic as to vivisect a Bishop, not *quæ* Bishop, but in the event of his ever reducing himself to the level of the brute creation, or, in plain language, should he on any occasion make an ass of himself.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

THAT'S SO!

YOU'RE bound to go slick through it, if once you should begin, MARK TWAIN's exciting Story of *Huckleberry Finn*!

"THE PICTORIAL PRESS."

MASON JACKSON's graphic record you'll fail not to peruse—
An illustrated story of the *Illustrated News*;
And illustrated papers of all sizes, sorts and climes,
Of print allied with pictures both of old and modern times:
In short a rare epitome—you'll gladly read, I guess—
About the rise and progress of the illustrated press.

ANOTHER BOOK ABOUT DICKENS.

GEORGE DOLBY knew the "Chief" full well,
And as he knew him, drew him;
So read the tale he has to tell—
Charles Dickens as I Knew Him.

"BETWEEN THE ACTS."

A NOVEL, wholesome, fresh and bright,
That's full of air and life and light,
No doubt attracts:
And that's the reason you can't fail,
To read Miss STOCKER's pleasant tale—
Between the Acts.

"CHARLEY KINGSTON'S AUNT."

Now here is a tale I might tell you—but shan't,
Of one who grew rich by dissecting his Aunt!
I won't give the plot, but this much I may tell—
She certainly cut up uncommonly well!
Send off to MACMILLAN and quickly read then,
The story that's writ by PEN OLIVER's pen.

TWO GOOD GUIDES.

If the town you'd run through slick,
And the Colleges you'd do;
You should read the *Dickens Dic-*
-tionary of the U-
-niversity of Cambridge!

When of *ciceroni* sick,
If the "High" you'd quickly view;
You must buy the *Dickens Dic-*
-tionary of the U-
*-niversity of Oxford!**

* This last is evidently the effect of too much Christmassing on our poet's Pegasus, which can't stand being fed on plum-pudding and fire-water. We warn him that there are limits.—Ed.

A NEW USE FOR OLD CARDS.

CHRISTMAS and New Year Cards, which have served one good turn in conveying good wishes at the season of good-will, may, it appears, serve another turn at least equally good, by being utilised for the Scrap-books for poor and sick children, which the Children's Scrap Book Mission distributes in thousands amongst the Homes and Hospitals of London. There is a kindly economy here which commends itself to Mr. *Punch's* child-loving heart. Perhaps even the overworked Postmen might less complain did they know that their backs ached, not only to convey more or less formal greetings, and—as it is to be feared, is too often the case—to flatter vanity, but to brighten the lonely and painful hours of poor sick Children. The Secretary of the "Children's Scrap-book Mission" will gladly receive contributions of old Christmas and New Year Cards at the address of the Mission, 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton, S.W.

It is absolutely necessary that the sewage of London should be disposed of in the best possible manner. This fact is against any suggestion of Sir JOHN LAWES' being adopted, it being proverbial that "Necessity knows no Lawes."

THE interesting Literature of the Fisheries ably edited by Mr. TRENDALL has just been completed. In our next or next after that, we hope to give a good account of the fish. But at the present moment our Senior Angler, whom we sent to draw up the lines, hasn't returned. If he has hook'd it, he'll catch it.



A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

He. "It's a Polka; BUT WE CAN WALTZ TO IT."

She. "OH, NOT FOR WORLDS! I HATE WALTZING TO A POLKA; BESIDES I ADORE THE POLKA STEP!"

He. "SORRY! I—A—NEVAH DANCE THE POLKA; BUT WE CAN SIT OUT THIS DANCE, IF YOU LIKE—AND I WILL TALK TO YOU!"

She. "OH, GOOD GRACIOUS, NO! LET US DANCE IT ANY WAY YOU LIKE!"

THE GREEDY BOY.

Master JOHN BULL, *loquitur*—

WELL, of all the "twists" tremendous
That I ever yet did see,
His is quite the most stupendous!
Licks old Milo's easily.

I thought I could eat pudding, but he's got the start of Me!

For a new hand at the spoon, he
Is as smart as heart could wish.
If I do not strike in soon, he
Will proceed to clear the dish.

And he seems to have a swallow that would startle Jonah's fish.

At a mouthful such a lot to
Take and gobble up is rude.
Oh, you greedy, greedy OTTO!
You should masticate your food,

Without which—you ask our GLADSTONE—it will do you little good.

But then two bites at a cherry
Doesn't seem at all your style.
You're voracious, OTTO, very.

Oh yes, you may wink and smile;
But I know that over-eating spoils digestion, stirs the bile.

Then you don't eat fair, my OTTO,
For you go and stick your knife
In my side, which you ought not to.
Like your cheek, upon my life!

And, but for my repletion, don't you know, might lead to strife.

"The World's my—pudding," OTTO;
Or at least that used to be

My unformulated motto,

One accepted tacitly,

Though other chaps were welcome to small slices—after Me!

But your "cut and come again" is

Quite an innovation—yes!

Oh, your object pretty plain is,

And you reckon on success.

But *swallowing's not digesting*, as one day you may confess.

You are cutting spanking chasms

In the pudding; yes, just so.

But fierce appetite in spasms

Isn't peptic power, you know,

And your regular omniophagist in deglutition's slow.

You've as fine a "twist," my Teuton,

As the boys of WILLIAM HUNT,

And—from causes I'll be mute on—

In *this* feed you are in front.

(That old DERBY played the duffer, and, I think, deserves a shunt.)

For the moment,—I allow it,—

I'm a little off my feed,

And you certainly can go it

With a true Gargantuan greed,

Yet, in licking me as trencherman, I think you'll scarce succeed.

At regular steady eating

I can challenge you; at least

I shall take a lot of beating,

When I'm fairly on the feast.

And—it is the pace that kills, Sir, in the South, as in the East!

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SAW (*by our Subtle One*).—A Proverb for the Government—"Passing Events cast their shadows—behind."



THE GREEDY BOY.

A DREAM OF UNFAIR TRADE.

(A Long Way after the Laureate.)



"OH, DON'T WE KNOW THE MIDDLE-MAN,
THE MIDDLE-MAN, THE MIDDLE-MAN!"

I READ before my eyelids dropt their
shade,
That wondrous *Wealth of Nations*,
long ago
Writ by great ADAM SMITH, he who
first made
Trade's nature known below.

And for awhile the feeling of his
truth
Cheered me, as one who haven gladly
hails
Anon the stir of sympathy and ruth
At human woes and wails

Suffused mine eyes with tears. O'er all
the land
Which economic lore illumineth,
I witnessed Toil with Sorrow hand-in-
hand,
And Poverty, and Death.

And spite of Free-Trade facts and fiscal
proofs,
I saw large crowds in pauper sanc-
tuaries,
And smokeless chimneys towering o'er
the roofs
Of silent factories.

At length I saw a Lady within call,
Still in grave Minerva standing
there,
A daughter of Urania, god-like tall,
And classically fair.

And then a low voice, charged with
brooding care,
Murmured beside me, "Turn and
look on me.
I am that Trade which men called Free
(not 'Fair'),
If what I was I be.

"I had great power, millions lipped my
name,
My wholesome sway appeared man's
destiny.
Champions espoused my cause, where-
e'er I came
I brought prosperity."

"No marvel, sovereign Lady, in fair
field
Myself thy championship had
gladly tried,"
I answered bold, and, turning, I
appealed
To one who stood beside.

But she, with hot and angry looks
averse,
To her full height her swelling statu-
re draws.
"The land," she said, "is blighted
with a curse—
This creature is the cause."

"In vain I speak, and strive to raise
new cries
Of Tariff-war and Reciprocity;
The stern Economists with wolfish
eyes
Stand by to watch me die."

Whereto that other, with unshrinking brow:—
"No matter what fools do beyond the foam,
For those who wield the hammer, hold the plough—
I'm best for all at home."

Then loud outspoke a man of spacious size,
Broad-cloth'd, with crimson neck-scarf neatly
rolled,
A fellow with red cheeks and cold grey eyes,
Chinking a bag of gold.

He, tipping me a cunning wink, began:—
"I govern Mart and 'Change, I long have swayed
All Markets. For I am the Middleman,
That Incubus of Trade.

"Profits I intercept, 'tis thus I climb
On Fortune's neck, I'm a monopolist-god.
The markets rise and fall at any time,
Obedient to my nod.

"Catch me—Trade's weasel—sleeping? Not a bit!
I track, spring, fasten, suck Trade's very life;
Between producer and consumer sit,
Like *Shylock* with his knife.

"Ready to cut here—there. In war's alarm,
'Midst general loss my profits I espy;
And 'midst closed ports and the loud clash of arms,
I thrive whilst thousands die.

"*Punch* pictured me as I may now be found,
Bringing to British shores the foreign prows.
Trade *Ceolus* am I, the winds all round
Bring profit to my house.

"Free Trade? Fair Trade? Aha! What's in a name?
Imports untaxed I tithe, yet do not fear
Protective tariffs. No, it's all the same
To me, my lad. Look here!"

(With that he opened up his bag, and half
The glittering gold of the contents to sight
Laid bare; thereto he pointed with a laugh
Of cynical delight.)

Slowly I waked. Then said I, "I have heard
The noise of rival parties,—overborne
By one who crows loud as the crested bird
That rouses us at morn.

The *doctrinaires* may argue long and well,
Their craggy dogmas mouthing late and soon,
But Labour's under some unhappy spell,
There's *something* out of tune.

Protection's nonsense—that is understood,
It cannot help our Toilers anyway
To mock their myriad mouths with dearer food.
No—that device won't pay!

But empty factories and idle hands,
The waste of native manhood's power and pith,
Are cureless by cheap goods from foreign lands,
Or truths from ADAM SMITH.

"Yet tears to human suffering are due,"
Sings stoic WORDSWORTH. Ay, and more than tears:
The helpful labours of the thoughtful few,
Sagacity that steers

'Twixt pedant rule and purblind prejudice,
Not servile to old saw or centuried maxim,
Nor deeming wisdom summed in the advice,
"Give man Free Trade, and tax him."

Free Trade! Fair Trade! Is Industry yet free?
Are Capital and Competition fair?
Land's greed, Monopoly's subtle jugglery
Cramp Commerce everywhere.

Fleets piled with foreign produce on the wave,
Home-trade upbolstered by Protection's ban,
Trade from depression will not wholly save,
Marred by the Middleman.

Him Punch attacks in pungent word and picture;
Punch, frank distributor of praise and blame,
Though prejudice may misapply the stricture,
Blind zeal mistake the aim.



BETROTHAL OF PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Beatrice. SO, BATTENBERG, LOVE ON; I WILL REQUITE THEE!
FOR OTHERS SAY THOU DOST DESERVE; AND I
BELIEVE IT BETTER THAN REPORTINGLY.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii., Sc. 1.

"I PROMESSI SPOSI."

[The *Court Circular* announces that the QUEEN has given her consent to the betrothal of Princess BEATRICE to Prince HENRY of Battenberg.]

AUSPICIOUS news to greet the young New Year!

Punch gives it in his pages first of places.

Sure this *Court Circular* should catch the ear

Of listening Muses and attendant Graces.

This knits the golden circle sweetly up,

And brims with joy the Royal Mother's Cup.

Therein the *amari aliquid*, on sooth,
Hath surged amidst love's sweetness all too often.

But the glad ring of fair and hopeful youth

Surrounding honoured age such pangs must soften.

May Heaven keep it, like true lover's token,

For many happy years bright and unbroken.

To him who takes therein his place to-day,

Prince HENRY, *Punch* a hearty hand extends;

Whilst as for her, the Widowed Sovereign's stay,

Truest of children, faithfullest of friends,

Sweet BEATRICE, the whole land prays her life,

As daughter loyal, may be glad as Wife!

BOYS TOGETHER.—The Managers of the Boys' Public School Company, advertise for a Master, to whom they offer a fixed salary. "In addition," so the advertisement runs, a "capitation grant of £1 will be given for every pupil over fifty." This looks well on paper. But the offer seems illusory. It is quite true that *Mr. Bultrude*, a gentleman something over fifty, went to school. But the action was quite involuntary on his part, and after his experience it is not likely, even suppose a Master were to share the capitation grant with them, that many middle-aged gentlemen would be inclined to join the boys' classes.

INNS AND OUTS.

MR. BARTLE FRERE the Solicitor recently addressed a letter to the papers *à propos* of the proposed dissolution of the Inns of Chancery, pointing out the right of the possessor to deal at his pleasure with his possession, or, to put it in a colloquial form, "to do just what he likes with his own." No doubt Mr. BARTLE FRERE is right, still, if the idea were carried out thoroughly "to the bitter end," the result would be far from pleasant. Leaving out of the question the niceties of incorporation and other matters more easily comprehended by the lights of the profession, to the junior branch of which Mr. BARTLE FRERE belongs, than by the Public at large, we might soon read the following under the heading of—

THE LATEST LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Benchers of Gray's Inn, at a recent Pension, expended the whole of the funds of their Hon. Society in purchasing port for their own private consumption.

The Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn has mortgaged the freehold ground upon which the Hall stands, in order to raise funds for purchasing

fireworks to be displayed in the adjacent fields on the occasion of his birthday.

The Treasurer of the Middle Temple has let out the gardens belonging to his Inn on a building lease so as to enlarge and cement the lawn-tennis grounds now in the occupation of the Junior Briefless Bar.

The Benchers of the Inner Temple have sold their library, and propose to utilise the purchase-money in prosecuting a search into the pedigrees of certain of their fellow members who claim lineal descent from the Ancient Kings of Ireland.

The Ancients of Staples Inn have decided to settle the proceeds of the sale of their property upon Sir CHARLES DILKE (in recognition of his kind intentions) for life, with remainder to the Members of Barnard's Inn and others with whom they have not the slightest connection.

WAS there ever a better name for a mistaken Editor of a revised SHAKESPEARE than Dr. MULL? At first sight it looks like a joke, but the work he has produced, judging it by a review in the *Times*, is evidently no joke. Dr. MATTHIAS MULL is a fact.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

(As exhibited in Christmas Annuals.)

TELL me not, O Soul that slumbers,
 "Life is placid, Life is pale!"
 'Tis not so in Christmas Numbers;
 There quite other views prevail.

Life is foaming, Life is frantic,
 Here the dagger, there the bowl;
 "Stick at nothing that's romantic!"
 Says my Printer to my Soul.

Not to live as boys and girls would
 Is our men's and maidens' way;
 But to act as if in Earlswood
 You might find them any day!

Write of fire, and flood, and battle,
 Write of Earls that gaily sin,
 Write of Governesses,—that 'll
 Bring the sweet subscribers in!

Lives of Great Highwaymen show it,
 How to make our tales sublime;
 Bother sense and grammar! Go it—
 Give us something new in Crime!

Crimes that ne'er, perchance, another,
 As he reached his volume's end,
 Dreamed of—give us *these*, my brother,
 Something fresh in guilt, my friend!

Let us then be up and raving,
 Rave of ghosts, and sin, and fate;
 These the gentle reader's craving,
 And he does not like to wait!

A BOON TO BRITAIN.—For one method of dealing with Dynamitard plotters, "A LIBERAL M.P." recommends in the *Times* "the extension to the United Kingdom of some of the drastic powers of the Irish Crimes Prevention Act." An admirable suggestion. Grant England the same protection of life and property as that which Ireland enjoys. Then Hibernia and Britannia will be equal before the law; and sure won't that be a mighty satisfactory concession of Justice to Ireland?



"THE SERVANTS."

Applicant for Cook's Place. "I 'VE ALWAYS BEEN IN FAM'LYS WHERE FOUR SERVANTS IS KEPT, M'UM—WHICH I MUS' SAY, M'UM, I LIKES MY RUBBER IN THE HEVENING!!"

UTOPIAN JONES.

If the "Dramatic Outlook" is not better than Mr. HUGH THOMSON'S illustrations to this article in *The English Illustrated Magazine* this month, the Actors and Authors had better "look out" for themselves. All the characters represented are meant for likenesses, at least so we are led to infer from the names which the Artist has most considerately written beneath every picture, so that there may be no sort of doubt in the spectator's mind either as to the Actor for whom it is intended, or as to the character in which he is represented. The best is Mr. TREE as *Macari*.

As far as we've read Mr. JONES'S lecture on the Drama, he seems to have left out of the question all consideration of the *il faut vivre* argument, which compels the humble playwright to do what he can get to do, and not what he would prefer doing. When a Dramatic Author has made a fortune, he can then pick and choose his subjects, his Actors, and his Theatre; but so long as he has to keep the pot boiling, almost any sort of stuff that comes to hand may be used for fuel. He and his have to live, though of this no one sees the absolute necessity except himself and those who depend on his exertions; but it is quite enough for *them* to see it, and he has to live for *them*!

An Author may "respect himself and his Art" as much as Mr. JONES (part Author of *The Silver King* and sole Author of *Saints and Sinners*) could desire; but if there were a "prize of ten thousand pounds in the gutter," which he could get by scrambling for it, he'd scramble; and, if he be the father of a family, he would be a culpable fool if he didn't scramble, and do his very best to get it. And supposing this prize of "ten thousand pounds in the gutter," and all the authors, impressed by Mr. JONES'S high-falutin' teaching, turning up their noses at it, is anyone so simple as to imagine that the guileless JONES wouldn't be down in that gutter before Mr. HERMAN or Mr. WILLS could say "Knife!" and have picked up that ten-thousand-pound prize without any scrambling at all? Of course he would, and quite right, too, bless him! Let's all cock our noses in the air, disdain earth, and open our mouths for the larks, roasted whole, to tumble into them.

No, thank you, talented Author of *Saints and Sinners*, but at all

events Dramatic Authors will not ask you to join in the scramble, and will be only too delighted if you will be satisfied when your "honest work shall be fairly valued"—what does Mr. JONES mean by "honest work?"—"and shall buy him (Mr. JONES) honest bread and cheese." What is "honest bread and cheese?" Unadulterated? Why, this is the "horny-handed son of toil" claptrap. However, if Mr. JONES the Dramatist is content with his "honest bread and cheese," so be it, only with the honest bread give us the equally honest haunch of mutton. Mr. JONES doesn't mention anything to drink with his bread and cheese, so we may suggest for *him* the pure and filtered water, and for ourselves the honest "fizz,"—whereat we believe even the austere Dramatist's "honest phiz" would become radiant.

When we hear it asked why doesn't SMITH the Dramatist write something original instead of adapting from the French or German, or why doesn't BROWN (who obtained a Horsescholarship and the Buffoon prize) go in for something better than foolish Extravanzas, farcical pieces, and Burlesques, which make thousands laugh (the idiots!), we say to ourselves, probably poor SMITH and BROWN have large families to support who depend on the bread-winner's play-wrighting work for their daily food, clothing, and schooling; and SMITH would be an ass if he refused a commission to adapt a French play for which he may get money enough to keep him and his for the next half-year; and BROWN would be a culpable donkey were he to discontinue his work which, doing no harm beyond amusing those who like being amused by songs and dances and fantastical nonsense, supplies him and his with the necessities of life, and, if he is very lucky, with a few of the luxuries,—occasionally.

Of course, would we were all JONESSES the Virtuous and Highly Artistic, but as we can't be that, let some of us thank Heaven we are ordinary SMITHS and BROWNS, and do our work "in that station of life to which it hath pleased," &c., &c., for which overhaul your catechism, and when found, make a note of.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS" to ALBERT VICTOR of Wales, who attains his majority Thursday, January 8, from His Young Royal Highness's sincere well-wisher, *Mr. Punch*. Hip! Hip! Hip! Hooray!

'ARRY (WITH TOM AND DICK) AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've picked up a bit since I wrote to you last, dear old pal. I had got the 'ump, and no error, along o' BILL B. and that gal.



Tom, Dick, and 'Arry.

But there, "Never say die" is my motter, must keep on the shove, don't yer see; And to-day I've been doing some Art; Winter Show at Sir Coutts's G. G.

O, it ain't the fust time I've turned Art-crickit, CHARLIE. Remember my go

At BURNE-JONES's crampy confloptions and JIM WHISTLER's Mustard-pot Show?

Yus, and WHISTLER's bin down upon 'ARRY as 'ot as he knows how to be,

But the 'ARRY he quilts is one QUILTER, I'm told; anyhow it ain't *Me*!

This Show ain't all Scarecrows and Smudges, no riddles in water or oil, But TOM GAINSBOROUGH's portraits and landscapes, and pictures by *Punch's* DICK DOYLE.

Twig? TOM, DICK and—'ARRY my pippin! that sounds quite O. K. and *ong sweet*. Guess Sir COUTTS will be glad I dropt in, jest to make the arrangement complete.

As for TOM, he's no doubt a top-sawyer at painting the toffs of his time, To have lived in a age of sech sweet things in tailoring *must* ha' bin prime. Sech colours, my pippin! pink breeches and plum-coloured coats, dontcher-know, With weskets like rainbows gone wrong,—though they wore 'em a *leetle* bit low.

Jest fancy yours truly togged up to the nines in the Gainsborough style, Like "Handsome JACK SELLINGER," hay? or Sir BENJAMIN TRUMAN! Don't smile.

Faot is, as all artists agree, modern fashion don't give one a chance, But with mulberry coat and blue bags I'd lead some o' the sparklers a dance.

Some topping ones here! There's the Duchess of Devonshire, her as they say Give a butcher a kiss for his vote, wich I reckon pertikler good pay. Then "Mrs. GRACE ELLIOTT, born DALRYMPLE." Scissors! Sech sealing-wax lips, And a eye as 'd fetch a old 'ermit slap out of his 'ole, and no chips!

Mister G. *could* jest paint a complexion, Sir, regular roses and milk, Though I can't say I'm nuts on that fashion of tying their throats with black silk,

Which some of TOM's swell lady-sitters seemed partial to, CHARLIE, and which Makes 'em look jest as though their sweet nobs 'ad been chopped off, and stuck on with pitch.

"Lady DUDLEY, born WHITE," I don't tumble to—error somewhere I should think;

But wotever tint she was *born*, she is here painted yaller and pink. *Fifty-five* floored me rayther at first, seemed familiar, but closely approaching, I found it was one WILLIAM POYNTZ, and *not* JACK SHEPPARD taken to poaching.

Seventy-one, WILLIAM STEVENS, D.D., mate, the Rector of place called Great Snoring,

Well, I've heard it in some country Churches, with Parsons unusually boring; But this one don't *look* like that sort—seems as sharp as my tarrier's yapping; I pity the Chawbacon, CHARLIE, them two gimblet eyes should catch napping.

The "Blue Boy" is all very well, jolly clever no doubt, and all that, But I shan't order Kino per sample, effect jest a trifle too flat. And as for the "*Cottage Girl*," bless yer, most ornery sort o' young elf, As common as daisies, dear boy, you arf feel you could paint 'er yerself.

TOM's landscapes, I'm told, are first-chop, though I fancy a little unekal, I like somethink rather more greener, with less of the blue-bag and treacle. But that was the "form" of old painters, with crickits it seems to go down; But they must 'ave 'ad jolly rum hopties, they seemed to see everythink brown.

The rest of the Show's DICKY DOYLE, but, by Jingo! it isn't "all Dicky." It's worth the whole "Bob," and no error. In pictures I may say I'm "picky."

Like RUSKIN and QUILTER—my namesake—but, give yer my davy, it queers A snide 'un to trot round these rooms, Sir. I ain't felt so young not for years.

Don't know as I'm filberts on fairies, and dragons, and toadstools and things, But you find yourself looking at *his* till you wish you was small and 'ad wings; Could flit about forests by moonlight, snooze under green dock-leaves and logs, Snuggle up to the wings of a owl, or 'ave battles with crows or with frogs.

Yus, it sounds tommy rot I'm aware, and you'll think I've gone muzzy perhaps, But his dwarfs and his goblins and sech are the rummest most rollicking chaps; And as to his children and fairies, his witches and dragons—well there, They fetch yer like one o'clock, CHARLIE, though 'ow I don't know, nor don't care. Seems to paint 'em with moonshine and jewel dust, dashed if he don't, my dear boy. Then his *Story of Tommy*, and *Punch* larks are things as a chap must enjoy. Reglar busters, my biffin, some on 'em, the history ones are a 'it; And then there's a string of "tight" monkeys would make a Jerusalem split.

'Owsomever, stash chin-music, CHARLIE! Don't often catch *me* on the gush.

The G. G.'s a excellent bobsworth, good 'our or two's fun and no crush.

My verdict—I'll wrop it up small, as I've give you a dollop to carry,—

Is "Tom, I've no doubt is a topper, but DICK is the joker for 'ARRY."

AN EARLY BIRD ON THE TURF.

EARL CADOGAN contributes to the *Fortnightly* an Article on "The State of the Turf," which is of considerable interest to outsiders. According to the noble Author, the state of the Turf at the present moment is such as to require a good deal of cutting, watering, and levelling, to render it perfectly smooth. To keep the Turf in good condition for racing is the self-imposed duty of the Jockey Club, which, being a Society unrecognised by law, has considerable difficulty in enforcing obedience to its own rules and regulations. This body has to obtain the "good-will" of local Magistrates before dealing with any "fixtures." Lord CADOGAN is in favour of gate-money, and remarks that, as to "the argument that Racing should be provided gratuitously for the multitude, it is enough to say that such a demand has never been advanced in connection with any other sport or pastime." The Earl should not have said "never," but "hardly ever." For ourselves we object to gate-money, and always want to go in for nothing, but the Turf is not so green as that comes to, and at Sandown they are much too Sandowny to be let in themselves, or to let in anyone else. Of course a charge is made for admission to Lords and elsewhere to see a Cricket-match, and Cricket is a national pastime; but how about Boat-racing—which is as national and rational a sport as Horse-racing? This is pretty well open to the public, and in consequence of there being no gate-money, there's a considerable run on every bank. The Jockey Club labours under "the serious difficulty" of not being able to take evidence on oath. Mr. BRADLAUGH wouldn't admit the seriousness of this difficulty. Certainly any statement about the Turf ought to be sward to. (*Ahem!*) In sum, the Earl thinks that the mission of the Jockey Club is to put down the gamblers and make a change for the better. Long may he remain above the Turf to be an ornament to it.

THE LAW OF LIQUIDATION—will very soon assert itself should a heavy snow-storm be followed by a tremendous thaw. Forewarned is forearmed.

HARD LINES.—Overhead Wires.

THE MANHOOD OF GREAT BOYS.

III.—THE STATESMAN.

EVEN among Boys, WILLIAM PLYANT was remarkable for the fertility and ingenuity of his apologies and excuses. If late for dinner, or chapel, he never contented himself with the frivolous and outworn allegation that he had accidentally thrust his right-hand foot into his left-hand shoe, and had been unable to extricate it in time. He would observe, on the contrary, with deep and engaging penitence, that he had become so absorbed in the delightful arguments of a Euclid, or in the masterly intricacies of the Greek irregular verb, that the hour for refreshment or devotion had stolen by unobserved. His masters were so greatly impressed at once with the dialectical ingenuity of WILLIAM, and with the eloquence in which he clothed his thoughts, that they frequently requested him to remain after the other lads had gone to play, and in solitary, and even laborious interviews, devoted themselves to cultivating WILLIAM's sense of rectitude.

At home it was the same thing. "WILLIAM, did you break that window?" his Father would inquire, bluntly; and WILLIAM would, with patient subtlety, reply (in the very words of an eminent writer) that "there are people in the world who are very fond of asking what they call point-blank questions. They profess to hate all shilly-shallying, and they are at no pains to hide their suspicion that any one who declines to say Yes or No to any question which they choose to ask, has either his intellect clouded by Metaphysics, or has not the courage of his opinions." WILLIAM would then go on to remark that breaking a window was not such a simple matter as, on a superficial view, it appeared. A stone broke the window—he was not a stone. Was, then, the actual or the impelling agency to be regarded as the proximate or the efficient cause of the domestic disaster? Again, he urged, there was the question of the direction of the intention. He had intended—"but here his Father seized WILLIAM, and (in spite of his clamouring that "Force was no Remedy") proceeded to correct him with the library ruler, which happened to be handy. Thus eminent as a Boy, WILLIAM naturally looked forward to distinction in political life. Nor was he disappointed. WILLIAM soon became indispensable to his Party. Night after night did his opponents ask WILLIAM ill-natured questions, all of which he answered at the greatest length, and in language of extreme propriety, and rhythmical structure. His clumsy adversaries, indeed, complained that, when WILLIAM at length sat down, they were no better informed than they had been when he arose. Yet so remarkable was his art that, whenever WILLIAM had to make a speech, the House was crowded. Everyone listened with all his ears, adversaries were infuriated, friends cheered to the echo, but the extraordinary thing was that, in the morning, no mortal could ever tell what it all meant, or what WILLIAM really intended. Thus the qualities which had attracted persecution, ignominy, canings, fifth-form lickings, and other accidents to WILLIAM in his boyhood, became of the utmost value to him as a Statesman.

Finally, however, his country was involved in foreign affairs of peculiar difficulty. WILLIAM occupied the Antarctic Regions with a force of thirty Marines, and allotted to his country the interest on the Polar debt. Immediately all the Foreign Powers, including Bolivia and Venezuela, sent letters to WILLIAM, asking him what the dickens he meant by his conduct, and whether he intended to annex, administer, or evacuate the Antarctic Circle? To those missives WILLIAM replied, for several years, in his usual courteous manner, but with the unfortunate effect of driving all the nations of the world, including Zanzibar, quite mad, and into an offensive alliance against his country. WILLIAM, therefore, crowned with honours, withdrew from affairs, and devoted his leisure to deciphering Jebusite Inscriptions. These remarkable relics of antiquity resemble an ill-advised attempt to draw tables and chairs, and, as only two syllables of the Jebusite language are known (and these incorrectly) the topic afforded ample scope for WILLIAM's undeniable ingenuity. He has now translated the Inscriptions in twelve totally different ways, and, having sufficiently contributed to the elucidation of politics, means to publish his discoveries, one of which, out of the twelve, he thinks is nearly certain to be regarded as, at least, approximately plausible. We thus learn that qualities which, in Youth, are often discouraged, may lead to the highest political and philological eminence in maturer years.

IV.—THE MERCHANT.

At school, GORGUS MIDAS, though, in some ways, a serviceable, was not a popular boy. He was very greedy, but chiefly satisfied his love of good things by violently appropriating the hampers of his juniors in the Lower Fourth, for he never rose above that insignificant degree of scholastic promotion. Yet GORGUS was useful for, when all the other boys had spent their money, he always had plenty left. Some of his funds he would lend, at various rates of interest, thus half-a-crown disbursed in the middle of term, had to be repaid, with the accrued interest of half-a-sovereign, at the end of the holidays. Some clever, but unscrupulous boys, also

found GORGUS convenient, for he promised to pay them money to do his exercises for him. It is true that GORGUS never kept his word, and, as his system was detected, he was rather ignominiously removed from school, quite as ignorant as when he first went thither.

When he became a Man, GORGUS continued to act on the same system. Knowledge and clever people he despised; but he lent money, and he bought up, for small sums, various patent inventions of THOMAS TREADWELL, and other ingenious characters. Some of these proved successful and remunerative. Their originators died in poverty, and in Lunatic Asylums; while GORGUS, having built a twenty-storey Palace in Park Lane, having rented Moors and Forests in Scotland, the country-house of a pauper Duke in England, possessing, too, a fleet of Steam-yachts, luxuriously appointed, is now justly regarded as one of the most illustrious of our Merchant Princes.

HINTS ON PARLIAMENTARY DEPORTMENT.

(By Professor Turveydrop Toby, M.P.)

FIRST get into Parliament. In the new order of things, that will not be so difficult as formerly. Never was any need to be excep-



A Genuine "Old Master," not in Burlington House Exhibition.

tionally clever; no need now to be particularly rich. Parnellites hope to settle this last difficulty by securing weekly wages. Must live, they say. No money, no rows in Parliament. Different as yet with Members for Great Britain; but time may come. No one can say what new Parliament may not do.

Necessary when you present yourself before Constituency to declare your politics. Safest thing is to ascertain the politics of majority of Electors and enthusiastically adopt them. At same time edge on the independent line. Say you are for GLADSTONE or SALISBURY, as the case may be, but that you are the kind of man who would not for any consideration vote for what you did not at the bottom

of your heart feel would be for the benefit of the Empire at large (Empire's a good word to bring in), and of the Constituency in particular. In the House of Commons, as will be shown in its proper place, the rôle of the Independent Member, skilfully played, most surely leads to fortune.

Other things being equal, don't choose a Constituency with a new-fangled name. The Member for St. George's-in-the-East or the Member for St. George's, Hanover Square, can never hope to make a position in the House. Nor can the Member for the Strand, who irresistibly suggests a 'busman. By preference come in for a Constituency with one of the old familiar names. Members for these will be no better and no worse than the rest, but they are sure to put on airs, and to look down upon the Members for newly-named Constituencies much as a Peer, whose Barony is a hundred years old, looks down upon Mr. GLADSTONE's new creations.

When you are actually returned to Parliament you must mind your eye. You may do all kinds of things there, irregular, and even disorderly; but take care how you do them. You must never, however sudden and sharp may be the temptation, enter the House by making a "cartwheel" up the floor. It is forbidden to smoke in the House, and there is no accommodation in connection with the benches for jugs and glasses. If you want to drink, you must get up and make a speech, when you may drink whatever you can pay for. Rum punch hot is discouraged on the ground of the odour it diffuses.

If you want to say anything disagreeable about a Member on either side, you may do so without fear of consequences. There is no limit to this privilege. If in any other Assembly you were, for example, to accuse a gentleman of having wilfully brought about the hanging of an innocent man, you would probably find yourself in an uncomfortable position. In the House of Commons you may do this, or worse, without danger. The Speaker will interfere, will stigmatise the words as unparliamentary, and will direct you to withdraw them. Of course you withdraw at once, for the thing is done. You have said the words, and there they are. The interposition of the Speaker is even an additional advantage. It pointedly calls attention to the insult. It brings about what is called "a scene," and a scene is always reported *verbatim* in the newspapers. This privilege of safely libelling people you don't like, whether in or out of the House, is, of itself, worth all the trouble of getting into Parliament, and will incite the intelligent Candidate to renewed exertions in canvassing.

Sufficient for the week are the hints thereof. When these are digested, there may be a replenishment.



WHAT SITTERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SOMETIMES.

JONES (THE CELEBRATED PORTRAIT PAINTER) NEVER ALLOWS THE SITTER TO MOVE A MUSCLE UNTIL THE SITTING IS OVER, FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE FOLDS! UNFORTUNATELY JONES IS A GREAT WAGNERITE, AND, CARRIED AWAY BY HIS ENTHUSIASM, HE WILL SING WHOLE PIECES OF RECITATIVE FROM *PARSIFAL* IN THE MIDDLE OF A *SÉANCE*—VERY TRYING WHEN THE SITTER IS BEING PAINTED IN THE ACT OF POINTING TO A FAVOURITE PASSAGE IN AN *ÉDITION DE LUXE*, FOR INSTANCE!

A MERRY MEDICO.

In Muscovy there dwells a Leach,
His name it is BALINSKY,
Who doth a novel doctrine preach,
Which lawyers might call risky.

A little girl was foully slain,
And eke her house was plundered;
Three culprits being caught, 'twas plain
That "somebody had blundered."

The murderess confessed her deed,
Her name was SÉMÉNOVA;
Yet she's acquitted—yes, indeed!
And now she lives in clover.

The Doctor framed a new defence,
There never was a lamer;
For why?—She was a "Psychopath,"
And therefore you can't blame her!

Now if you really want to know
The Psychopathic nature,
It seems to mean what's base and low
In other nomenclature.

The "Psychopath" 's an "Egotist";
They think that right which pleases 'em;
And moral wrong, they do insist,
Is whatsoever teases 'em.

To gain their end, they'll put to death
Their nearest blood relation;
So never stop a Psychopath
From following his vocation!

No cure the smallest good can do,
And prisons only rile 'em,
And it's a shame to send 'em to
A Lunatic Asylum.

So let them satisfy their needs,
And kill with much impunity;
They're only "nervous invalids,"
Like most of the community.

Which shows that jurymen are wise
To place such great reliance
On all who wave before their eyes
The "blessed light of Science."

"MULTA REVOLVENS."—*Portant beaucoup de 'revolvers.'* New French Classics. Translation.

A NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE Real Original Wandering Jew, a relation of EUGÈNE SUE's—not *Black-Eyed Sue's*—who is still about, and likely to be, writes from Paris to say that he thinks his Autobiography, published in monthly parts, and continued through a few centuries, would be highly interesting. It would, he fancies, beat *Irving's Annals of Our Times* into fits; and, as he was on speaking terms with every body of any note (he remembers poor CLAUDIAN perfectly, and considered him a miserable rival and weak impostor), he could give some anecdotes in his own racy style, which would make the fortune of many a diner-out. He asks us our advice as to a publisher, and as he looks forward to getting rid of about twenty-five editions yearly, he questions whether he shouldn't call it an *Ought-to-Sell-ography*, instead of an *Autobiography*. We have answered his queries, and place a specimen of his work before our readers:—

"It was in the year 1649 that I had the pleasure of meeting CHARLES THE FIRST. Went to see him at Whitehall, where he was staying at the time (he died there shortly afterwards) furnished with a letter of introduction from my dear old friend OLIVER CROMWELL. The King was clad in a rather gaudy dressing-gown and a startling smoking-cap. As I entered he was enjoying a large cigar. Taking up a box of weeds from a side-table, he offered me one, saying that 'although his father objected to tobacco and witches, he found the former excellent.' I never saw him again, but was very intimate with his sons. His eldest boy and namesake was a decidedly over-rated person. Many of the 'good things' credited to him in reality were spoken by his brother, JAMES THE SECOND. However, 'CHARLES the Merry Monarch' (as he was called by his own set), was not a bad *raconteur*, and possessed some excellent port. A connection of the family, WILLIAM THE THIRD, I met in after

years. All I can recollect about him was that he spoke Dutch with fluency.

"I remember meeting WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE at a Moot given before Queen ELIZABETH at Gray's Inn. 'BETSY,' as we used to call her in those days, was very fond of the Hon. Society, and invariably insisted upon presiding at the Pensions and dining with the Benchers. On this occasion she had dined too well, or the weather was sultry. At all events, she had gone to sleep. The Benchers naturally did not like to disturb her, as she was known to have a 'nasty temper' when crossed. I was laughing at the incident, when a fat middle-sized man, with an uncommonly high forehead, came up to me, and saying that he was WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, asked me what he should do? It appeared that he had been engaged to read *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and that there was no one to listen to him. I may explain that the Queen having gone to sleep, it was etiquette for everyone to pretend to follow her example. WILLIAM (or 'BILLY,' as he was called at the Globe Play-house), pointed out that the artful old Treasurer for the year (one BACON—a lawyer of some repute), was sleeping with one eye open. I forget how the incident ended, as I had to hurry away to keep another engagement.

"Two more friends I met about this time were, JOHN MILTON, the Poet, and the First Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who won Blenheim, and several other victories. JACK was blind, but genial. He acted as Latin Secretary to OLIVER CROMWELL (by the way, CROMWELL, although his father was a Brewer, came of a good old stock), and used to swear at his employer in the dead languages. He has made me roar again at the things he has said in OLIVER's presence—the latter, of course, not in the least knowing what sentiments his amanuensis was uttering. I remember seeing some of the proof-sheets of *Paradise Regained*, a poem not to be mentioned in the same mouth with *Paradise Lost*. 'Handsome JACK CHURCHILL,' as the First Duke of MARLBOROUGH was called, although, no doubt,



BROTHERS IN ALMS; OR, SOMETHING LIKE "A NEW DEPARTURE."

Joe (the Philanthropist, to Landed Proprietor). "BROTHER, BROTHER, WE ARE BOTH IN THE WRONG! LET US SHARE OUR WEALTH WITH THE PEOPLE."

an able commander, was extremely stupid in a drawing-room. He was a very colourless individual. All I can remember about him is, that he was particularly fond of chocolate.

"Talking of chocolate reminds me that another of my contemporaries—JULIUS CÆSAR—was very partial to oysters. It was this craze that induced him to invade Britain, where Whitstable natives have been, from time immemorial, most excellent eating. JULIUS was a thoroughly good fellow. He had but one fault—he was an amateur author. I remember his sending me one day a pamphlet upon the Gallic War. I just peeped into it—I won't say read it—it was sad rubbish.

"*A propos* of warriors reminds me that EDWARD THE THIRD and HENRY THE FIFTH had each some claim to the title. I knew them both intimately. The latter's widow married a Welshman called OWEN TUDOR, who invented braces. For all that he was a dull dog at his best.

"The mention of braces reminds me I was lucky enough to be present at the Battle of Hastings. The fight was excellent for trade; there had been a very bad season that year—I think it was in 1066—and WILLIAM'S victory brought a number of foreigners into the town. On the night of the fight apartments were at a premium, not only in Hastings but at St. Leonard's.

"I must bring my recollections for the present to a conclusion by one more anecdote. I was walking one day in Windsor Park, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs. I turned round, and a merry voice asked me the time of day. I looked at my watch. I subsequently discovered that the person who had spoken to me was HERNE the Hunter."

We fancy that our Ancient Friend has been inspired by the great popularity of a recent Autobiography, which has already reached three editions, and whose merits were proclaimed by our "Paper-knife Poem" Reviewist in these columns.

SOME THEATRICAL NOTES.



Scarcity of Pantomimes. Little Bo Peep looking out for an Engagement.

SEEMING, "in" accordance with a recent lecturer on the Modern Drama, that the acquisition of wealth is the last thing that a Manager of a Theatre or the writer of a Play should consider, it is possible that Messrs. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and E. L. BLANCHARD may cancel their very successful Pantomime, and substitute for it, in the cause of the True, and consequently the Beautiful, another, of which the following may serve as a rough *scenario* :—

RICHARD WHITTINGTON
WITHOUT HIS CAT;

Or, the *Superfluous Harlequin*
and the *Mythical Lord*
Mayor of London.

SCENE I.—The Cave of Shams. The Demon Bill

Sticker, attended by his Advertising Imps. Social Science Lecture, and Ultra Æsthetical Pamphlet, discuss at much length the claims of various subjects for a Pantomime. They think something "earnest" may be done with RICHARD WHITTINGTON if everything popular in the story is cut out. Comparatively sudden appearance of the Fairy JONES, who, by a wave of his wand, changes the Lecture into—SCENE II.—Trysting-Place of the Exclusive Votaries of the Loftiest Nonsense. Grand Ballet introducing the long-established Mutual Admiration Dance, in which some hundreds of Old Women (candidates for election to the Playgoers' Club) will take part. *Pas seul* by a joint Author (as Mr. JONES would rather die than say) meet to the occasion. Joint-meet, feeble suggestion of a pun likely to be provocative of mirth amongst the more-easily-tickled. Hence reference to joint-meet to be avoided as demonstrating lack of earnestness.

SCENES III., IV., V., VI., and VII. dealing with the story of RICHARD WHITTINGTON, and proving in the most prosaic and least exciting manner that "there never was no such person." This theory to be set forth in a funeral manner as loftily regardless of the popularity that secures wealth as of the dangers and deficits of boredom. Cutting out of comic monarchs, wonderful animals, glittering processions, beautiful scenery, and everything else calculated to extort admiration from the thoughtless, and leading up to—

SCENE VIII.—The Dreary Marsh of Misty Bosh. The principal characters are seen groping about in despair trying to understand what it all means, until enlightened by the appearance of the Fairy JONES, who by a flourish of his magic lecturer's wand changes the dismal *tableau* into

THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE, showing the gradual eclipse of the Popular Pantomime by the Spirit of Riotous Rot. The Sun of the National Theatre rapidly sinks, giving place to an Extensive View of Empty Benches. Triumph of the True, the Beautiful, the Earnest, in a word, of Hi Falutin Bosh.

FINAL TABLEAU.—Premature Collapse of the Pantomime and Sudden Requisition for a good rough-and-tumble, thoroughly stagy, old-fashioned melodrama of the *Silver King* type for immediate production long before Easter!

A remarkable event has lately happened. An Author has published a Tragedy,—not for acting, but for perusal. The Author is Mr. MERIVALE, and the title of the work is *Florien*. The plot is based on the old story of *George Barnwell*. Many of the Scenes are powerfully dramatic, and only a few alterations would be requisite for effective representation, though only a very exceptional Actress could play the part of *Florien*. The weakness, and the woes of the sufferers excite our compassion but cannot enlist our sympathy, any more than can the three principals in *Ruy Blas*. The plot of Mr. MERIVALE's tragedy makes it as readable as a good Novel; while, as dramatic poetry, taking the Play as a whole, and not dwelling on a few palpable defects, it will, to quote 'ARRY, give the Author of *Becket* and *Queen Mary* "what for," and make poetic dramatists "sit up a bit."

A friend tells us that *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Crystal Palace is a mixture of old and new—the old being good and the new better. Amongst the former must be classed certain scenery and properties suggestive of bygone glories at Drury Lane, and belonging to the latter are the very best stage-giants on record. They seem certainly to be people of few words, and yet can hardly be described as short. Altogether the Directors, Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and the Public generally are to be congratulated on the Pantomime at the Crystal Palace.

The same friend has seen *Saints and Sinners* at the Vaudeville, and *Twins*. He was much shocked at the "gags" of Mr. RIGHTON in the part of the Professional Infant which he describes as not being in the best possible taste. For instance the Twin who wears the gaiters and general get-up of a Bishop asks his host to include in the library reserved for him in his private room a French novel, and uses very strong and uneclesiastical expressions. If Mr. DERRICK the Author is satisfied, I have got nothing to say; it is Mr. RIGHTON's business, and the Author's, not mine. As for *Saints and Sinners* our friend seems unable to decide in which category the Author himself should be included. He says that he believes Mr. JONES, to judge from some of the dialogue, has every wish to be added to the Saints, but then, considering the quality and quantity of three Acts out of the five, he must be put down sorrowfully as a Sinner. However, Mr. THOMAS THORNE is pleased, and so, what's the odds as long as the Manager of the Vaudeville is happy?

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Scene from Harlequin Romeo and Juliet; or, The Fairy Friar, The Peculiar Potion, and the Little Young Lady who lived in the tomb of the Knight Cap-uleta.

THE CROAK OF THE CAPITALIST.

I HEARD a man of money, which he wanted to invest, A melancholy *millionnaire*, unload his anxious breast. Meanwhile he scanned and scrutinised a list of shares and stocks; The banks and mines and shipping lines, the railways and the docks.

"Oh, would I were a Premier, a good innings in my view; Chancellor of the Exchequer for as long a spell would do. The Presidency of the Board of Trade would yield my mind relief, In case I were up well enough to the counsels of my Chief.

"Then I should know—solicitude relieved of sore annoy— What interests Legislation is predestined to destroy. To look into the seeds of time, and, as for money got, To see which grains are like to grow, and which will surely not.

"Tell me of Statesmen's private and pecuniary affairs; Say in which Joint Stock Companies the chief of them hold shares! What published lists of shareholders, ah, where can I obtain, That I may by example go the safest way to gain?

"Those Government securities should be the most secure Which governing financiers show that they themselves count sure. For Downing Street is downy, and in general wideawake, Though sometimes in a Budget there is made a slight mistake.

"However, touching some that take the Communitistic view, While to the Many they propose to sacrifice the Few, But confiscation still to 'scape undoubtedly design; What care they take of their own wealth, I too might take of mine."

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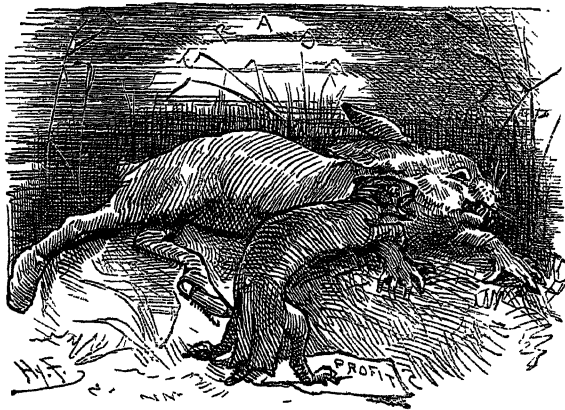
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MIDDLE-MAN WEASEL SUCKING THE LIFE OUT OF THE FREE TRADE HARE.

THE BAR AS A PROFESSION.

SIR,—You may have noticed that within the last few days there has been much discussion in the Newspapers about the prospects of the "Gentlemen of the Long Robe." A Correspondent who seems to have ample leisure for letter-writing, addresses your leading contemporary, and declares that he, as one of the Juniors, can get no work to do. He insists that, with the exception of a few brilliant examples, Barristers starve, and suggests that the two branches of the Profession should be amalgamated. So far, the reading of briefs and the serving of writs have been kept as two distinct employments, and I see no reason for a change. As to the Bar not paying its more humble members, I join issue. I believe, with proper management, every wig-wearer would do well. I jot down a few facts and figures.

My first question shall be—*Can a Barrister pay his Expenses during his First Year?*—Unless very unfortunate, certainly. Of course, when he commences practice, the newly-called Counsel will have a number of expenses to meet that will not again occur. As nothing succeeds like success, a Barrister, during his first year, should do his best to prove to his Clients, the Solicitors, that he is prosperous. However, ostentation of any sort should be studiously avoided in favour of comfort. The following is a list of legitimate expenses that may be conscientiously incurred by a Junior anxious to advance in his profession:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent of Chambers in Lincoln's Inn or one of the Temples	400	0	0
Furnishing the same with appropriate Furniture	1,200	0	0
Fee to Designer of Dados, Frieze, and Wall-paper	31	10	0
Filling Museum with legal curiosities (snuff-box of Judge JEFFRIES, &c., &c.)	1,500	0	0
Salary to Clerk	20	0	0
Ditto Laundress	25	0	0
Legal Library (after deducting 25 per cent. for Discount)	5,000	0	0
Expenses on Circuit	1,000	0	0
Fee-Book		12	6
Brief-paper, &c., actually used			4
Miscellaneous Expenses	1,800	17	2
	10,978	0	0

It is possible that the expenses may be a little more. For instance, in the Law Library is not included the *Comic Blackstone*. This indispensable work of reference has been purposely omitted, as a new edition is shortly to be published, and consequently a saving may be effected by the economical Barrister waiting for the fresh issue. Say that the young Practitioner receives an unexpected legacy of £11,000 from a long-lost uncle (and really he will have very bad luck if he doesn't), and receipts and expenditure will balance thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Legacy (received)	11,000	0	0
Expenses (as above)	10,978	0	0

Profit 22 0 0

This is not so bad for a first year, and ought to be an incentive to further efforts in the same direction.

My second question shall be—*Is the Bar a Lucrative Profession?*—Very lucrative. Of course a man, if he wishes to succeed, must lay himself out for business. The usual mode of obtaining briefs is by marrying the daughter of a Solicitor. This is a good old-fashioned

plan, but, like many other ancient customs, it is capable of improvement. Instead of marrying one daughter of one Solicitor, a really ambitious Counsel should marry several daughters of several Solicitors. The fathers-in-law, although possibly annoyed at first, would ultimately forego the pleasure of an action for bigamy, to avoid scandal in their families, and the clients of the Barrister would consequently increase. Another mode of making an income is to take pupils (called in the profession "pups"), and setting them to do the drudgery of your chambers in exchange for a handsome premium. Yet a third way (and, in some instances, perhaps the best) is, to get called to the Bar, and—work at something else.

Your obedient Servant,

BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

"LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."

OH, bright and lively is O'SHEA—that is, this JOHN AUGUSTUS is—His book as bright and lively as the author, you may trust us, is: He discourseth of NAPOLEON, tobacco, and philology; Of Paris and of pugilists, Lord WOLSELEY and zoology; Of GAMBETTA and of CALCRAFT, of cookery and quackery; Of SINNETT and ballooning, of SALA and of THACKERAY! With "special" journeys to and fro, direct, delayed, and round-about, For here and there and everywhere this Special loves to bound about! With most things he is conversant, from monkey unto mineral—And talks on warlike matters like a modern Meejor-Gineral!

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

THOUGH our friends may forsake us, and Fortune may frown,
They'll find that such scandalous conduct's in vain;
For here comes our comfort, prolific JAMES PAYN,
With his latest bright novel, *The Talk of the Town!*

In a cosy arm-chair we at once settle down—
Outside it may rain, or may sleet, or may snow—
With feet on the fender, as coals redly glow,
We find pleasure in PAYN and *The Talk of the Town!*

Take the book, not the bowl, if your sorrows you'd drown—
Fire glows in the grate, FURNISS shines on the page—
Your cares you'll forget, as you read, we engage,
In this capital story, *The Talk of the Town!*

"JOHN FORD."

AIR — "John Peel."

If you read *John Ford*, you can't well go wrong,
For FRANK BARRETT's hand you will find is strong;
And the story is not a bit too long—
Though all old tradition scorning!
The tale it is bright, the plot it is new,
The characters all are so crisp and true;
And the two short volumes you'll soon get through—
In the course of a lazy morning!

"THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY." VOL. I.

HURRAH! for LESLIE STEPHEN and all his merry men,
The printers and the binders and the wielders of the pen!
Hurrah! for SMITH and ELDER, their task is well begun,
The promise of a great success we see in Volume One!
And as the well-packed volume delightedly we scan,
While browsing in biography, from ARBADIE to ANNE,
We think of Volume Fifty and—if we can but wait—
How very clever we shall be, sometime in Ninety Eight!

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES, BUT LIVE MEN DO."

OH! *Dead Men tell no Tales, but Live Men do*,
And lively are the tales they tell to you!
Judging by the Annual of *Bow Bells*,
In which great GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA tells
Nine graphic stories—Would there were a score!—*
Like *Oliver*, we sigh and "ask for more!"

* Why a "score"? Does he want to sing them? In the next line the Paper-Knife Poet says, "We sigh." Who is "We"? Let the Poet mind his I. And then why "sigh"? "Weni, Widi, why sigh?" It ought to be *weic weiser*.—ED.

THE Naval Brigade accompanying General STEWART's column have with them only one gun; as this, however, is a Gardner, it is to be hoped that, if called into requisition, it will be found equal to a good raking fire.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR COLONIES.—Fo(r)ster them.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Sir Charles. "IF YOU WILL ONLY ACCEPT ME, DEAR MISS BOUNCER, I PROMISE YOU THAT YOU SHALL BECOME THE PROUDEST AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN IN LONDON! NOT AN HOUR OF YOUR PRECIOUS YOUTH SHALL BE WASTED! IN EVERY ART, IN EVERY SCIENCE, IN EVERY LANGUAGE, THE VERY BEST TEACHERS SHALL BE WITH YOU FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT! AND AS FOR ASTRO-NOMY, I MYSELF——"

Miss Bouncer (fresh from School). "OH, GOOD GRACIOUS——THANK YOU SO MUCH, SIR CHARLES! BUT I'D RATHER NOT, THANK YOU!" [Makes a bolt of it!]

THE (NON-) "PERFORMING DOGS."

Professor G. soliloquises after the Performance.

OH, confound those two dogs! A more talented *troupe*
Even rivals admit were not easy to find;
At ball and at barrel, at ladder and hoop,
They're not easy to beat—when the brutes have a mind.
More talent is not to be found on four feet,
Though perhaps their *ensemble's* not always complete.

There's HARTY so steady, a fogleman grand!
There's BILL, with such dignity, ah! and such go!
There's CHARLIE, so quick and so sweetly in hand!
HUGH, neat at a "balance," though just a bit slow!
Then JOE, clever JOE, at all tricks such a trump,
Good—almost *too* good—at a climb or a jump!

Such a *troupe* ought to be the most splendid success;
And yet our performances lately go wrong.
Things seem to get into no end of a mess,
Though JOE is so clever and BILL is so strong.
And it's all, I'm persuaded, along of you two.
Pst! This sort of thing, I assure you, won't do!

You'd spoil any *troupe* with your lumbering style;
No neatness, no finish,—all stagger and fall.
You can't expect "hands" from the audience while
One does the trick badly, and one not at all.
And we cannot expect the performance to "go"
When two chief performers are awkward and slow.

Awkward! Why GRAN you went staggering there
As though you were raw at the balancing game;

And DARBY, to squat half asleep on your chair
Appears your chief joy and peculiar aim.
Humph! Is it perchance that at barrel and hoop
I've imperfectly trained these two stars of my *troupe*?

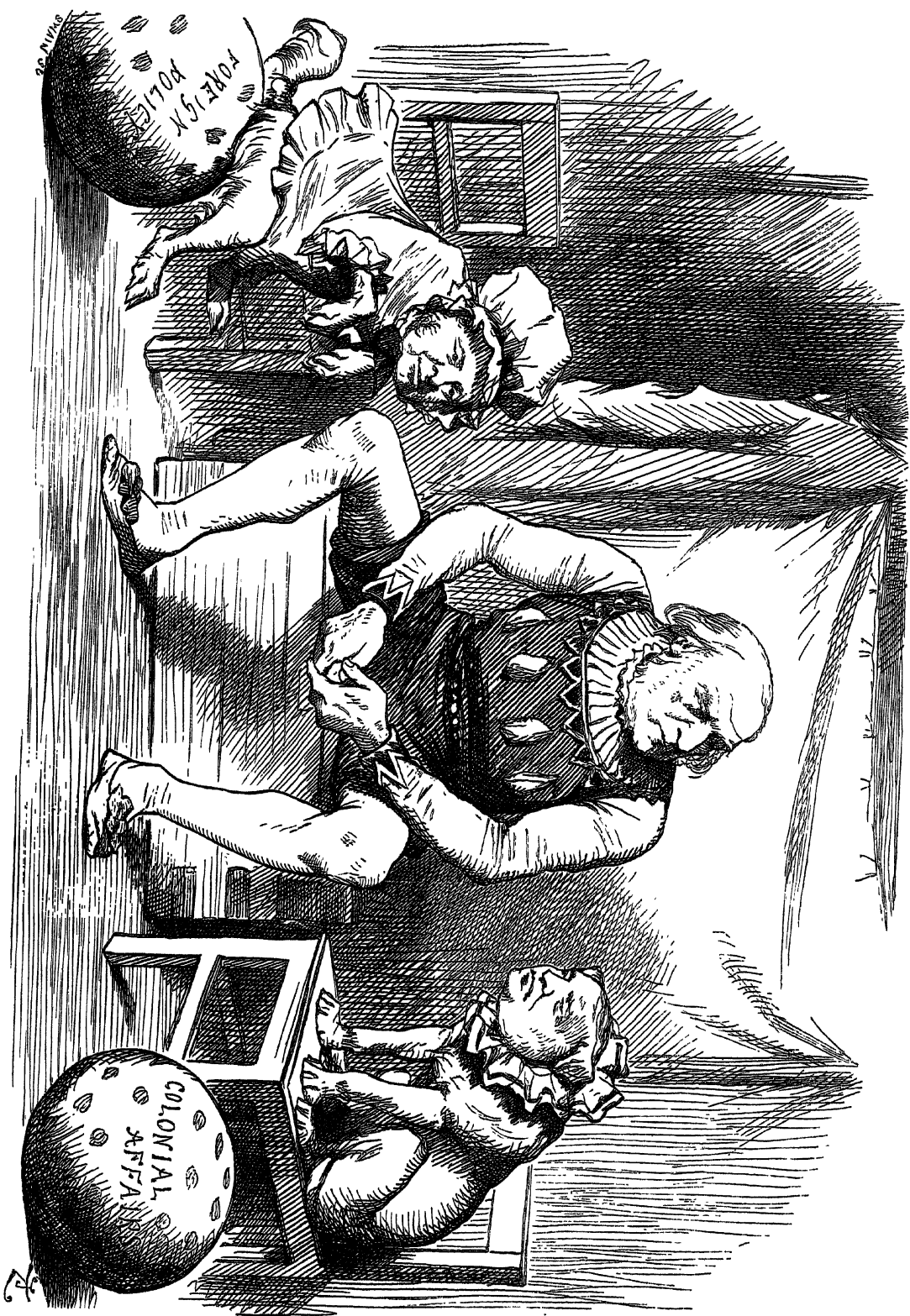
I fancy that's what they are saying in front,
Their catcalls I fear were directed at me.
In fact their expressions of blame were most blunt,
"You call yerself Trainer? Yah! Fiddlededee!"
Such cries which my ears pretty loudly assault
Can only mean one thing,—they hold me in fault.

I'm responsible anyhow, 't isn't much use
To blame this dog or that, since I manage the lot.
Though GRANNY should blunder or DARBY refuse,
'Tis the trainer who's hissed, and I'm getting it hot.
I must thin out my *troupe*, keep 'em tighter in tether,
Or else the performance chuck up altogether.

CUTTINGS FOR POTTING.—This cutting is from the *Manchester Evening Mail*. It occurs in an account of the ceremony of "Freeing the Dee Bridge Tolls at Chester"—:

"The procession, which left the Town Hall at 11 o'clock and perambulated the city, included a six-horse carriage belonging to the Duke of WESTMINSTER, containing the Duke and Duchess and several younger members of the family, the Bishop of CHESTER and Mrs. STUBBS, the Mayor and Mayoress of Chester, the Sheriff and Recorder, the Aldermen and Town Councillors and officials of the Corporation, headed by a Volunteer band, and escorted by the Rifles and Artillery."

What a wonderful carriage to hold such a lot! And only six horses! It ought to have been drawn by a locomotive. Wish we'd been at Chester to see it.



THE (NON-) "PERFORMING DOGS."

PROFESSOR (*soliloquises—more in sorrow than in anger*). "ONE OF 'EM DOES IT ALL WRONG, AND 'T'OTHER DON'T DO IT AT ALL!—ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE CHUCK IT UP ALTOGETHER!"

THE CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

AN, what a wonderfool World is this as we all lives in! We allus seems to think as we've got to the hend of everythink, when, low! we finds as we're only just cum to the beginning. Wen we're a going for to stop I'm sure I don't know; and if we ain't never a going for to stop, I wonders where we shall git to at last! But a trowse to to this ere moral lysing, and let me cum to stern fax. I suttently did think, wen I offshiated at the last Fancy Children's Dress Ball at the Mansion House, as we had quite got to the werry Haomy of perfecshun in this most butifool of all lovely sites; but I'm bound in honner to say as I was rong. Why the site of all them hundreds of bootiful hinnocents, dressed in the most lovelyest of their best close, all a setting on the floor in arf circles, a listening to the story of *Mr. Punch* and his rongs, and how he tryumfed over his fose, was sitch a site as achally brort tears to my old eyes. And how keenly the littel Boys seemed to relish the lesson of respec for the magesty of the Lor, that *Mr. Punch* teaches so strikingly. There was one brite-looking littel chap, a Sailor in H.M.S. *Victory*, who larfed so artily wenever *Mr. Punch* nooked sumbody down, that I'm amost afraid it will make him just a leetle rebellious wen he gos back to his dooty, and has to man the main top, or to splice his main braces, or to shiver his timbers.

I was about to say, when the thorts of *Mr. Punch's* egsampel dragged off my atenshun, that the dresses wur suttently that warious and that charming, as I ain't never seed, not even in *Mr. ARRISS's* Pantomime—of who, more anon. It's of coarse difficult to make a slection were all is so lovely, but I suttently thinks as the Parm tree of all must be given, if there appens to be one in the ouse, to what I may call the Royal Party. Suttently a more gentlemenly Baby Bunting, in his nice warm wite Rabit Skins, was never seed; and Sherryf *FILLIPS's* quartet, as *BROWN* called 'em, merely becoz there was four on 'em, just like *BROWN's* rubbish, including a lovely Mrs. *ROBINSON KRUSO*, and a Kanary Bird, as was really a great improvement on Natur, was simply perfect. What a proud and appy Sherryf he looked, and so did his good, kind-looking Sherryfess.

I wasn't at all aware how werry yung, Barrysters begin their jawious perfesshun. Sum on 'em I shoold think coud ardy ha' bin of seven years standing.

Praps if I was asked to say conseenshusly, I thinks they calls it, who looked the werry appiest of the hole lot, not to speak it profainly, I shoold at wunce shout out, "the LADY MARESS!" only I nose my place too well to take sitch a libberty, and well she might, when she saw the brilliyant sucksess of all her trubble and anksiety. And I sponse as ewen them as moves in the werry ighest spears of sosierty, don't altogether escape. Wunderfool must be the constitushuns of yung ladies and genelman! Fancy there being quite a run upon Isis, and the Burumeter down to 26. As I herd a werry savage-looking Deputy say, a good stiff glass of brandy-and-water wood suit me better. But no, no, there's a time for all things, *Mr. Deputy*, and hot brandy-and-water ain't quite "comifo" at a Children's Ball, and so he didn't git none, and went away growling.

How we pore Waiters has to work! Wood any one think arfter my harduous labours among the children, I shoold have had to rush off to Drewry Lane Theater to resoom my dooties among about two hundred of the most bootifullest and most charmingest Actresses as praps the World ever saw! But so it was, and this was how it was. Everybody as is anybody has of course herd what a wonderful Manager *Mr. ARRISS* is, but praps they don't know what a grand feenancier he is. Sumbody left £3 a-year for a supper at Drewry Lane on Twelf Night; and this wonderful Manager has managed it so well, that he can give with it a grand supper to some hundreds of Actors and Actresses and their paytrons! Has he had invited lots of Aldermen and Deputys and Common Councilmen, of course he thort he had better have me, as being well used to 'em. So accordingly I got there about 12, jest in time to see 'em clear the stage and then help to lay the various cloths. Of course I thort that as it was on a stage, the supper wood be all gammon, and the Champain all non-intoxycuearnts, but on the contrary, it was all reel and all fust-rate.

How the numerus gastes who had jest bin a supping at the Manshun House coud set to work again at Drury Lane with renewd appytights was somewot of a staggerer; but great is the power of Corporations in general, as well as of the City Corporation in particular. And now occurd an ewent in my umbel life for witch I was not at all prepared; for the great Manager himself, seeing me standing inrapshured at the gay seen, achally said to me, "Have you tasted the Badley Cake, *Mr. ROBERT*?" To which I of course replied, "No, Sir."

"Then come with me, and I will cut you a slice, as everybody is expected to taste it."

And he did it. And I ate it. And that little act of courtesy of the great Manager to me, only a pore Waiter, sent me home to my virtuous Couch, about three in the morning, a gratified and grateful man.

ROBERT.

"HAMLET" À LA SAUCE DUMB-CRAMBO.



"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"—Act I., Sc. 2.



"I could a Tail unfold."—*Ibid.*



"What a falling off was there!"—*Ibid.*



"Methinks I scent the morning Hair!"—*Ibid.*



"Brief let me be!"—*Ibid.*



"Lend thy serious Ear-ring to what I shall unfold!"—Act I., Sc. 5.



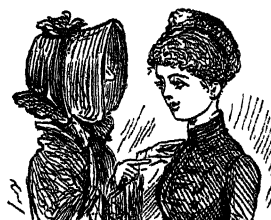
"Toby, or not Toby? that is the question."—Act II., Sc. 2.



"The King, Sir."—"Ay, Sir, what of him?"—"Is in his retirement marvellous distempered."—"With drink, Sir!"—"No, my Lord, rather with Collar!"—Act. III., Sc. 2.



"Oh, my offence is Rank!"—Act III., Sc. 3.



"Put your Bonnet to his right use—'tis for the Head."—Act V., Sc. 2.

A CONVIVIAL VISITANT.—It appears from the recent astronomical reports that ENCKE's Comet, that had been expected to put in an appearance somewhere about Christmas time, has at last been "picked up," after midnight, on the 29th ult., by M. BACKLUND, of the St. Petersburg Observatory, "low down on the horizon, and in a very faint condition." Considering the age and antecedents of this hitherto highly respectable old wanderer, it is satisfactory to know that, as late as Saturday last, it was again visible from Greenwich, proceeding on its regular orbit quite steadily, and, to all appearances, none the worse for its recent little escapade.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 3.



A CHEAPSIDE ARCADE FOR THE PENNY HAWKERS. LET ANYONE WANTING THEIR NOISE AND RUBBISH GO UNDERGROUND FOR IT.

BY UNDERGROUND!

(Quite a new sort of Ballade—Our Own Invention.)

By Underground one day I went :
In crowds the startled neighbours ran,
For they had heard of my intent,
And deemed me an intrepid man !
Admiringly my face they scan,
For scarcely anyone is found
To travel—such my daring plan—
By Underground !

By Underground, though, I was bent
To risk once more my little span,
I took a lamp that someone lent,
Some sal volatile, a fan,
A stick, of potted shrimps a can,
A brandy-flask, of weeds a pound,
A pistol,—then my course began
By Underground !

By Underground three hours we spent
Between two stations ; limp and wan
Were we, when, lo ! the air was rent
By dynamite ; the Irish clan
Had wrecked the Metropolitan !
So forth into the dark I bound :
I'm taken for a Fenian
By Underground !

L'Envoi—several days after.

Beak, to thy court, with oath and ban,
They dragged me ; guiltless was I found ;
But never more I'll lead the van
By Underground !

POPULAR FINANCE.—The greatest taxation of the smallest number.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(Introductory.)

HAVING been commissioned by *Mr. Punch*, the bold and independent Friend of Mankind, to make a fearless and searching inquiry into the many grievances under which the patient Public suffer, with a view to their exposure, and subsequent remedy, I have to request of all sorts and conditions of men—ay, and of women too—inhabiting this huge Metropolis, to furnish me with particulars, founded on their own personal experience, of any special grievance, of a public character, that appears to them peculiarly grievous, and to admit of a simple remedy. It should be thoroughly understood that this is not for the purpose of satisfying a mere idle curiosity, but from a far higher, and purer, and loftier motive. As further concealment is no longer necessary, the announcement may as well be made at once, that Her Majesty's Government, yielding partially to the unanswerable appeal made to them in *Mr. Punch's* columns a few weeks ago, have decided to give the City three seats instead of two, as proposed in their Bill, but on the one distinct and irrevocable understanding that *Mr. Punch* shall be elected to that seat by the unanimous vote of the whole constituency. This condition, I need scarcely say, has been accepted by the City Fathers with rapture, as it brings within measurable distance the longed-for day, when the same great Benefactor of his Species will at length assume the position for which he is in every respect so specially qualified, and be greeted by his delighted Brother Citizens as the Right Honourable *Mr. PUNCH, M.P.*, Lord Mayor of the City of London !

The enormous sacrifice this will entail upon his Lordship can be better conceived than described, but he has an object in view, the accomplishment of which he feels will place him far above either WHITTINGTON or GRESHAM in the future history of the Great City. This object is, to collect together, through my humble instrumentality, a list of the various Public Grievances under which the inhabitants of the Metropolis have so long groaned, to decide out of his own inner consciousness the best means for entirely remedying them, to embody the whole mighty plan in one single Bill, each particular clause remedying one particular grievance, to run it through both Houses of Parliament with the same startling rapidity with which the addition to the iniquitous Income Tax was carried, and then to retire to his luxurious home, there to repose on the fresh laurels he will have deserved as well as gained, always supposing

that laurels are a convenient couch upon which to repose. If aggrieved persons will therefore state their cases, and forward them to my Office they will receive due attention from,

MR. PUNCH'S OWN INSPECTOR.

General Grievance Office, January 1, 1885.

No. I.—RATES.

“There be Land Rates and Water Rates.”—SHAKESPEARE (*adapted*).

THE Aggrieved Representative states his case in this wise :—

I am a Trader in the City of London carrying on my comparatively small business with ever-increasing anxiety, arising in great measure from the unfair competition of the various “Stores,” and of the gigantic establishments that have sprung up of late. I endeavour to meet this by increased industry and diminished relaxation. I can truly say I arise early and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness. My rent is high, but it is a fixed payment, and for it I get the use of a fairly comfortable house. But the rates are insatiable and incomprehensible. First come the quarterly rates for the relief of the Poor, and strange to say, although the number of the Poor in the City has been rapidly decreasing for years past, the rate remains the same. Puzzle Number 1.

Then comes the Metropolitan Board of Works Rate, which I am informed by the smiling Collector—who naturally approves of high rates, as he is paid by Commission—is for the expense incurred by that unknown Body, not one of whom I ever saw, or heard of, or had the opportunity of voting for or against—in pouring the collected sewage of the Metropolis, into what used to be our beautiful river, by which expensive proceeding they have changed it into a poisonous and disgusting Sewer, and for which infamous proceeding I am charged a considerable annual sum, which I am also informed, by the smiling Collector, will shortly be very considerably increased in a frantic endeavour to restore our poor River to its former purity. Puzzle Number 2.

Then comes what is humorously called the Consolidated Rate, which, one would naturally expect, meant a Rate that consolidated within itself all the Rates of the City ; but, so far from that being the case, it is only one out of some half-dozen of these expensive Puzzles. This Rate, I am informed by the same cheerful official, is dedicated exclusively to the various matters connected with the Streets of the City, and is imposed by a number of persons called by the dignified, but not over-savoury title of Commissioners of Sewers ; but who elect them, or have any control over them or their enormous



JUST THE VERY THING!

Young and Non-Sporting Wife (who has driven to her First Meet). "OH, CHARLIE, TINY IS WILD WITH EXCITEMENT! COULDN'T YOU TAKE HER WITH YOU! SHE WOULD SO ENJOY A RUN WITH THE OTHER DOGS!" !!!

expenditure, I know not; all I know is, that I have none. I also gather, from what I occasionally read, that these gentlemen have incurred a debt of about a million and a half of money, for the payment of which I, with the other Citizens of London, am responsible, though I have never had the opportunity afforded me of either giving or withholding my consent to the expenditure of one single shilling of this enormous amount. Puzzle Number 3.

I will next take what is mysteriously called the Trophy Tax. Why this particular Tax is distinguished by so warlike a name, I have never been able to discover, or to what purpose it is applied, or by whom. Why should we be taxed for Trophies? and where are they to be seen? The hint that the Fund was possibly applied to pay for the gorgeous Uniforms of the City's Deputy Lieutenants, of course I reject with contempt. But that there should exist at the present day a Tax, the object of which no fellow can explain, I think I may fairly put down as Puzzle Number 4.

I pass over the Police Rate, the School Board Rate, the Sewers Rate, the Ward Rate, the Water Rate, and the Tithe Rate, with the general remark that seldom a month passes, from January to December, that I do not receive a demand for Rates in the making or in the spending of which I have no voice, but which I am imperatively called upon to pay on pain of a summons before a City Alderman, which I think I may reasonably designate as Puzzle Number 5.

A PUZZLED RATEPAYER.

Such, Sir, is the plain unvarnished tale of one who is ironically called a "Freeman of London," and who is a fair and honest representative of a very numerous class of hardworking, honest, and loyal men, and if you, Sir, could condescend from your high estate, and, like some of your contemporaries, offer a reward for the solution of a Puzzle, I would venture to suggest as a subject, How is the above statement of your neighbour, consistent with the great Constitutional maxim that no one shall be taxed without his own consent, or with that of his properly constituted representative? And it is my candid conviction, Sir, that however princely the amount offered, it would never be successfully claimed.

"A ROYAL ROAD."—Prince EDWARD and Prince GEORGE of Wales are going to bring out a book of travels. The title is to be *Landmarks; or, the Foot-Prints*.

O LAW!

THE New Code Morale in France having fixed a small monetary penalty for deliberate and cold-blooded murder, it is understood that, as soon as the Chambers meet, the following "Minor Offences Tariff," to which will be appended a short Note abolishing procedure, will become law,—we translate the francs into English money:—

	£	s.	d.
Throwing a troublesome Tax-collector out of window . . .	2	2	0
<i>Ditto, ditto</i> (if he has called more than once) . . .	0	10	6
Strangling a Tradesman (in a moment of exasperation) on his presenting his account . . .	1	3	9
Dropping with deliberation (<i>soigneusement</i>) a Box Keeper, who has given you an indifferent seat at the back, down a well-staircase . . .	0	5	0
Having an altercation (with a revolver) with the Conductor of an omnibus—before getting out . . .	0	7	6
After <i>ditto</i> (inclusive of wounded passengers) . . .	0	1	6
Firing at somebody else's Solicitor . . .	1	10	0
<i>Ditto, ditto</i> , your own (six shots) . . .	0	6	8
Wounding the <i>Juge d'Instruction</i> by mistake . . .	0	2	6
<i>Ditto, ditto</i> (<i>avec intention</i>) . . .	0	1	0
Throwing a Dynamite Bomb into the Jury Box—if with results . . .	0	12	0
Blowing up the entire Palace of Justice, with the approval of the public (<i>approbation sympathique et universelle</i>) . . .	0	0	0

MEAT AND MUSIC.—The *Times*, in an article on "Recent English Songs," speculating on the cause of the scarcity of great song-writers in England, says:—"A famous German composer used gravely to assert that Englishmen were little susceptible to the subtler shades of lyrical expression, because of their habitual meat diet." If that is so, the old saying, "No song, no supper," should be changed to, "Too much supper, no song." But here is a chance for the Vegetarians! There are not, perhaps, many "subtle shades" in "*Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!*" But what a lyrical masterpiece might be produced if one of Mr. NEWMAN's lentil-loving disciples were to let himself have full swing on such an inspiring theme as, "*Oh, the Boiled Beans of New England!*" The suggestion is thrown out freely, and Mr. Punch hopes for fruits from the lovers of vegetables. Vegetarian organs, please copy.

PUNCH TO PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

JANUARY 8, 1885.



MANY Happy Returns! One majority more
In our stout Royal line. As your father before
(It seems yesterday, rather than so many years)
Heard the right loyal rattle of volleying cheers,
Which rang round the Island when he came of age,
So, Sir, you may hear them, and *Punch* will engage
They are hearty as ever. A triple-linked chain
Binds Country to Court 'neath VICTORIA's reign.
Long may it endure! Fortune happily smiles
On the reign and the race of the Queen of our Isles.
Many years and fair hap to the reign and the race,
Is the wish of us all; and *Punch* yields a chief place
Henceforth in his heart, which the years have left green,
To the Son of his Prince, and Grandson of his Queen!

SO VERY CLEAR!

OR, WANTED A HAND-BOOK.

(Political Economists discussing subject of the hour over their wine.)

First Political Economist (after having been holding forth vaguely, but with some decision, on the subject of Capital and Labour). Yes, you may depend upon it, old BISMARCK's right, and that the increase of Emigration is an irrefragable evidence of the rising prosperity of a nation. Soon as a man has made money enough to do it, he leaves his country, and goes off somewhere else.

Second P. E. Ah, yes, I see. But, if he is so prosperous at home (reflectively), why should he want to be off elsewhere?

Third P. E. Just so. That's what I was thinking. But I suppose it's the result of supply and demand. It's astonishing how little people know about these plain questions. (Recalling indistinctly fragments of a Magazine article.) Take the present depression of trade, for instance. People will tell you it's because there's no demand; but any man who studies the question five minutes can see at a glance the real mischief is over-production.

First P. E. Not a bit of it. That's the usual blunder on the subject. For the matter of that, what do you mean by "over-production?" I don't suppose you could define it for the life of you.

Second P. E. Oh! I think I understand that. Say, I represent demand, and you represent supply, and B. is the market, and I go to B. for one pair of boots, when you have just sold him five thousand. B.'s surplus stock, which he has now on his hands, is the result of over-production, and, I suppose, a dead loss.

First P. E. (brightly). Nothing of the kind. Simple enough. All B. now requires is a Protective Tariff. He is hampered for the moment by foreign competition. The boots he is offering at fifteen-and-sixpence a pair can, let us say, be produced in Pennsylvania, shipped across the Atlantic, and sold at a good profit in this country at five-and-ninepence. What's to be done then? Why, the Government claps on a twelve-shilling duty, and it's as clear as A B C that the matter rights itself. B.'s now is the cheapest market. You and

four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other people, in want of boots go to B., and he gets rid of his surplus stock.

Second P. E. Yes—ahem! it's quite plain, of course. But why should I, for instance, and the four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other people purchase our boots for fifteen-and-sixpence a pair, when, but for the Protective Tariff, we could have got the very same article for five-and-ninepence? Why, in fact, should we virtually throw our money away?

Third P. E. No—no; that's where you're wrong. You don't really throw your money away. It remains in the country. (Trying to recall the wrong end of something he has read in an abridged edition of "*Adams' Wealth of Nations*.") I can't exactly explain to you how it is—but I know that you don't really, in the long run, throw your money away. (With confidence.) It looks as if you did—but you don't.

First P. E. Oh, yes: I've read it all up, you know, and he's quite right. You see it's the trade makes the prosperity of the country. If there's no trade, there's no prosperity, and if there's no prosperity—well, where are you?

Third P. E. Just so. Where are you?

Second P. E. (still unconvinced). Yes, I know—but still I would rather pay five-and-ninepence for my boots—and spend the balance on something else, you know.

First P. E. Hopeless fallacy! if every one was like you, why, there would soon be no bootmakers at all.

Third P. E. Yes, it's just that sort of unsound theorising—that is ruining British Commerce. Take the Agricultural Interest for instance. Why I suppose you and those like you would stamp out the British farmer next?

First P. E. (savagely). Ha! I'll be bound you would.

Third P. E. Well—if you put it to me—if it ever comes to my paying fifteen shillings and sixpence, or even fifteen-pence-half-penny for a quartern loaf, all I can say is—the prosperity of the country—and, for the matter of that—the British farmer too—be hanged!

[Tableau.]

STABLE PHILOSOPHY?

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, poet, paper-decorator, and philosopher—the "*Vates*" of Socialism, so his interviewer, with a happy mingling of vagueness, styles him—has been holding forth at some length for the benefit of an enterprising daily paper on the subject of his projected, but at present rather distant, earthly Paradise. In this social Eden it seems that "a squad of Dukes" (*sic*) will not, as might reasonably have been expected, be called upon to take their five hours' turn (shirt-sleeves tucked up) with a set of brawny-armed navvies on a railway cutting, but they will simply be effaced, and disappear. Even Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS will be a plain "citizen," and drop the complimentary Esquire from his envelopes, and say nothing on his visiting cards, so it is to be presumed, about his being a genuine *Vates*. The "Revolution" which is to bring about this perfectly beatific state of things is, however, not to be accomplished without force, and in preparation for it Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS is already working with indefatigable might. It appears that:—

"His lecture-hall at home—3, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, a quiet, half-rustic spot, within a few yards of the placid, turbid Thames—is an old stable, which he has comfortably fitted up, and completely transformed for its novel purpose."

SYMPHONY IN BLACK.



THE VASSAL WHO DOES SOOT AND SERVICE.

As far as his work is concerned, therefore, the great apostle may be said to be fairly installed. All he evidently wants is his chance. It is pleasing to know that, while in the new condition of things, thus rapidly being hastened on at Hammersmith, "*Barbaric Races*" are "to be let alone," the real elevation of the working-classes will be brought about by the abolition of the maintenance of private property in land, capital, and machinery. This is all very beautiful, and we shall look out for the next prophetic utterance of the Hammersmith *Vates* with kindly and encouraging interest.

"HOW TO SPEND A TRULY HAPPY DAY."—Take a ticket from Mark Lane to South Kensington by the Circular Railway, and try to use it!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE MAHDI AND HIS LETTER.

THE False Prophet was seated in his tent with his Grand Vizier, initiating a friendly Sheikh, by name EL JUGGINS, into the mysteries of the old Soudanese national sport, Teb-spoof. The Monarch and his Vizier had succeeded in claiming the handsome sword, pistols, yataghan, and jewelled turban worn by EL JUGGINS, when a disturbance without caused the MAHDI to hurl down the sheet of paper on which he was engaged, and shout, "Allah Bismillah, are the infidel sons of dogs upon us already, SELIM?"

SELIM entered, and making a low obeisance to his master, said, "May it please the Ruler of the Earth, there has just arrived a creature, who is proud to be called his slave, with important despatches stolen from the English."

"It is well," answered the MAHDI. "Let the beast be brought in, and send for my English Interpreter."

Then there entered a grave and learned man, followed by a half-starved, half-clothed wretch, who, from the folds of his scanty linen clothing, produced a crumpled sheet of note-paper. The MAHDI, through his Vizier, took this letter, and after a gallant but ineffectual attempt to read it upside down, handed it to his Interpreter, and bade him translate.

In a slow and solemn voice the Interpreter began:—

"Dear old Chappie."

"Tell the Minister of War to search the Dictionary of English Soldiers and find out who Dearoldchappie is."

The Minister of War studied the Army List, and confessed his inability to find any officer of that name.

"Take the Minister of War outside," yelled the justly irate Monarch, "and give him one hundred of the bastinado on the soles of his feet."

To the accompaniment of the Minister's piteous shrieks for mercy the Interpreter continued:—

"Christmas is over and gone in every sense, for we have all been half-seas over, and all our money is gone."

"That means," explained the Monarch, "that England has sent another fleet which is half-way across the ocean, and that she has spent her last piastre in its equipment."

"Allah, but the Ruler of the Desert is like unto the unclean swine which can see the wind," murmured the Foreign Minister, in tones of admiration so genuine, that his master immediately slipped a few drops of poison into his sherbet, while the Interpreter continued:—

"We have painted the time red, and no mistake."

"A religious ceremony of these infidel dogs," explained the MAHDI, at which the Minister of Religion, not knowing he was observed, winked with both eyes, and was forcibly removed to be hung. The Interpreter went on:—

"Now that I have summoned enough pluck to send you a line, old boy, I don't seem to have any news. It being four in the morning, and my not having been to bed for five nights, may, however, account for this."

"Marvellous workers, these white dogs," interrupted the MAHDI.

"Everybody is in the country, or broke in town. Dicky lost three thou the other night at Bac."

The MAHDI nodded, as if he understood it. The Vizier nodded too, but he was asleep. When he had been set on fire, and thoroughly awakened, the reader continued:—

"And I had such a ghastly Boxing Day at Kempton Park, that I seriously think of emigration."

"Minister of Education, tell me where Kempton Park is."

"I have not the remotest idea," promptly replied the truthful Minister.

"Take the Minister of Education out—but so far, that I shall not be disturbed by his interruptions, and give him seventy dozen with the best khourbash," was the unanswerable repartee of the MAHDI. Then turning suddenly towards the Foreign Minister, who seemed to be taken with violent convulsions, he inquired in an irritable tone,—

"What is the Foreign Minister tying himself into knots for?"

"May it please your Serene Highness, he says he thinks he is dying."

"Ah, true. I had forgotten that poison. Well, take him outside. I am not going to have him dying all over my tent. Out with him! Proceed!"

"Nothing theatrical now. I haven't seen any Pantomimes, as I shall have to do them when my sister's children come to town. Terry's back at the Gaiety; but Bessie Bellwood is grander than ever at the Royal with her song of 'What cheer, Ria!' We only want that old fool the Mahdi—"

"Read that again!" shrieked the MAHDI.

"That old fool the Mahdi—"

"Take this dagger, which is poisoned, and stick it hard in yourself."

"But it will hurt," objected the Interpreter.

"I mean it to. Now, do as you are bid."

The Interpreter did so, and, after a low bow, retired outside, not without many spasmodic twitchings of his limbs, and lay on the sand, where his last groans were as the baying of dogs at the inoffensive moon.

"Allah, but he made sweet music," said the MAHDI. "Now, dog, when did you get this epistle?"

"Oh, most noble one, I stole it from a fair young man."

"What general was he?"

"Guards' Camel Corps."

"So be it. As a reward for your industry, courage, and integrity, my guards will now take you outside and—let me see—yes—burn you!"

Then the MAHDI lit his long pipe, and working out the various problems which he had been listening to, in his brain, fell into a sound and prolonged slumber, and the next day the readers of the London Daily Papers read—

THE SOUDAN.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

The MAHDI is perfectly informed as to the exact state of European Politics. It is certain that he derives his knowledge from stolen and intercepted letters.

DREAMY DELIGHT!

"Professor STUART concluded with an earnest denunciation of War, the dreamy delight of the Conservative class. He also argued at length in favour of the extension of the suffrage to Women."

LET us cease to give money for navies and guns,
For torpedoes, and swords, and the like,
For the Man of the Future's the fellow who runs
If the enemy threatens to strike!
Should a foeman appear on your borders, invite
Him to enter, and give him a pass;
But resist him not! War is the dreamy delight
Of the pampered Conservative class!

There's Russia wants India. Well, give her her way,—
What is India to you or to me?
And there's Germany greedy for Holland, they say,
And extending her empire by sea;
And there's France, that is spoiling, they guess, for a fight,
And our gains she would gladly amass.
Let us bear it,—for War is the dreamy delight
Of the pampered Conservative class!

When our Empire is gone, when our Trade is as dead
As proverbial nails in a door,
When the Working-man has not a mouthful of bread,
And when Capital's fled from the shore,
When there is not one Landlord to plunder by might
(Which is right), for they've run in a mass,
We'll at least have got rid of the dreamy delight
Of the pampered Conservative class!

When the Dockyards are idle, the Foundries are cold,
When our Commerce is driven from the sea,
When the cottons of Manchester cannot be sold,
What a triumph, Professor, for thee!
When the cheek of an Englishman's ashen and white
If a foreigner happens to pass,
Let's rejoice, for we've shunted the dreamy delight
Of the pampered Conservative class!

But, alas, if to Ladies the Suffrage you give,
And permit them the use of the vote,
Then the "dreamy delight" will be certain to live,
And the epaulettes, ay, and the coat;
And the flag you detest like a meteor bright
It will wave, when you're under the grass:
For the Soldier and Sailor are still the delight
Of the Fair,—a Conservative class!

MR. W. HOLLAND was very much annoyed on overhearing one of the audience telling a child who found it a bit dull, "Wait till the Clowns roll by, JINNY." The People's Skaterer (so called from his idea of starting a huge rink) remonstrated, and informed the young man that there was nothing "jenny" about even a show of HOLLAND's, and that the eighteen acrobatic jesters were all temperance men, only rather bigger than ordinary empty tumblers.

CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.—BISMARCK to be "Man in Possession" vice "Honest Broker" resigned.



HEBREW MELODIES.

"HAVE YOU GOT 'MOSES IN EGYPT'?"

"NO, MISS. WE 'VE GOT 'EHREN ON THE RHINE.'"

"SEMPER EADEM."

A Ballad of (Butcher) Burthens.

"In spite of reduction in value, and vast supply, I find that I do not derive the slightest benefit, no reduction whatever, in the stereotyped prices which have ruled for the last two or three years, and which rule as steadily as ever—such, for example, as a shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks."—*Letter from "ONE OF MANY INTERESTED" on "The Price of Meat," in the Daily Telegraph.*

O CHRISTMAS Bills, ye are cheery reading! The years they come, and the years they go,
And Science advances, and Progress promises bounteous blessings to high and low.
Be it truth or fable, there's one thing stable, in this time's changes no difference makes,
'Tis a shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks!

Nothing endures, sighs the sad Philosopher. Doesn't it? doesn't it, *Savant*, mine?

Just consider the price of meat—to a different view you may then incline.
Governments change, but poor Paterfamilias year after year to this verity wakes,
A shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks!

Frozen meat by the thousand carcasses, foreign stock by the hundred head,
Come to our shores in a way men fancied would fill our butchers with dismal dread.

Mine, I notice, is round and rubicund; can the reason be that he takes
A shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks?

Oh! they were going to give us astonishing gluts of meat at the lowest price;
The River Plate was to fill our dishes with juicy viands as cheap as nice.
Rosy visions, how ye have vanished! What we pay still for our roasts and bakes
Is a shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks!

Sage Economists all your treatises help us little in this sad fix.
Is not the wolf who robs Poverty's larder as base as the rascal who steals a pyx?
Is he not *hostis humani generis* who from the toiler's poor pittance takes—
A shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks?

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

IN connection with the little incident in the office of O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the *Times* says:—

"SHORT was introduced to M'DERMOTT as 'Mr. LONG,' and, afterwards, when DEASY was arrested at Liverpool, the police searched in Cork for LONG, the description of him corresponding exactly with SHORT."

If this be true, it goes a long way towards accounting for the failure of the police in bringing the dynamitards to justice. If, when they have a warrant to arrest SHORT, they deliberately set themselves to look for LONG, it can scarcely be wondered at that these miscreants work with impunity. "How Long? how Long?" as an eminent tragedian used nightly to observe. Short work should be made of such a system.

MORE HONOURS FOR ALFRED.

'Tis vain! In such a brassy time
To ask me to write verses,
Though Publishers should tempt my rhyme,
With magic more than Circe's.
I'll move the Pawns, if not the Pen,
In very desperation;
For now I am the Chairman of
The Chess Association!

But what is this I hear—the whine
That I am still the Laureate?
Heavens! with rivals such as mine
That's not a thing to glory at.
MORRIS is mute, and SWINBURNE's last
Not much his fame enhances,
While BROWNING's "genius," sure, has passed
Among *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

Get out the Board of Black and White,
That charms my learned leisure!
Where "all is square," it must be right
For me to find my pleasure.
Those Kingly *Idylls* once I wrote,
But now I fear 'tis fated,
If I don't idle with the King
My life would be stale-mated.

So I shall rule for months and years
The noble Chess Society;
I'll dub my Knights *Sir Bediveres*,
Or *Modreds*, for variety;
And when I move my Queen about,
If Pawns should dare to check it,
I'll kick the Chess-board inside out,
Like HENRY in my *Becket*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Selected Specimens.)

DEAR SIR,

My name will be familiar to you as that of the performer of the Second Murderer at the time when the late Mr. MACREADY was proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre. Since then I have not set foot on the London Boards. Will you kindly help a brother Artist by inserting the following little notice, which I have written myself, in the next number of *Punch*?

Yours gratefully, in advance,

PATRICK O'ROUGE.

"Mr. PATRICK O'ROUGE, the well-known and famous tragedian, who has frequently been compared by good judges of acting to MACREADY, and not altogether to the latter's advantage, takes his Annual Benefit at the Theatre Royal, Muddleton-on-the-Slime, next Thursday, on which occasion a *monstre* attendance may be confidently expected. Mr. O'ROUGE will play *Polonius*, perhaps his best character, if we can distinguish where all are so good. Mr. O'ROUGE, in addition to a commanding figure, a classic countenance, a mellow voice, and perfect elocution, is one of the few Actors now left to us, indeed the only one, capable of grasping the Immortal Bard's deathless creations."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You are a bit slow. You don't dig in at the Aristocracy enough. Now, within a ten-mile radius of



LEAP-FROG IN THE SOUDAN; OR, "OVER THE WAR-TAR FOR CHARLIE!"

this town three Baronets live. One of them, they say, *drinks*. If I could find this out for a certainty, I could send you something *spicy* about it, for which of course I should expect the usual honorarium.

Yours privately,

C/o Mr. Bark, Chemist and Druggist,
Camomile Street, Ozone-on-the-Sea.

JOHN SMITH.

SIR,—Get new Artists and new Writers. You're nowhere now. I'm the man for you. I've got some first-rate things, which I'll send you: sketches and letterpress. I'll call, and bring them with me.

Yours,

NEMO.

SIR,—I send you three jokes and a picture, all done by my little girl, who is only just nine. This actually happened, and, I will vouch for it, never appeared anywhere before in any journal. I enclose drawing, and please return it if you don't use it, as I am sure other papers will be only too glad to publish it. Only I offer you the first chance.

1, Shine Street, Mudmouth.

Yours,

S. SLEEK.

SIR,—I send you a good thing I said about GLADSTONE the other day. It was about his felling trees. I said he was "a regular good feller." This is quite new, and has never been said before, I am sure. It is worth a lot of money, but I only require the ordinary remuneration, and am

Yours,

J. McMILLER.

Dunsinane, N.B.

SIR,—Why are not your young men a little bit funny sometimes? Here's a splendid chance missed! The *Daily News* says:—

"A telegram from Souakim states that OSMAN DIGNA, having heard that the British forces are advancing on Shendy, is much disturbed."

That's what the *Daily News* says. What I say is, if the British troops kick up a *Shendy*, there will be a good chance of losing *Osman cum Dignitate*. Ha! ha!

Yours japefully,

JOE COSE.

NEW READING BY AN AVARICIOUS BUTLER.—"Welcome the coming, bleed the parting guest."

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 4.



THE ST. PANCRAS VESTRY CONTEMPLATE TAKING THE CROSSING SWEEPING INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.

THE HOUSE THAT VICTOR BUILT.

It being reported that VICTOR HUGO has just purchased for the sum of £13,000 a piece of land in the immediate vicinity of his present abode, with a view of building on it an entirely new house "of his own designing," the following extract from a preliminary letter of instructions to the contractor who has undertaken the work will be read with interest.

You will ask me whether I am an Architect; and I reply to you, "An Architect is one who constructs." Do I construct? Yes. What? Never mind; let us proceed. To construct a house you require a basement. This is the language of the Contractor. But the Poet meets him with a rejoinder. A basement is a prison, and Liberty can not breathe through a grating. This was the case at the Bastille! What has been done at the Bastille does not repeat itself. What then? You will commence the house on the first-floor.

Does this stagger the Architect? Unquestionably! Yet to commence a house on the first-floor is easy enough. To the Contractor? No. To the Poet? Yes. How? By a flight. Two flights will take anyone somewhere. Upstairs? Yes. Downstairs? Certainly! In my lady's chamber? Why not? This is a phenomenon, and surprises you. Just now you were on the stare. Now you are on the first-floor landing. Therefore, you have taken a rise. Out of whom—the Architect? Possibly. Let us resume.

And now for the drawing-room.

This will be colossal. Why? Because the furniture in it will be stupendous. To talk of stupendous furniture is to suggest the opening scene of a Pantomime. A big head! Whose? No matter. But you will inquire as to this furniture. You will probably say, "Will there be chairs?" No. "Arm-chairs?" Useless. "Sofas with six legs?" A phantom! "What then? Canopied thrones for four-and-twenty, with one of a superior make and quality?" Quite so. "Why?" Because it is here that Genius, after dinner, will meet the Kings and Emperors that aspire to pay it homage. "Will there be windows?" Rather—and there is this convenient thing besides—eight-and-forty balconies. You will say at once, "Two a-piece?" But you will quickly add—"What of the gardens beneath?" To this there is only one answer possible—"Fireworks!"

Roman candles, rockets, and Bengal lights? No.—A set-piece? Yes. Representing what? Somebody! Now there is this advantage about a set-piece that represents somebody—if carefully prepared, regardless of

expense, and covering an area of 90 feet by 120. It may be permanent. Some one whispers "Advertisement." To this I make a supreme reply, "Fame!" And now let us pass to another room. Shall we put our foot in it? Yes. Why? Because it is the kitchen.

CHAOS AND COCKROACHES.

(A Communication from our old friend, Mrs. Gingham.)

"Science has just assured us that the Cockroach is of a most prodigiously dignified antiquity. Specimens have just been discovered in the middle Silurian deposits."

Daily Telegraph.

WELL, of all the astrornary things as that dear *Daily Telegraph* tells us—Wich well 'tis bekknown to us all that it *never* bamfoozles nor sells us—This 'ere is the staggerinest go, as it properly calls it *perdigious*. Cockroaches as old as the 'ills! *Gr-r-r!* The notion seems perfectly hideous! I don't know, exact, what is meant by "the middle Silurian deposits," But to think that the crawling Philistians, the pests of our cellars and closets, Are older than ADAM himself, or the monkey some says that he sprang from,—The wrigglers that crawl on our floors, and our curtains and bed-postes 'ang from, That swarm in our rugs and our carpets, and can't be got shut of by beating, Nor yet by no firewood and beer, nor the powders of good Mister KEATING! I pities them poor dear Silurians; *they* had no beetle-traps, probable, And if their "deposits" was large, and the Banks of the period robbable, They must 'a bin anxious enough, before Pleecemen was ever invented, Without them Cockroaches in swarms, as I'm sure must 'a drove 'em demented. I didn't know Banks was that troubled, like kitchens and ship's-holds and coffee-shops,—Wich I'm sure in the latter they gather like flies do in cake-shops and toffee-shops,—But Chaos and Cockroaches mixed, without Constables too! Eugh! it's dreadful.

Cockroaches I never could bide, though my JIM says he's slep with a bedful At sea night by night all a woyage; I shouldn't sleep, no, not a mossel. But fancy them being so old as for one to turn up as a fossil! It makes one respect them amost, wich at least they are not jumped-up mushroom-rooms. But I fear that 'll not stay my 'and when I 'ave to sweep carpets or brush rooms. As to what that there *Telegraph* says about bein' our *Ancestors*, Christians I'm sure wasn't never descended from no sich black wriggling Philistians. The suggestion is simply blasphemous; sech notions should not be encouraged. The many a hundred I've squelched, when in nooks and in corners I've furred! And 'ave I bin murderin' my —? No, dear D. T., though I mostly believe you, I ain't up to swallering that, Sir, and therefore I will not deceive you. They may be as old as you say, all the same you ain't going to wheedle Me into believing I sprung from a Cockroach or crawling Blackbeedle!

SOMETHING IN THE PAPERS.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—As Representatives of a firm' of old-established Paper-stainers, we have followed with much interest the controversy lately carried on in your columns, on the subject of poisonous colouring matter, maliciously and wrongly alleged to be employed in our manufacture. Your Correspondent, "A MYSTERIOUS SUFFERER AT BRIXTON," is utterly wrong. What he describes as "a domestic discomfort, that really robs life of half its enjoyment," is obviously not referable to the paper of his bedroom, but to some slight constitutional derangement. What are the facts? Take his own account of himself. He says he "wakes in the morning, parched and raving, and, after a succession of appalling fits on the top landing, rolls head-over-heels the whole way down four flights of stairs, only to finish the day in convulsions on the hall-mat." Now, Sir, we maintain this is in no way due, as he supposes, to the presence of any deleterious pigment in the wall-decoration of his room. On referring to our books, we find this to be an ordinary good old-fashioned emerald-green leaf landscape, relieved by copperas pumpkins and scarlet butterflies—heavily coloured, it is true, but not containing more than a teaspoonful of pure arsenic in a square yard of it. As to the further fact he mentions, that "every friend who passes a night in his house is invariably carried out on a stretcher, speechless, and in a state of collapse, to the nearest hospital the next morning," this is, of course, nothing more than a mere coincidence, and not worthy the consideration of business men, endowed with common sense, and dealing with a plain commercial question. It is these foolish scientific scares, Sir, that are continually bringing about what is called "depression of trade," and producing stagnation in a flourishing industry. Trusting to your sense of fair play to give due prominence to this letter, we are, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHOKE AND KILLINGS.

SIR,—Your Correspondent "PARALYTICUS" is quite mistaken. The test for arsenic in wall-paper is extremely simple. Having provided himself with half a ton of Ammonium Hydrate, freely washed in Salts of Bismuth, let him now add (H. O.), and, forming a thick solution, take a yard of the paper in

question, dipping it carefully from time to time for the space of eight-and-forty hours, over a spirit-lamp, and watching for the precipitate. If this come quickly, he can have recourse to N. H., or even to (C. O.), bearing in mind that, as at a temperature of 115°, Peroxide of Murium (X. H.), which ought now to be exhibited in small crystals, not only in the suspected portions of the material but also on the furniture of the room solidifies and explodes, this part of the operation had better be conducted in leathern gauntlets, a wire mask, and cast-iron respirator. Having reached this point, let him now introduce (U. O.), and straining through (O. Y.), taste a small morsel of the paper with his tongue. If there is a giddy and almost bursting sensation in the head, accompanied by symptoms of marsh fever, total deafness, and sudden permanent and painful enlargement of the knee-joints, then the experiment will have been entirely successful, and the presence of arsenic will have been satisfactorily detected. Nothing is easier than this test. A child can try it.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
INVESTIGATOR.

SIR,—“A CAUTIOUS DINER-OUT” asks how, when accepting an invitation, he can protect himself from the chance of being poisoned at the house of a friend. I will tell him. Let him take with him in his cab a good-sized pail of whitewash well mixed with chlorate of lime, and a common household mop. On arriving at the house of his host, he leaves these in the hall, and takes a hurried glance at the room in which the dinner is laid. If he notices that the paper is of a pale olive-green, sea-blue, madder-pink, delicate fawn, or shaded with any of the deeper browns or yellows, he has only to whisk his pail and mop into the room, turn the waiters out, lock the doors, and set to. He now takes off his coat, stands on a movable wheel arm-chair placed on the dinner-table, and goes vigorously to work, not minding a little inevitable splashing. In less than an hour and three-quarters he will have covered the whole four walls from ceiling to floor, and have rendered the room, at a trifling sacrifice of appearance, comparatively fresh and wholesome. This is my invariable practice; and, though I am not much asked out to dinner, I can confidently recommend it to those who are.

Yours, &c. IN SANTITAS SANITATUM.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the promised Bill that is to be introduced in the coming Session will contain a stringent clause providing for the hanging respectively of the Ground Landlord, the Builder, the Papermaker, the Colourman, the Architect, and the House Agent. Nothing short of this will be of the slightest use. When this, too, is the law, not only of the rest of Europe but also of Central Thibet, where even “the friend who recommends the house” is wisely included in the indictment, why should an enlightened country like ours lag behind? Surely we have had enough of half-and-half legislation? Murder is murder; and what we want on the Statute-Book is to see a spade called a spade. Here am I, and the whole of my household, thirteen in number, at this present moment all of us, more or less, crippled, deaf, irritable, imbecile, epileptic, while seven are, I fear, given over to lasting melancholia and permanently bed-ridden, owing to the incautious selection of an attractive dado, guaranteed “*pure vegetable colouring*,” for our nursery staircase. What, I should like to know, has Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to reply to this? I enclose my card, and beg to subscribe myself,

ONE WHO IS FAIRLY ROUSED.

SIR,—A proper wall-paper, properly made, may be a positive boon. Mine are all such, made to my own order. The only colouring matters used are Carbon and Quinine. The result is, I admit, a dirty black, and there is no pattern; but the physical outcome is unbounded health and spirits to my whole family circle. We dance into the rooms, skip about the landings, and sing on the stairs. Even friends who come to see us, feel, spite the gloomy look of the house-decoration, the purifying and invigorating influence of the drugs, and, bursting into friendly merriment, refuse to leave the premises till positively turned out by the police. If we are to put medicaments into our wall-papers, all I can say, Sir, is, don't let them be poisonous and harmful, but, like those scientifically selected by Your Obedient Servant, invigorating and all

OF THE RIGHT SORT.

DICKY-BIRDS FOR DINNER.—In the recent address of the President of the Vegetarian Society—as reported—occurs the following declaration:—

“Such are our principles; we enforce them by moral suasion . . . by cookery classes and Robin dinners.”

The Robin is a Warbler, like others of his kin—notably beccafico and wheatear—good to eat. Was it not BUFFON who (without meaning buffoonery) concluded an account of him with the remark that: “This delightful little warbler is eaten with bread-crumbs.” The “Robin dinners” perhaps rank among the triumphs of vegetarian cookery. It may be supposed that the Robin of those repasts is mock Robin—and no Redbreast.

THE LAY OF THE TRILOBITE.



A MOUNTAIN'S giddy height I sought,
Because I could not find
Sufficient vague and mighty thought

To fill my mighty mind.
And, as I wandered ill at ease,
There chanced upon my sight,
A native of Silurian seas,—
An ancient Trilobite!

So calm, so peacefully he lay,
I watched him e'en with tears.
I thought of Monads far away,
In the forgotten years.
How wonderful it seemed, and right,

The providential plan,
That he should be a Trilobite,
And I should be a Man!

And then, quite natural and free,
Out of his rocky bed,
That Trilobite he spoke to me,
And this is what he said:

“I don't know how the thing was done,
Although I cannot doubt it;
But HUXLEY,—he if any one
Can tell you all about it:—

“How all your faiths are ghosts
and dreams,
How, in the silent sea,
Your ancestors were Monotremes—
Whatever these may be,—
How you evolved your shining lights

Of wisdom and perfection,
From Jelly-fish and Trilobites,
By Natural Selection.

“You've KANT to make your
brains go round,
And CARPENTER to clear them,
And Mathematics to confound,
And Mr. Punch to cheer them.

The native of an alien land
You call a man and brother,
And greet with pistol in one
hand,
And hymn-book in the other!

“You've Politics to make you
fight,
And utter exclamations,
You've cannon, and you've
dynamite

To civilise the nations.
The side that makes the loudest
din
Is surest to be right,
And oh, a pretty fix you're in!”
Remarked the Trilobite.

“But gentle, stupid, free from
woe,
I dwelt among my nation,
I didn't care, I didn't know,
That I was a crustacean;
I didn't grumble, didn't steal,
I never took to rhyme,
Salt water was my frugal meal,
With carbonate of lime.”

Reluctantly I turned away,
No other word he said;
An ancient Trilobite he lay
Within his rocky bed.
I did not answer him, for that
Would have annoyed my pride,
I merely bowed, and touched my
hat,
But in my heart I cried—

“I wish our brains were not so
good,
I wish our skulls were thicker,
I wish that Evolution could
Have stopped a little quicker.
For oh, it was a happy plight
Of liberty and ease,
To be a simple Trilobite
In the Silurian Seas!”

Too BAD!—The Poet Laureate has undoubtedly had his eye on a Title for a long while past. But he certainly looked for something beyond a mere Baron. How many years ago is it since he sang, “You must wake and call me Early”? Evidently, Mr. GLADSTONE did not wake at the right time, or got out of bed the wrong side, for assuredly he did not do what his friend expected.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PROMPTER.

'WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY'

Popular Premier pipes to a Popular Air.

WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
 Afar from the House you be,
 Out in the Hawarden woodlands,
 Under the still home tree.
 Doubtless Town misses you, my WILLIAM.
 Winds blow and storms are raging high;
 WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
 Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus.

Wait till the clouds roll by, WILLY,
 Wait till the clouds roll by;
 WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
 Wait till the clouds roll by!

WILLY, 'tis far from smooth, friend,
 On Policy's ocean deep;
 Will you then dream of shirking!
 Will you your promise keep?
 Soon things will take a turn and mend, friend;
 Take courage, WILL, don't pipe your eye.
 Stillness will follow shindy.
 Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by, &c.

WILLY, keep up your pecker;
 Things go awry, 'tis true:
 But won't go so far ever.
 Will you cave in? Not you!
 BIZZY will not be always snarling,
 Soon will Colonial troubles fly,
 WILLY, don't be downhearted,
 Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by, &c.

WILLY, here's time for thinking.
 SALISBURY'S pack is hushed;

But, in affairs of empire,
Have you been fogged—or rushed?
 HODGE has his boon, and is contented,
 But foreign foes seem in full cry;
 WILLY, look sharp, but take it coolly;
 Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by, &c.

WILLY, canards are flying,—
 Cool skill will bring them down.
 But, when the eagles gather,
 Danger perchance may frown;
 Give it your careful thought, my WILLIAM,
 Don't be alarmed,—yet mind your eye!
 But when the bogey-mongers, croak, man,
 Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus.

Wait till the clouds roll by, WILLY,
 Wait till the clouds roll by;
 WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
 Wait till the clouds roll by!

A Penny for your Thought-Reading.

As adroit Humbug hates honest skill, so much the pseudo-Spiritualist hates the avowed Conjuror. If Mr. IRVING BISHOP could only "square" Mr. MASKELYNE, he would probably be less anxious to "round upon" him. As it is, without laying claim to the power of "thought-reading," one may readily divine some of Mr. IRVING BISHOP'S "thoughts" respecting Mr. MASKELYNE, and his chances of getting that Ten Thousand Pounds! The question is, whether those thoughts will be worth a penny—to Mr. MASKELYNE.

WILLY BISMARCK HATES THE PREMIER.

BECAUSE he has never asked him to break-fast to meet Mr. TOOLE.

BECAUSE he has never presented him with a collection of Old China.

BECAUSE he has never sent him a really nice letter on his birthday.

BECAUSE he wanted to cut down the trees of "Unter den Linden."

BECAUSE he can't speak German fluently.

BECAUSE he prefers the banjo to the zither.

BECAUSE he never wears the uniform of a Cuirassier, nor even the undress of a sub-lieutenant of Yeomanry.

BECAUSE he isn't the late Lord BEACONSFIELD.

BECAUSE he has peculiar notions about collars.

BECAUSE he did not get that joke that was forwarded to him from Berlin into *Punch*.

BECAUSE he neglected to send on New Year's Day a return Christmas Card.

BECAUSE his Cabinet is not composed exclusively of men all like Lords GRANVILLE and DERBY.

BECAUSE, and this is the most important reason of all, he has allowed himself to be called "The Grand Old Man," when Europe contains in the person of a certain distinguished Statesman an old man infinitely grander.

SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED.—There are a lot of silly idiots who go about asking, *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*—as if it would be any use if they knew, or if they had them. Now, although we have plenty of fresh white snow about, many of these hopeless lunatics are disposed to grumble.



"WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY!"

HINTS ON PARLIAMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

(By Professor Turveydrop Toby, M.P.)



PHRASE once used by Mr. PARNELL is calculated to mislead the New Member. "I will not," said the great patriot, "take my coat off except on the Rent question." The New Member will naturally infer from this that it is the practice in the House of Commons for Members to take off their coats when they discuss Bills before the House, Mr. PARNELL in his wilful obstinacy affirming that for his part he would not take off his coat save for one particular measure. This is an error, and any Member preparatory to making his maiden speech, taking off his coat and presenting himself in his shirt-sleeves, would render himself liable to reproof from the Chair.

Private Members must not put their feet on the back of the bench before them. When they rise to the status of Minister, or ex-Minister, they may put their feet on the table. Sir RICHARD CROSS habitually does this, admiring through his spectacles his bluchers. Sir RICHARD can only just reach the table, and sometimes, coming in late at night weary with the toils of the day, his ineffectual efforts to land his boots on the edge of the table have been watched with thrilling interest. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON does it with an easy grace that Sir WILLIAM DYKE regards with envious admiration. Lord HARTINGTON, too, manages the table with ease. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the contrary, was never seen in this position, nor was the late Mr. DISRAELI.

This special privilege of Ministers and ex-Ministers will usefully incite emulation in the breast of the New Member. In the meantime, he must keep his legs down and his spirits up.

This train of thought leads to consideration of the best means by which a New Member may reach the Treasury Bench. On entering, he must take a seat somewhere. The question is, "Where?" The answer, "Below the Gangway." Loyalty to Party is all very well; but what New Members have to look after (though they need not mention it) is their own personal interest, and it is best looked after by assuming an attitude of independence. Note that the present Ministry, with few exceptions, is recruited from below the Gangway.

The position is not so uncomfortable as the phrase would imply. The New Member probably imagines a plank bridging a certain space, and, below, a number of Members huddled together. It is not so. Members taking up a position below the Gangway are as comfortably seated as in any other part of the House.

If it be possible, secure a corner seat. These are limited in number, and the demand is brisk; but there is no freehold. You have as much right as anyone else to a corner seat, and the best thing to do is boldly to take it. Be in time, and drop into the seat unconcernedly. If anyone comes up—Mr. GOSCHEN, for example, or Mr. T. B. PORTER, earlier squatters—there are two courses open to you: either pretend not to see them, or cheerily enter into conversation with them. Remark on the fineness of the day or otherwise; inquire after their health and that of various members of their family. They will soon tire of standing, and will seek a seat elsewhere. Do this every day for a fortnight, and you will be troubled no longer.

Avoid the corner seat on the bench behind the Treasury. That is Mr. FORSTER's, and he has a Short Way with Interlopers. He has come to sit down, and he sits. If there's anybody there, so much the worse for him. Dr. LYONS discovered this. He gallantly stuck to his place for three nights; by that time visibly he began to flatten out. To avoid fatal consequences, he withdrew. Mr. FORSTER rather missed him at first, but got used to normal hardness of bench, and all goes well.

New Members must guard against too literal interpretation of phrases they may from time to time catch. When they hear a gentleman bawling out, "Hear! hear!" they must not respond, "Where? where?" Nor when the SPEAKER cries, "Order! order!" must they turn towards the white-necked attendants (who certainly look like waiters), and say: "Well, since you are in the room, I

think I'll take a lemon-squash;" or "Bring me a soda with a little drop of whiskey and a bit of ice in it, and look sharp!" Again, when the SPEAKER cries, "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left!" they must not attempt impossible contortions of the features. The Sergeant-at-Arms might suspect they were making faces at him, and would run them through. He thinks nothing of running a New Member through.

To sum up; the best thing a New Member can do is to sit silent and watchful through the two first Sessions, making himself familiar with the rules of the House. In the third year—in the springtime whilst nature is buoyant—he may prepare his maiden speech. Having written it carefully out, let him lock the MS. in his desk. At Christmastime, let him bid all his poor relations to a banquet, and after dinner let him deliver the speech to them. He may try this again in the fourth year. A few of the more pursy of his poor relations, suspecting something, may decline the invitation: but he will have a sufficient audience to whom, between the soup and the fish, he may read his speech. This may be the same one or a fresh effort. In the fifth year he will be quite safe in summoning the family circle, for it will not gather. In the sixth Session Parliament is pretty sure to be dissolved. Thus he will have accomplished a double good. He will for ever have got rid of his poor relations, and will in the House of Commons have established a high character as a man of profound thought and potential eloquence.

TO AN AMATEUR ACTRESS.

[The Season of Amateur Theatricals has set in with unusual severity.]

THEY laud the Drama's "palmy days"
And rave to modern folks' amaze,
Of KRAV and KEMBLE;
They tell how SIDDONS trod the stage,
With inspiration, while her rage,
Made people tremble.

Another SARAH leads the van,
With IRVING, fascinating man,
And ELLEN TERRY;
In comedy, by far too rare,
We honour STIRLING's silver hair,
And TOOLE makes merry.

But what avails the well-paid Stage,
The genius of our modern age
We can't arrive at;
Until we've seen you pose, *ma belle*,
Who act we know supremely well,
And play in private.

You banish BERNHARDT from our dreams,
And ELLEN TERRY only seems,
A phantom figure;
They act, folks say, by light of Art,
But you from impulse and from heart,
Are vastly bigger.

Your *Juliet* attracts all eyes,
Though MARY ANDERSON arise
Your *naïve* rendition,
Beats all that she could ever do
Though charmed by wreathen arms we view
Each new position.

In Comedy you give delight,
In Irish characters you might
Have come from Carlow;
And when *Miss Hardcastle* appears,
Would I could be, despite my years—
That blest young *Marlow*.

Don't tell me acting is no more:
In theatres perchance 'tis o'er,
But one thing's certain,
The drawing-room preserves it still,
What time so many parts you fill,
Behind the curtain.

When Critics ask who can play
"lead,"
They simply should see, I would plead,
What you can do, dear;
In drawing-rooms you're all the rage,
But still I would not tempt the stage,
If I were you, dear.

"Company" Manners.

"Two's company," thought those ingenious gentlemen, Mr. FREDERICK POPE and Mr. JAMES PRIOR; but they did not follow proverbial philosophy so far as to add that three—or even five—were none. So they started the International Fish Dinner Company on a capital of some dozen pounds or so. Then, no doubt, they and their partners sang with gusto "The Best of all Good Companies." But a partial jury found them guilty of Fraud and Conspiracy, and they will have the opportunity of testing the truth of the poet's *dictum* that "Stone walls do not a prison make." This is so far satisfactory; but surely if the public would pay just a *little* more attention to the simple copy-book maxim, "Be careful of your Company," these co-operative fishers of men would not hook so many flats.

A STRANGER presented himself for the defence, saying he was a Member of the Bar. "Which Bar?" asked the Magistrate. "Potter's Bar, Eastern Circuit," replied the applicant. Ejected.

SCRATCHED FOR THE DERBY.—Our Colonial Empire.



CAUSE

Host (to Coachman, who is turned on as Butler on grand occasions).
 "I WANT YOU TO SEE THAT ALL MY GUESTS ENJOY THEMSELVES, COGGLEDAB. DON'T LET THEM HAVE TO ASK FOR ANYTHING. BE PARTICULARLY ATTENTIVE TO MY DEAR AUNT, MRS. DUMBLEDOCK!"



AND

EFFECT.

Coggledab (in a Stage-whisper, during a lull in the conversation, to Mrs. Dumbledock, who has recently joined the Blue Ribbon Army).
 "OLLANDS, WHISKEY, OR COG-NACK, MUM? YOU CAN'T BE ENJY-IN' OF YOURSELF. YOU'RE NOT DRINKIN'!"
 [Mrs. Dumbledock alters her Will the next day.]

ILLOGICAL GRUMBLING.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM a Free-Trader. I have sucked in its doctrines from the all-but-inspired lips of its two great apostles, RICHARD COBDEN and JOHN BRIGHT, so how can I help being a Free-Trader. Free Trade is as the air we breathe, if we have it not we die. The whole of the ten commandments of our lofty commercial nature are embodied in the immortal principle, "Buy in the cheapest markets and sell in the dearest." Every weak thought, every absurd fact, every silly statement as to results, every lazy cry that "We have no work to do!" that seeks to make me waver in my firm faith, in my profound conviction, I have always thrown aside with that mocking laugh of pitying contempt that marks the man with whom faith supersedes reason. Judge then, Sir, of my utter astonishment when I find thoughtless men, unable to grasp this great question,—if indeed it can now be called a question—in its vast entirety, are trying to gain my sympathy for mere individual suffering. Every great principle must have its martyrs, and martyrs should learn to bear their martyrdom, not only uncomplainingly, but with a kind of rapture of endurance.

But, Sir, what do I find? Being a man with ample leisure, I have been devoting myself, during the last few weeks, to a searching inquiry into certain cases of supposed grievance at the East End of London, and what is the result? Take the case of a man I have known for years as a steady, sober, hard-working, Joiner. The firm that has employed him for years find that they can import their goods from abroad much cheaper than they can make them, so with that true cosmopolitan feeling that animates true Free-Traders, they dismiss their English workmen and import their goods from abroad. This man is so unreasonable as to complain of his lot. He talks about his wife and four children, and of his little home being gradually stripped of its contents, and of his tramping about day after day in a vain attempt to get employment, and all, as he foolishly says, because foreigners are allowed to send us their goods free, but refuse to take ours on the same terms. Can anything be more illogical? As I tell him, if he cannot find work in one trade he must try another. But the foolish fellow says he only knows one

trade, and is too old to learn another, and what is to become of him and his during the winter, heaven only knows, and he adds, there are probably over a thousand in his trade as badly off as he is. Strange to say, although I repeated to him some of the most unanswerable arguments of Free-Trade policy, I failed somehow to convince him that he ought to be perfectly satisfied, as, theoretically, he has really nothing to complain of.

As I was about to leave him, a pale-faced, half-starved, gaunt-looking fellow came in, and, seeing me, was about to leave, but my friend called him in and said, "I wish, NED, you'd tell this gentleman your little story; he's making some inquiries down here about the distress."

So NED told me his little story, which he said was about the same story as hundreds of others could tell me down there. He was a sugar-baker by trade. His employers had been struggling on for years against foreign competition but had at length succumbed, and the works were closed and all hands dismissed.

I, of course, expressed my regret for his bad luck, and tried some of my very strongest arguments to convince him that it must be right to buy in the cheapest market, when he turned almost fiercely upon me, and said, "Not if they are stolen goods, I suppose, Sir! and where's the difference? The French and German Governments pay their sugar-growers and refiners a very large bounty upon all the sugar they export to this country. Why? Out of love for us? Certainly not, but to ruin us all that are employed in the trade, as they're very quickly doing, and then they'll have all the trade in their own hands and can charge what they like! Ah, Sir," he continued, "I'm all for Free Trade, I am, if Trade *was* only free to all, and all had their fair share of work to do. That's where I get muddled, you see. What we want down here is more work, it isn't anything wicked I suppose to ask for more work? Ay, and more work we must have, or something will happen that I, for one, shall be sorry to see! But men oughtn't to be left to starve, and what's more, men won't starve! Look at me. A hearty, strong, hale fellow as you'd wish to see, only three months ago, wasn't I, JOE? Look at me now, half-starved, willing to work, longing for work, and half-starved, and all through our wicked laws."

He went toward the door, and turning round, said to me, "The



AN ENGLISH VILLAGE FROM A JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW.

fact is, there's too many of us for the work there is to do, and unless something's done to alter it, as there seems to be plenty of everything, judging by the price, some of us will be thinking about helping themselves." And he stalked away, leaving me speechless with astonishment.

The wonderful obstinacy of this class of people is perfectly astonishing, and their ignorance of the laws that govern demand and supply simply lamentable. Arguments that I have heard made use of in the House of Commons itself, and received with a cheer of approval, were utterly wasted on these otherwise intelligent men. Nay, more, they actually seemed to think that their bitter experience as regards certain elementary facts, was of far more value, and, to them, of far more importance, than the almost sublime theories by which I vainly endeavoured to convince them that everything was as well regulated as possible in this best of all possible countries, and that the parental Legislature that so kindly condescended to make the laws by which so glorious a result was produced, must naturally know more about these abstruse matters than mere working-men, who only thought of what was best for themselves and their families,

instead of taking that enlarged and comprehensive view that enables the philosophical Free-Trader to look with calm indifference upon the bitter sufferings of his own countrymen, rather than yield one jot, one tittle, of the grand and noble principle that it is our duty as men, as brethren, and as Christians, to buy in the cheapest market, be the consequences what they may.

J. LITGUE.

WHEN MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was informed that the new Hatchett's Hotel was opened the other day, and that the Old White Horse Cellars were still there just the same as in the old coaching days, she couldn't understand it, and observed, "But what an age the old White Horse must be! And how is it they haven't sold him long ago?" But, on reconsideration, the excellent Lady remarked, "Ah, I suppose it was only people who had white horses to sell went there—a sort of speciality I know. I used to see the hundred-bladed knife-sellers and the dogcollar-sellers there a long time ago, so I suppose they'll come back again, too, now that the old White-horse sellers have been re-established."

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. II.—THE RIVER.

THE shameful condition of the River last year, and the perfectly monstrous claims put forth by a number of grasping gentlemen called Riparian Owners, appear, judging from the voluminous complaints I have received upon the subject, to form a public grievance of no ordinary character. I append a small selection:—

SIR,—I am the Captain of a vessel running from the Thames to Scotland. I have known the river, man and boy, for thirty years. I denounce its condition for many months of last year, not only as a public grievance, but as a shame, a disgrace, and a scandal, to all concerned. It gets worse and worse year by year. Scotchmen are generally considered to be not over particular as regards the sense of smell. We all remember the sneer at "Sweet Edinburgh, I smell thee still!" But I declare that my experience of old Edinburgh teaches me that the Modern Athens is far sweeter than the Thames, from Gravesend to the Pool, during the greater part of the year. Not only so, but the grand river itself is rapidly silting up with the filth of the Metropolis—so much so, that I can only run up on the top of the tide. If two or three of the bumptious idiots who are responsible for this awful, ay, and cruel state of things, were made to bathe just below Crossness every summer morning, just after high water, they would probably cease from insulting us by saying that the matter is exaggerated. I have great faith in my Countrymen's power of using strong language, but I doubt if the strongest of them could find words that could fairly be called an exaggeration of this hideous, disgusting, and wicked grievance.

D. C.
P.S.—I am not much of a Poet myself, but my second Mate is, and he has written the following improvement upon TOM MOORE; to be sung by the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works at Crossness:—

Flow on thou slimy River,
But e'er thou reach the sea,
Take all these tons of sewage
That I now pour in thee.

SIR,—I am an Angler—my humorous friends call me a patient Angler. I accept the name with pleasure. I am a patient Thames Angler, though I do stand six feet two in my stockings. For many long years I have sought my chief delight in the upper waters of the still beautiful Thames, and found there such a haven of rest for my poor over-taxed brain, that I have returned to my quiet home refreshed and invigorated, and prepared to resume my daily toil with cheerfulness and alacrity. During the last year or two, however, I have been occasionally interrupted in my harmless pastime by shouts and threats from certain angry individuals, called, I believe, Riparian Owners, ordering me to leave the water opposite their sacred properties. I have paid but little attention to them, generally speaking; but last season, while fishing at my favourite spot, near Maidenhead, I was ordered off by a hulking bully of a fellow; and, as I did not obey his orders, he sent in a big brute of a dog, close to my punt, and spoilt all my fishing for that evening. I then pulled, or rather pushed, my punt as near to him as I could get, and addressed him as follows:—

"I have been accustomed for years to fish near this spot, and I intend to continue doing so; and if at any future time you dare to send that remarkably fine animal into the water for the wanton purpose of spoiling my harmless, but healthful sport, I will shoot it, or horsewhip you, just as I feel most inclined to do when the time comes!"

I left him speechless with astonishment, and have not been molested there since. There are some ten thousand of us Anglers in London and its neighbourhood, and we quite intend to angle in the River Thames. *Verb. sap.*

R. S.

SIR,—Do you wish to see how a beautiful River can be turned into a muddy ditch?—come to Twickenham at low-water—or, perhaps I ought rather to say, at no water. Do you want to study the bed of the River Thames?—come to Twickenham Ait at low-water, just where cricket was played last season. Do you want to study the peculiarly offensive nature of Thames Sewage Mud?—try to cross the River at Twickenham Ferry at low-water. Do you wish to find a special spot on our once beautiful River where the stench would rival any of those for which Cologne was once so famous?—seek it just below Kingston Bridge; your nose will guide you to the favoured spot. And, finally, Do you want to know what was the state of the River last summer, when examined by the Inspector of the Local Government Board?—read the following extract from his Report, and then, Sir, marvel at the folly of those who have this matter in charge, and their imbecility in dealing with it:—"In August last," he says, "there was a month's sewage from the Metropolis oscillating backwards and forwards between Greenwich and Teddington, and the Thames could only be

compared to a huge sewage-tank which for many months had not been cleaned out!" I thank you heartily, Sir, for allowing me to call attention to this terrible public grievance.

Twickenham.

W. R.

SIR,—I am a Boating Man. Rather! I didn't pull in the Cambridge Eight, with GOLDBIE for stroke, in 1873, without knowing something about boating. It's the be-all and end-all of my holiday existence; and it's only the Thames that makes London life endurable. But there's mischief brewing, and I want to give our enemies fair warning. The great charm of sculling is in exploring the beautiful backwaters, and we boating men have found, during the last season, that certain Riparians, as they are called, have questioned our right to do so, and some miscreants have even staked them, to prevent our entrance; and some few, with a refinement of cruelty worthy of a Red Indian, have even shortened the stakes, so as to make them invisible to the unpractised eye—with consequences easily imagined. Now, there are a decentish number of Boating Clubs on the Thames, and we reckon our members by thousands: and we are not at all a puny, or enervated, or timid race of men; and we merely wish to state, in the calmest and most gentlemanly manner, that as we have done in the past, so we intend to do in the future, and if any trouble should arise, as it very possibly may, from very obstinate men endeavouring to prevent our doing so, they will have only themselves to thank for whatever disagreeable consequences may ensue—to them.

M. L. R. C.

SIR,—I dunno what's come to the River lately, but it seems all a-running away from hereabouts. Me and my mates, we think as it's all owing to the great dredgers as makes a deep channel in the middle of the stream, and consekwently leaves all the rest, at low water, nothing but stinking mud, and plays the very deuce with all us poor watermen here. Couldn't you, Sir, just manage to get all this put right. If you would like to see it, and to smell it, we'll any of us give you a row for nothing, just about low water, any day you like to come.

Kew.

T. B.

MORE GHOSTS WANTED.

[Messrs. MYERS and GURNEX, of the Society for Psychical Research, are again writing to the papers asking for ghost-stories.]

COME once more, ye Ghostly Visitants, and do not shirk your duties, For we miss you in the corridors and by the haunted lake; Step adown from out your picture-frames, ye coy Ancestral Beauties, Till you find the timid visitor unconscionably shake.

Gallop up, O Headless Horseman, and come punctual White Lady, Let us hear in starry spaces all the Hounds of Gabriel; Though on earth your antecedents, my good phantoms, might be shady, Here are Messrs. MYERS and GURNEX, who will surely love you well.

Flash again upon our pathway, O ye flickering Corpse Candles, And, good Banshee, let your screeches make us start up in affright; Come once more, O modest Phantoms that can only shake door-handles,

And then enter like a cold wind, at the witching hour of night.

Let us see you in the daylight, O strange supernatural Doubles Of the living man, presaging, as folks say, his coming doom; Rise again, O Spectral Children, the forerunners of all troubles, And, ye mystic Lights, illumine as of yore the darkened room.

Clank your chains, my Phantom Convicts, with the good old-fashioned dodges,

And your sudden disappearance, though the listener hears you still; While the hapless individual, who in your dwelling lodges, Groweth grey before his time and is inexplicably ill.

We have missed you from the ramparts, our dull rooms are never haunted,

Though the moat is full of water, there's no ghostly skiff thereon; We still watch for you at midnight, but our souls are all undaunted. Have you given up business, Spectres; is your occupation gone?

Have you fled because you shudder at our psychical researches— Is the age too unbelieving for your pale phantasmal hosts? Oh, come back and haunt our houses, ancient inns, and ruined churches,

For what will the winter fireside be without you, gentle Ghosts!

"MR. WHISTLER'S TEN O'CLOCK."—Stalls, half-a-guinea. If repeated, let him call it "Mr. WHISTLER'S Ten-and-Sixpence o'Clock." The subject, we hear, is "Dressing and Re-dressing." There are two or three to whom he'll give a dressing, before proceeding to redress his wrongs. Mr. RUSKIN will, of course, take a stall for the series.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

Colonel F. G. Burnaby.

Killed at the Battle of Abu-Klea, in the Soudan, January 17th, 1885.

Brave Burnaby down! Wheresoever 'tis spoken
The news leaves the lips with a wistful regret.
We picture that square in the desert, shocked, broken,
Yet packed with stout hearts, and impregnable yet.
And there fell, at last, in close *mêlée*, the fighter,
Who Death had so often affronted before,
One deemed he'd no dart for his valorous sligher
Who such a gay heart to the battle-front bore.
But alas! for the spear-thrust that ended a story
Romantic as Roland's, as Lion-Heart's brief!
Yet crowded with incident, gilded with glory,
And crowned by a laurel that's verdant of leaf.
A latter-day Paladin, prone to adventure,
With little enough of the spirit that sways
The man of the market, the shop, the indenture!
Yet grief-drops will glitter on Burnaby's bays.
Fast friend as keen fighter, the strife-glow preferring,
Yet cheery all round with his friends and his foes;
Content through a life-story short, yet soul-stirring
And happy, as doubtless he'd deem, in its close.

Thou that in every field of earth and sky
Didst hunt for Death, who seemed to flee and fear,
How great and greatly fallen dost thou lie,
Slain in the desert by a nameless spear!
"Not here, alas!" may England say, "not here,
In such a quarrel was it meet to die;
But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh,
To shake the Afghan mountains lone and sere!"
Like Aias by the ships, shouldst thou have stood,
And in some pass have stayed the stream of fight,
The bulwark of thy people and their shield,
Till Helmund or till Lora ran with blood,
And back, towards the Northlands and the Night,
The stricken Eagles' scattered from the field!

THE OUT-OF-BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

SOUTH-EAST-BY-WEST LOAMSHIRE.

MAJOR FOOTE ROOLE, R.E., held an inquiry last week at the County Hall, Muddstickleborough, to hear objections and suggestions as to the proposals of the Commissioners. There was a large and noisy attendance, amongst those present being the Earl of Ditchwater, Mr. Softsoap Sawder, M.P., Mr. Whigblock (the Recorder of Little Beerborough), the Mayors of Muddstickleborough, Great Tatars, Pedlington Minor, and many others.

The Commissioner referred to the principle upon which the Commission had proceeded. Loamshire was certainly agricultural, although there was a strong mining population in parts, with here and there a large number of mill-hands. Roughly, the County Division they were considering had a population of 200,000. They proposed to divide it into four Divisions, each returning a Member. The first of the four would comprise Brummagum, Waddleton, Bangsborough, Monkshole, and Mudd-under-Fogg. As the first-named of these places was infinitely the largest, the Division would be called after it.

The Constable of Mudd-under-Fogg (who also filled eight other local Municipal offices) complained bitterly of unfairness. He said that Mudd-under-Fogg was a very ancient place, and appeared in Domesday Book. Under these circumstances, it would be scandalous not to allow the Division to be called Mudd-under-Fogg.

Mr. Fossil scoffed at this idea, and declared that Mudd-under-Fogg could not be found in any topographical dictionary. Why not call the Division "Monkshole"? He could assure the Commissioner it contained a very ornamental pump, and was altogether a remarkable place. He lived there himself.

The Commissioner thought that in spite of the arguments of the two last speakers, that perhaps the better name would be Brummagum, for the reasons he had already given. The other Divisions would be composed respectively of Boshington, Littlebat, and Slumborough; of Mugby Junction, Anyhow, and Upham-Parkroadstone, and Larkington, Great Bangs, Nightapp-Cotton, Harvey-under-Sorse, and Little Beerborough. He could assure those present that the Commission had taken much care in the preparation of their scheme, and would gladly hear any suggestion.

Mr. Brasslungs said that after this invitation he had no hesitation in declaring that the Franchise Act was a fraud, and the proposed Seats Bill a scandal to civilisation.

The Commissioner suggested that the remarks of Mr. Brasslungs

were more suitable to a meeting of the Vestry than a gathering such as that then present. He (the Commissioner) did not wish to suppress argument, but there was always a fixed latitude.

Mr. Brasslungs. But not a fixed longitude. (*Laughter.*) I shall be another two hours longer at the very least. (*Cheers.*)

The speaker then went on to say that Britannia rules the Waves, he did not believe in Fair Trade, he considered the charges of the Parcels Post excessively high, and objected on principle to the imposition of the Income Tax.

The Commissioner again interposed to explain that, although there was a great deal of interest in what Mr. Brasslungs was saying, yet, strictly speaking, his remarks were not exactly germane to the matter they had met together to discuss.

Upon this Mr. Brasslungs angrily left the room, declaring that the Commissioner was "in a ring and had been tampered with."

Mr. Whigblock, as Recorder for Little Beerborough, announced that at the last meeting of the Court of Quarter Sessions, a Committee of Magistrates had been appointed to consider the plan of the Commission. That Committee would support the Commission, supposing that instead of four divisions there were fourteen, and that all the suggested groupings were radically changed. Thus they would transfer Mudd-under-Fogg, which consisted only of four inhabitants, from the first to the fourth division, and transpose two-thirds of the boroughs now appearing in the second division to the third. He was not quite sure if he had made himself clearly understood. To be frank, he was forced to admit that he had considerable doubt about his own meaning. However, that was the decision of the Committee to whom he referred, and he trusted the Commissioner would take their suggestion into his most favourable consideration.

The Commissioner cordially assented to his request, and asked if any Gentleman had any further remarks to make upon this subject.

Mr. Brown said he certainly considered the policy of the Government as regards Egypt was open to the gravest observation.

The Commissioner said that this would scarcely be time or place for a speech upon the matter.

Mr. Jones, as a friend of Mr. Brown, disagreed with the Commissioner. The Government policy abroad was of much importance to the country in general, and to Big Twaddleton (of which borough he, the speaker, was proud to say he was a native) in particular.

Mr. Robinson expressed similar views, at great length.

The Commissioner said as he did not wish to lay himself open to the charge of burking discussion—"Hear, hear!"—he had permitted the last three speakers to say what they pleased. (*Loud cheering.*) However, he was bound to tell them that what Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson had said was entirely irrelevant to the subject before them. ("No, no!") Had any other Gentleman a remark to offer?

Mr. Kots, on behalf of the Conservative Association, suggested a counter-scheme to that proposed by the Commission, which differed from it in every particular.

Mr. Fees (Agent for the Liberal Association) also suggested a counter-scheme from an opposite point of view, equally hostile to the provisions suggested by the Commissioners.

After three hours of hot discussion, that brought into view the fact that the rival schemes raised so many points of difficulty and detail that it was quite impossible to reconcile them—

The Earl of Ditchwater thought that on the whole it was much better to accept the finding of a perfectly independent body like that of the Commissioners. (*Cheers, groans, jeers and hisses.*) Well would they have the Liberal scheme—"No, no!"—or the Conservative—"No, no!"—or any other—"No, no!" Well then all that remained was the scheme of the Commission—(*laughter*)—and they must make the best of it like good citizens, excellent neighbours—he would go further and say—like worthy representatives of those men who, in the glorious days of old, had won for them Waterloo, Trial by Jury, Cheap Bread, and last, but certainly not least, Magna Charta. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

The Commissioner, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, promised that the most careful consideration should be given to the suggestions (many of them most valuable, and all of them extremely interesting) that had been offered to him. The proceedings then terminated.

FOG.

Thou comest in familiar guise,	You clothe the City in such gloom,
When in the morning I awake,	We scarce can see across the
You irritate my throat and eyes,	street,
I vow that life's a sad mistake.	You seem to penetrate, each room,
You come to hang about my hair,	And mix with everything I eat.
My much-enduring lungs to	I hardly dare to stir about,
clog,	But sit supine as any log;
I feel you with me everywhere,	You make it torture to go out,
Our own peculiar London Fog.	Our own peculiar London Fog.

THE REAL LAND QUESTION.—How to make Land answer.



ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

First Undergraduate (reading out). "WILL THIS DO, GUS? 'MR. SMITH PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS TO MR. JONES, AND FINDS HE HAS A CAP WHICH ISN'T MINE. SO, IF YOU HAVE A CAP WHICH ISN'T HIS, NO DOUBT THEY ARE THE ONES.'"

Second Undergraduate. "OH, YES—FIRST-RATE!"

THAT TYRANT GIRL!

"Young girls are not allowed to read Novels, and yet are taken to the Theatre. This accounts for the weakness of many English plays." — *Mr. W. S. Gilbert, as reported in "Workers and their Work," in the Daily News.*

THAT Tyrant Girl, that Tyrant Girl!
With her plum-prim mouth, and her hair a-curl!
Arch-despot she of a mawkish age,
She lowers Art, and she spoils the Stage!
What could not we do were it not for her?
The sewers of sense we could probe and stir,
Show MESSALINA in Mayfair gay,
And—all the rest that I may not say.
But no, *she* comes with her saucer eyes,
Her look of imbecile *gauche* surprise;
Her blush, her giggle, her plentiful lack
Of cool *aplomb*, with her rigid back
And prim-pinched elbows, virginal, void,
And—Art's best means must be unemployed.
Vascular passion, and virile wit
Will not do for the staring ohit,
Human nature on which she'd look
Must be strained through her copy-book.
So as—all in her interest,—
OUIDA and BROUGHTON are robbed of zest!—
Plays are purged, or if not quite *that*,
Rendered illogical, *fade* and flat.
Poor PYGMALION veils the nude,
And all because of this prim-chin'd prude,
This *Tartine*-eater in tarlatan,
Who clips the tastes of woman and man
Down to her own Procrustes-crib,
All to the measure of tucker and bib.
She read OUIDA? Oh! never! never!
(So says GILBERT, and he is clever)
If she does, it is on the sly.
But she comes with her glassy eye,
Sits and stares from a private box,
Power, or passion, or aught that "shocks"
Palsying out of the playwright's soul.
Pity him, balked of his Art's true goal,
Capuan orgie, Bacchanal whirl,
All on account of that Tyrant Girl!

A HARD CASE.—When it has to be submitted to Counsel through the perfectly unnecessary intermediation of a frequently ill-informed and invariably superfluous Solicitor.

WORTH HAVING.

THE remarkable interest manifested by a certain portion of the public in the recent sale of Mr. HERMAN's "Dramatic Collection" has, as was only to be expected, already inspired several other Theatrical *Virtuosi* with the happy idea of sending some of their choicest treasures to the hammer. A perusal of the few following items, taken at random from the pages of the forthcoming Catalogue of the auction in question, will suffice to warrant the presumption that the bidding, in point of mere liveliness, will show no falling off from that chronicled at the rooms of Messrs. SOTHEY, WILKINSON, and HODGE, last week.

Lot 13. The Original Pair of Patent Leather Morning Shoes worn by Mr. IRVING when bounding joyously up the Companion Ladder to look over the side of the vessel at the Reporter of the *New York Herald*, on the occasion of his first visit to America.

Lot 27. Curious document (in rare MS.), defining and explaining the troublesome and intricate process by which Mr. HERMAN and Mr. WILLS collaborated amicably, and without the aid of their respective Solicitors, on getting *Claudian* to its final state of fitness for Stage representation.

Lot 34. The Identical Sixpence paid by Mr. WILSON BARRETT that led to his subsequent Lesseeship of the Princess's Theatre, the production of *Hamlet*, and the ultimate preparation of a Five-Act Drama, of startling interest, to replace it as soon as possible.

Lot 105. Working Model of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's celebrated "Shoot Letter Box," showing important portion of Libretto of a new Opera, intended for the Printers, and marked "Immediate," stuck immovably half-way, without the cognisance and beyond the reach of the unconscious Butler.

Lot 131. Original Letter from a Fair West-End Manageress, offering Mr. SPARKLER "a cup of tea, or coffee, or both,—with a biscuit," on the first night of a new Five-Act Play.

Lot 172. Authentic Correspondence of Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS with various distinguished celebrities in Church and State, on the

subject of the moral influence and realistic effects of Drury Lane Drama. Twenty-two Volumes, imperial quadruple quarto, handsomely bound in purple velvet (jewelled edges), and profusely illustrated with three full life-sized portraits in oils of himself in three different characters, and highly-coloured half-lengths of the various correspondents.

Lot 204. Unilluminated Round Robin of ex-Prizetakers of the Dramatic School of Art (sixty-seven signatures), complaining that "they've got no work to do," and threatening the President, in verse, that "they'll soon make it hot for somebody."

Lot 239. Draft *Menu* of Capuan Banquet, together with the numbers of the several ten-pound notes, as placed by a well-known and successful West-End Manager in the dinner-napkins of the leading Dramatic Critics on the night of a dress-rehearsal of a new "Shakspearian Upholstery Revival."

Lot 259. Anonymous Letter from the Manager of a first-class West-End Theatre to the LORD CHANCELLOR of England, enclosing two complimentary admissions to the upper boxes during a temporary and peculiar state of the business, necessitating the announcement that "the free list is entirely suspended."

Lot 310. Curious and humorous letter from the Official Licensor of Plays to the Editor of *Truth*, suggesting that he might offer his next two-guinea prize for the best rational solution of the principle on which the LORD CHAMBERLAIN appears occasionally to wink with one eye and be blind with the other.

All the lots have a special value of their own, and the sale cannot fail to excite a keen interest among that particular class to which it makes appeal.

THE Report of the House Public Lands Committee on the Bill prohibiting alien foreigners from acquiring or owning land in the United States, says:—"We maintain that American soil should be owned exclusively by American citizens." Ahem! Mr. WINANS, please copy.

SAW FOR SLOP TAILORS.—Ill Tweeds shrink apace.



IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? OR, THE HAUNTED HOUSEHOLDER.

COMPETITIVE MARRIAGES.

THAT naughty, wicked, waggish *National Review*, suggests Competitive Matches,—matches between flames who shall be big guns in trigonometry, meteorology, thought-reading, and the musical glasses, accompanied by WILSON BARRETT. We have a few likely couples on hand, but we don't quite know how to bring them together—for they are divided couples, as yet.

There is a Lady hard at work on Conic Sections, and who has already taken a double-first in Sanscrit, and she only requires a poetic kind of young man who knows a lot about Scandinavian mythology. The result of the examinations are rather disappointing for her, because her partner turns out to be an old Gentleman, in blue spectacles, who has been going up for his degree in the Infinitesimal Calculus for the last thirty-five years, and has at last succeeded.

Then our Prizeman in Ancient History—the coming NIEBUHR—requires a helpmeet who is able to decipher Cuneiform and take down Assyrian in shorthand. He has a million marks for Archaic Strategy;

and the Lady who corresponds to his number carries off all the palms for Middle-Age Poetry, and the Interpretation of BROWNING. He doesn't want anything half so modern or abstruse as that—but he is getting gradually reconciled to the Renaissance poetry—it is such a capital thing for sending one to sleep at night, and even in the day.

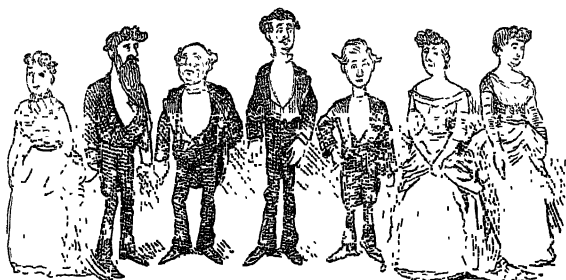
The Laureate of Lily-painting we need scarcely mention. Everybody who is anybody knows her. She has beaten nineteen thousand Young Gentlemen in competition as to which of them can make the Lilies look stiffest, and most unlike low, vulgar nature. OSCAR WILDE came near, but unfortunately he is married.

A DISCOVERY!—The humorous compiler of the *Globe* "Notes" announced last Saturday that "Somebody has invented a good story,—a story too good to be true." What was this jocose novelty? Why, actually our very ancient University friend, the translation of "*Abui, excessit, erupit, evasit!*" Why, it is probably older than Porson's "toddy and tallow," and as well known as the conundrum about the Miller wearing a white hat.

THE PRINCESS GEORGES.

WHERE do we come? To what level has play-craft sunk? Is this age to be the Millennium of Millinery? and are rapid vapourings on diluted French perfumes to be the true essence of British Drama played by English people to English people? Our growl is an honest one. As THACKERAY thundered over the misdoings of the *Four Georges*, so we must let loose our playful lightnings at the most recent Princess of that ilk.

The play is of the very worst kind of Gallic sententiousness; there isn't a solitary soul in it to love, and a play without someone in it to care for is the feeblest and dullest of all mortal imaginative works. It is the worst, most un-human, and illogical patchwork of nonsense that ever DUMAS *filé*—dramatic moralist and aphorist—ever spun out of his tortuous brain. Not a character in it lights a scintilla of sympathy. The wicked woman is a crimson infamy; the hirsute husband is a brutal bushranger. *Barbe-Bleue* at the Comedy is a bit of gentility compared with the *Barba Rossa* of the Prince's. *De Birac* is an unmitigated scoundrel. The Notary is a bore, and the Valet and the Lady's-maid may be "character parts," and are certainly well played, but respectable folk would decidedly give neither of them a character, and most certainly part with them were they unfortunately included in any modern *ménage*. The people who



A Society Group, as represented at the Prince's.

crowd the Stage (there are ten folk all on at once) are recklessly *decolletées* when in petticoats, and stupid and stiff when in corresponding garments of another cut. When not busy breaking the Decalogue, they engage in a sort of nervous gossip that neither interests nor excites. But then their dresses are amazing! What the "Milliner's Bill" of this Play must have been, possibly Mr. GODFREY only knows!

Then we have strings of those wearisomely trite sayings called "aphorisms," that strangle and retard all good play-progress. "You will not be the first woman and you will not be the last woman who has parted from her husband for no fault of her



"Reserved Force."—Act I.

own;" "Men forgive, women forget;" "It is not your fault if you love some one who does not love you, or if you love some one who does love you, or if you both love each other, or don't love each other; or,——" We quote the entangled passage from memory, but we protest to this hour that people in plays ought to do things, and not think things. Only the genius of a SHAKESPEARE could make such copy-book headings part and parcel of a character. However, the play has been subjected all round to dignified and sane abuse. It would have taken the collective powers of the Nine Muses to have redeemed it by acting. As it is, the central part is played with lovely, but insipid inanity. The stone Venus, the Galatea behind the curtain, wears charming frocks, and looks very sweet—that is all.

What Mrs. LANGTRY once was, is a matter of modern social history. How photographers fumed, fretted, and focussed over her, how poets poetised about her, how the public stared at her at those odd functions that are oddly enough called "Private" Views, and



Another Society Scene.—Act II.

how she made her first bow to the Haymarket-Gardeners and Gardennias as *Miss Hardcastle* at the Bancroftes, is known to all social students. Now, this undoubtedly beautiful lady challenges criticism as an Actress. *Habet!* Her voice is gentle and sweet. Her tread is well-balanced and majestic, the line from throat to ear is strong, clear cut, and has a graceful sweep—possibly the only instance of a sweep being at once snow-white and graceful—the eyes are clear and bright, and the straight brows are, as poet-persons would say, the lintel over the doorway of a shrine, wherein lies a beautiful soul. The figure, in its English, not French sense, is graceful, undulant, and intensely Hellenic. (If you don't know what "intensely Hellenic" is, you had better take a course of OSCAR.) And she wears lovely and evidently expensive frocks with perfect ease and gracefulness. But while all the world admits that she is decidedly a "pretty player," she is certainly not an Actress. Her voice drops at the end of every sentence. Her gestures are feeble and narrow; there is no certainty about her ways and movements; her most obvious faults are self-consciousness and want of energy; her charms lie in a seeming innocent ignorance of all method and plan and purpose.

To lady-lecturers on the Drama it might be suggested as a *theme* or *thesis* that breadth of gesture, passion, and decision of voice-inflection, are better things than self-consciousness, beauty, notoriety, condescending feebleness, and exquisite French gowns, as passports



Force Reserved till the Last, and then Coming Out Strong.—Act III.

to dramatic fame and success, even when assisted by such admirable translations from the French as "you and me," and the mildest possible method of softly whispering "I'll turn you out of the house," which last sentence the Beautiful One delivers after a fashion that has about it quite the ring of "I'll strike you with a feather!" Here is indeed a moment wholly lost. Turning her "hated rival" out of her husband's house, Mrs. LANGTRY behaves like one of *Helen's Babies*, frightened at a growling mechanical bear, not like a justly enraged wife, with her blood up, crimsoning cheeks, and nerving every tone and action. Possibly it is as much the playwright's fault as the player's that these things are so. In some more gentle line, with better and simpler lines to talk, the Lovely One

(for whom there is no necessity to work, if the report of her enormous gains in America be true) may yet do something worthy of the Histrionic Art.

Now for the *verbum directum* or straight tip as to the rest. Miss AMY ROSELLE plays it "very low down" on the Beauty in an ugly, unsympathetic part. She acts bravely. The rest of the Ladies that make up the Society party of the Second Act are distinctly uncomfortable and ill at ease spite of their Worth-y, if not worshipful, snipped-away frocks. *Place aux hommes!* Mr. COGHAN of the sleek black hair opposed an obstinate resistance to the various temptations to be virtuous that the play offers him, but even "Reserved Force" is no remedy for the inherent viciousness of the hero of DUMAS' drivelling dramatic demon, *De Birac*. Mr. COGHAN has one capital quality: he is picturesque in the presence of crime. Mr. SMEDLEY's part was one of the best-played in the piece. Mr. C. W. SOMERSET, as the red-haired Bushranger, is delightfully comic. The "tag," consists in his shooting something outside.

In *Nos Intimes* ("Peril") you remember that a "harmless necessary" Hare—no offence to the St. James's—is slain to make a conclusion. Here the victim is only a wandering lover.

"Pop! Bang! Whose bird?" That's the French notion of a tag, as the husband looses off "into the brown" of his wife's adorners.

As it stands this is an ugly play, crudely translated, with its questionable vitality vivisected out of it; and it is played by some clever professionals, assisted at intervals by a really pretty well-dressed personage, who thus far, at all events, must still be known as "the Beautiful Amateur."



"WE'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

THE "COMIC SCENES" OF THE PANTOMIMES HAVING ALREADY BEEN CUT DOWN TO NOTHING—A *REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM*—IT IS PROBABLE THAT NEXT YEAR THE REAL PANTOMIMISTS WILL BE OUT OF IT ALTOGETHER, AND EVEN THE CLOWN WILL NOT HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF SAYING, "HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THE WHITE HORROR; OR, THE HAUNTED CABINET.

A TREMENDOUS hurricane rattled at the casements, and shook the foundations of a lonely mansion in Downing Street. Far away might be heard the sepulchral cries of vendors selling the earliest possible editions of the evening papers. Cowering over the flickering embers of a fading fire, sat two men who had long passed middle life. Ever and anon each of them would glance over his shoulder, and then try to look as if he had not done so. The moaning of the tempest, the shaking of the arras, appeared to fill them with supernatural horror.

"Hast ever seen such a sprite, my Lord?" whispered the younger of the twain, whose thoughtful brow was harried with emotion.

"Nay, in mine early day they *may* have walked, but the ancient PAN headed them not. Now, their coming bodeeth nothing but evil, evil, evil!" And he wrung his hands till they pealed like the passing bell!

"JOE saith he believeth in them not, and I have heard CHARLES question their existence," remarked the younger.

"JOSEPH hath his own Red Spectre for a familiar," replied the elder sage, "and CHARLES, in his heart, is one of the Sadducees whom men call *Jingoes*."

"Ah, WILLIAM of Germany, the Kaiser, dreadeth not the White Lady, the Spectre of his house, as we dread this White—"

"Hush, my Lord of DREBY, name it not!" moaned the elder man. "Speak of the—" here he paused.

A Foreign Office Clerk, pale with terror, fell into, rather than entered the chamber. "I have seen it!" he yelled.

The two Watchers were invisible in a moment. One of them had concealed his lordly form under the table, the other had buried his noble head in the coal-scuttle.

The new-comer closed the door, poked the fire, and lit the candles. Presently those on whom he had intruded emerged from their places of retreat.

"Hast thou indeed beheld the White—, the Terror of the Cabinet? Hast thou seen the Horror of the Foreign Office?"

"I have, and do yet live," said the subaltern, trembling.

"Then it hath emerged?"—"Yea, my Lord, it is out!"

"Now, my Lord of GRANVILLE," said the younger of the two Watchers, "let us brave it like men. Come to the Cabinet!"

With trembling footsteps he and his companions fared towards the Secret Chamber. At the door they paused.

"The Curse of our Administration hath come upon us," whispered the elder Watcher. "What saith the ancient prophecy?"

"When the White Book meeteth the Book of Blue,
Then shall the Gladstone Cabinet rue!"

The younger Watcher moaned, and unbarred the portals of the Haunted Chamber. "One we can face," he muttered. "The public is familiar with the Angra Pequena business already, and considereth Angra Pequena to be a new sort of Patent Bitters."

He entered. A wan, white glare, as it were, of corpse candles, on the Brush system of Electric Lighting, streamed from within.

"Ah, woe! ah, woe! *There are three!*" screamed the Watcher, for, in the dismal silence of that mystic cell were visible the spectral forms of *Three White Books!*

"Angra Pequena," murmured the more aged of the Statesmen.

"Fiji, alas! Fiji!" burst from the blanched lips of his companion.

"New Guinea!" screamed both at once.

Alone, for their minion had fled, alone while the hail scourging the casement-windows, the Chiefs of the British Foreign and Colonial Office stood, trembling and unmanned, in the accusing presence of the *Three White Books!*

Then spirit-voices whispered like the wind, they murmured in the lurid twilight, and such ominous sounds were heard as "International Guarantee," "Neutralisation of Canal," "Representation on the Caisse," and last uprose and conquered the long-laid but resurgent spectre of The Dual Control! The rest was silence, and Scuttling.

A Real Reform.

ASSAULTS on Property, BULL will not stand,
But to Monopolist Companies gives no quarter;
Though he objects to Nationalise the Land,
He'd very gladly Nationalise the *Water!*

SOME determined Conservatives in the neighbourhood of the House last Saturday at first thought that, what turned out to be an attempt of dastardly dynamiters, was some new scheme of Mr. GLADSTONE's for the Redistribution of Seats.

POISON IN PAPERS.—When a room is arsenically papered, mysterious illnesses are the consequence. When on the first night of a new piece the house is badly "papered," the effect is likely to be fatal.



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

MRS. — AND HER FRIENDS VERY PROPERLY RESOLVE TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF THIS YEAR, AND TO GIVE UP DISCUSSING, WHENEVER THEY MEET, THE LITTLE WEAKNESSES, &C., &C., &C., OF THEIR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS. RESULT OF THEIR VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION.

THE GAME OF "PYRAMIDS."

No "exhibition game," my WILLIAM, this!
The trial's testing and the stakes are high.
No time for careless slap-dash, hit or miss.
Steady's the word! Shrewd watchers standing by
Appraise your play.
Winning will need strong nerve and patient "stay."

Those watchers, WILLIAM! Think you their regard
Means friendly interest only in your skill?
Think you that if perchance the game goes hard
Against you, *they* 'll regret it? Nay, sweet WILL!
The Parcae dread
Have as much sympathy with the swift-sheared thread.

The Russian Clotho firm would hold the spindle
Of Fate for you: your fortune's thread their care?
The Austrian Lachesis would watch it dwindle
To fine tenuity, nor halt, nor spare.
With what sharp cut,
The Teuton Atropos's shears would shut!

Such lookers-on bode very little good
To you, who know not how they've placed their "tin."
Theirs scarcely the spectator's genial mood
Of "a fair field and let the best man win."
No, WILLIAM, no.
Each man of them's a "Miching Mallecho."

As for the Frenchman,—why, you know *his* game,
Or should do. Some may deem him "out of form,"
But, if your play is either rash or tame,
You may be cornered yet, and find it warm.
The game's no joke,
And very much depends on your next stroke.

"Come, let's to billiards!" * cried old Egypt's siren.

MARK ANTONY his losing game scarce played
Midst perils palpabler than now environ
The Egyptian board. Yet do not be afraid,
Old Champion,
But play for safety, and leave nothing on!

* *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii. Scene 5.

BIS-MARCK DAT QUI CITO DAT.

THE Imperial Chancellor is to have a "testimonial" on his seventieth birthday. The fiat has gone forth, and subscriptions, both in money and in kind, are "thankfully received" in Germany. So far the movement is quite successful. A large amount has already been collected, and the following additional entries in the subscription-book are hourly expected:—

Lord Derby.—A collection of threatening letters from the British Colonies.

Earl Granville.—Ditto.

Mr. Gladstone.—A lock of hair, and a pair of shirt-collars marked "You must learn to love me."

The Emperor of Austria.—Collection of relics from Sadowa.

President of the French Republic.—Trophy of Arms collected at Sedan.

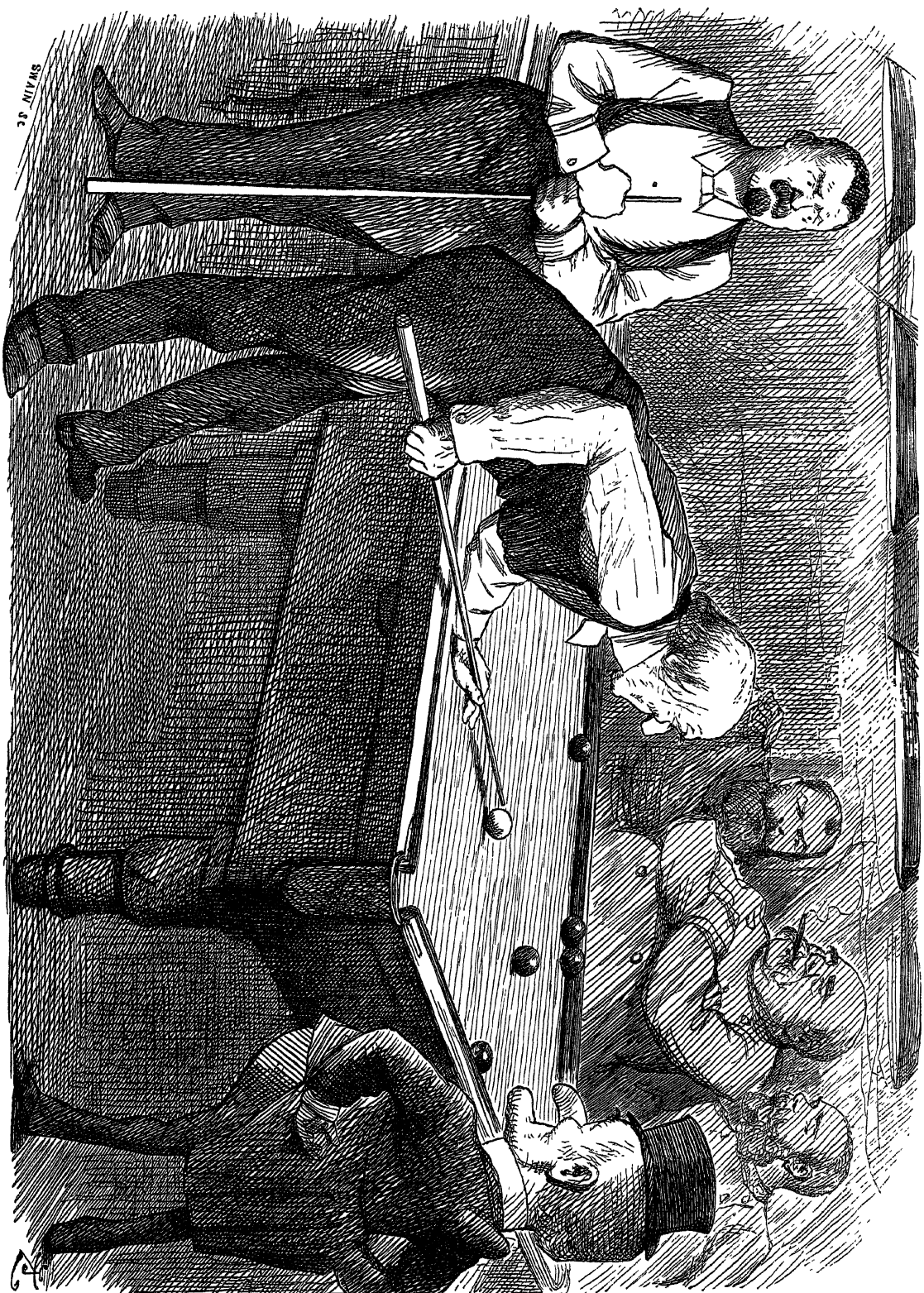
The King of Denmark.—The History of the Schleswig-Holstein Question in eighty-five volumes.

The Sultan of Turkey.—Appointment to the Khedivate of Egypt—to come into force on the payment of the sum of five pounds ten shillings to His Majesty.

Mr. Punch.—Grandest of all. A copy of his recently-published volume, containing *his* opinion of the very "honest broker."

NEW READING OF AN OLD SAYING.—"Life would be tolerable were it not for—one's Relations!"—*Our Special Cynic*.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 31, 1885.



THE GAME OF "PYRAMIDS."

MR. PUNCH, "PLAY FOR SAFETY, WILLIAM,—AND LEAVE HIM NOTHING!!"

GERMAN COLONISATION.

Er lebe hoch! I tells you vot, *Schockschwerenoth* it's true, Der BISMARCK ist der videavakest Mensch I efer knew. For him I am beghosted in a most tremendous vay; There nefer vos no other shtatesman like him, in my day. The Austrians and verfixte French he schlug upon the kop, Of German One-hood then he made a righthdown shplendit jop, And now he tells his landsmen, "Boys! our banner is unfurt!—Go out of this, you hero-brood, and colonise the world!"

Vot larks! Germania, mit her crown and sword and shining robe, Vill take her shtately flight across this old terrestrial globe, And where she sees a shtrip of likely coast, vot no-one owns, Except the natife safages that vorships shtocks and shtones, She'll shwoop shtraight down upon it, mit a motion calm and grand, And firmly plant our conquest-wealthy shstandart in the sand. Then, if the niggers ask her vot the teuce it is she would, She shall answer: "*Liebe Leute*, I am come here for your good!"

"I haf brought you German culture for the poddy and the mind, *Die erhabene Kultur* of efery sort and efery kind; All the pessimistic dogtrines of the Schopenhauer school And the blessings of a bureaucratisch-military rule. I shall teach you shplendit knowledge, vot you hitherto haf lacked, That religion is a fantasy, whilst sausage is a fact; Ja, the mysteries of sauerkraut to you shall be made clear, And your souls shall learn to float on foaming waves of Lager-Bier!"

"I do not intend to long-while you mit missionary rant, But to brighten up your intellects mit HEGEL and mit KANT. Mit our Army-Service system I'll begift you by-and-by, And mit all the priceless blessings of our *Hohe Polizei*. Ach! I lofes you as a moder, and your happiness, I shwear, Shall forefer be the von surpassing object of my care. I'll civilise you, *Kinder*, *mit dem edlen Gerstenbrei*, And mit discipline, *Potztusend!*—or I'll know the reason why!"

And then *die hehre Göttin*, hof'ring in the æther blue, Vill summon up her gunboats and her Pickelhauben too, Her bearded brawny varriors, vot nefer knew no fear, And troops of learned bureaucrats, all buttoned-up to here. Then if the shtupit natifes don't attend to vot she said, And makes themselves unpleasant, they must all be shotted dead; For trifles in the vay of German culture must not shtand—*Hoch soll der Bismarck leben!* I drinks, "Our Fatherland!"

A PUZZLING PRIMER.

(Fly-leaf from the *Woolwich Infants' Guide to Knowledge*.)

Q. As an influential daily paper, in a recent extremely sensible and plain-spoken leading article concisely puts it, it appears that "it is notorious that, as regards firearms of every description, from rifles to cannon of the largest calibre, we are in an inferior position to any Continental Power, and it is also notorious that the causes of our inferiority are dependent upon a system of supply which continues in active operation." Will you be so good as to tell me whether this is really the case; and if so, how it may be accounted for?

A. This is really the case; and it may be accounted for as follows. "Our firearms of every description, from rifles to cannon of the largest calibre," are supplied to us on a system of sportive jobbery for the purpose of serving the interest and feeding the *amour propre* of a few privileged but most unimportant permanent officials.

Q. That is so. You are referring, I presume, to that extremely curious and comic military Corporation, styled, with a good deal of quiet satire, the "Ordnance Department"?

A. I am.

Q. Then can you tell me some of the funny and peculiar freaks practised by this same most humorous and mirth-provoking Corporation?

A. I can. The first object of this quite killing body being *not* to provide the country with proper and effective defensive weapons, but merely to take care that, whatever may be the demand, there shall be no lay competition to meet the supply, it comes about that what with their want of decent patriotism, lack of scientific intelligence and absence of common sense, the British Soldier is sent to fight his battles with the worst rifle in Europe, while the British sailor is never quite sure till he has fired his gun whether it is destined to work devastation in the hull of an enemy, or blow up light-heartedly but bodily between the decks of his own ship.

Q. Quite so. And will you now tell me the one and only thing that by their perfect and expensive scientific machinery these hilarious Ordnance officials effectually manage to rifle?

A. I will. The pocket of the British Tax-payer.

Q. Yet I presume that, in time of war, should any national disaster ensue, it might be viewed in a rather more awkward light?

A. Undoubtedly.

Q. And now, tell me, were the country, through the broadly humorous conduct of these same irrepressible permanent officials, to be brought to the verge of ruin, what do you consider, judging from historic precedent, would be the reasonable attitude of the British Tax-payer?

A. He would insist on their being beheaded on Tower Hill.

THE BUTLERS OF GREAT MEN.

(Interviewed by Our Own Special Back-Stairs Representative.)

NO. I.—AT MR. J. L. T.—LE'S.

I PASSED as quickly as I could, and I think fairly unobserved, down the area-railings, and soon found myself, after a little preliminary altercation at the kitchen-door, comfortably seated in an ample Windsor chair in the pantry. It was not a particularly spacious apartment, but yet just what such a room should be; giving the Butler space to stroll about goodhumouredly, as, leisurely discoursing, he revealed to me, one by one, with easy *aplomb*, the domestic secrets and peculiarities of his distinguished Master's private life.

"Does the Boss go to bed late?" "He does," was his laconic but vivacious reply to an inquiry on my part as to whether it was true, as I had heard, that that great Comedian sat up far into the small hours of the morning, eating hot gruel mixed with *caviare*, and reading *Lucretius* with a translation. "Yes, he does, but it isn't for nothing of that, Sir," he continued, thoughtfully. "No, his principal game is quite of another kind—Astronomy." And noticing my look of interested surprise, he added, "Yes, it's a fact; and I don't suppose there's an Astronomer,—I don't care who he is,—between this and Greenwich Hospital as is prouder of his seven-foot telescope than the Governor. It's on the top of the roof, all clean and polished as a new pin. But he won't touch it himself without putting on a pair of large white Berlin-wool gloves, 'to keep off the smuts,' as he says to me, and give a bit of an extra shine to the big glass at the top when there's been a kitchen-chimney on fire next door, and a Brigade-engine or two has been playing a little too free all over the joints.

"Does he mind that?—Not he. What does make him angry though is—fog. 'BILLINGS,' he'll say to me, when you can't see your hand two foot off, 'that fog does make me so *wild*. It spoils the sky, don't you know, that's what it does; and between you and me, I don't believe your real stuck-up Observatory cove, who has his *Whitaker* by heart, is a bit better off for all his swagger about the Great Bear climbing up the North Pole, and Jupiter putting on Orion's Belt, and finding it tight, and all that. No—put your bloated Astronomer in a fog, and where is he? That's what I want to know,—*Where is he?*'"

"Does the Governor pass his time in other recreations?"

"Rather! I don't think anybody is about just now, and I'll show you," and as he says this, my communicative guide leads me upstairs into a large, but finely-modelled empty room, and indicates a rostrum at the other end. "There," he says, that's where he orates all to himself. He's very proud of his speeches, and frequently when there's a good deal of fog on outside, you'll hear him a halloaing on in here up to five and six in the morning; and sometimes when there's a public dinner, or such like event a 'looming,' as he says, before him, I've know him only turn-in with the milk."

"What door is that?—Why, that's where he keeps his blood-hounds—six of them, and I don't suppose there's six finer or more savage beasts of the breed to be found this side of the Serpentine. Do they know him?—Well,—almost.

"'BILLINGS,' he says to me the other day, 'I like those dogs, you know, and always had a taste for them. But I wish they would understand that I'm not a burglar inside my own house.' But he's taming them nicely now. Only last week he put the whole lot of 'em on the free list in King William Street."

We were now in the Hall. I was at once struck by the colossal church-organ worked by a powerful dynamo that completely blocked one half of it, and rendered any attempt to reach the front door a matter of some difficulty. "Ah, most people have a good stare at that," he said, in answer to my rather wondering look of inquiry. "You wouldn't think it now, but the Governor is tremendous fond of Sacred Musio. I've seen him sit there for hours together with all the stops out playing the *Two Obadiahs* with one finger."

But here a barouche and six horses drove up suddenly to the front door. A thundering double knock followed.

"It's him!" said the Butler, quickly. "Look sharp! Scarce is the word!" and as the distinguished owner entered his conveniently appointed mansion, I crept up the area-steps and turned to the Park with the conviction that I had passed a most enjoyable and interesting half-hour upon his premises.



DIVISION.

Examiner, "Now, if I were to give FIFTY MARBLES IN CHARGE OF THIS BOY"—(indicating the Biggest)—"TO DIVIDE EQUALLY AMONGST YOU, HOW MANY WOULD YOU EACH RECEIVE?"

Small Boy (of experience), "PLEASE, SIR, WE SHOULDN'T GET NONE AT ALL; 'CAUSE HE'D COLLAR 'EM ALL HISSELF!"

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. III.—ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE experience that I am so rapidly gaining in regard to Public Grievances induces me to believe that few are more universally detested by the educated classes of Society than Advertisements. The special complaint seems to be, that there is no escaping from them, that they meet us at every turn, at every corner, and in the most unexpected places, that they cause a terrible amount of bad language to be uttered, and have become an abomination, a nuisance, and a grievance. I append a small selection of extracts as samples of the many complaints I have received.

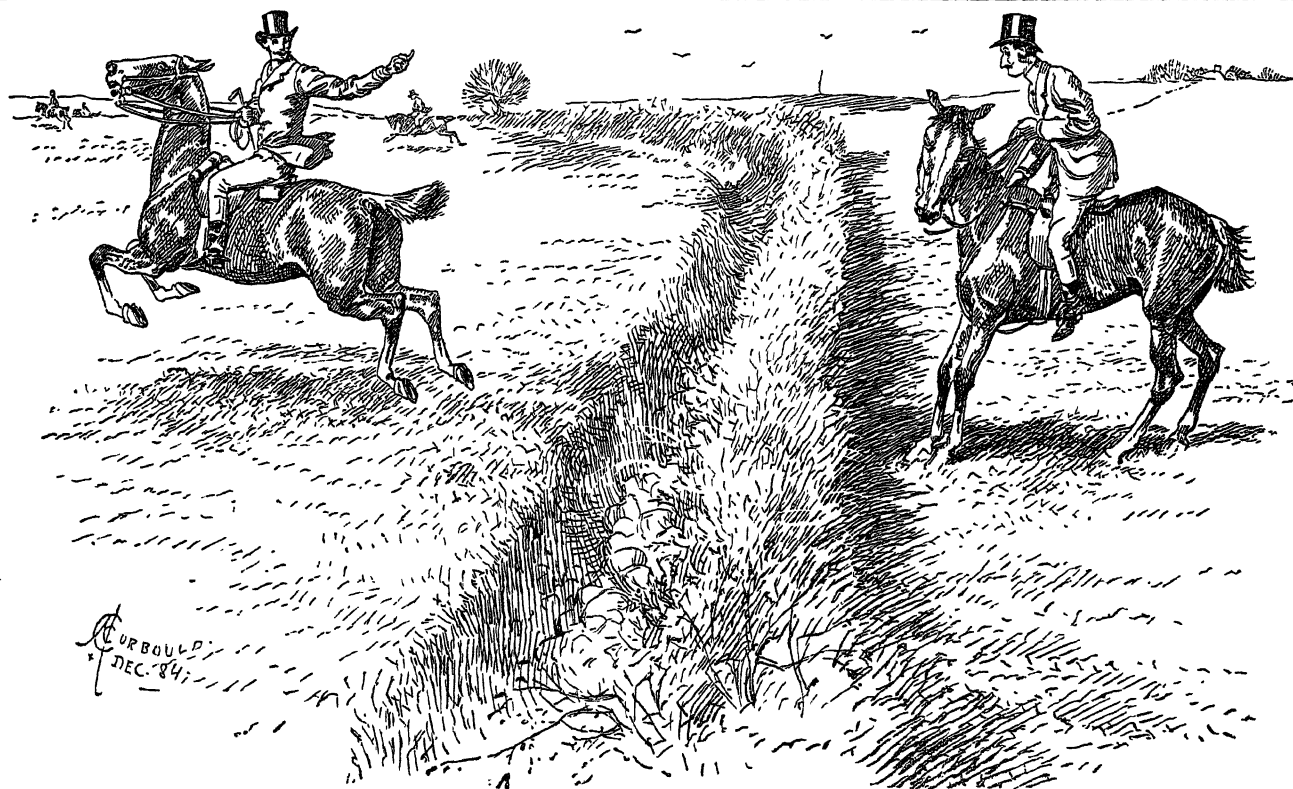
SIR,—I am generally considered by my numerous friends to be a man of calm and even philosophical temperament, but I do confess that the modern curse of advertising has so utterly and irretrievably spoiled my enjoyment of most things in which I formerly took delight, that I am rapidly becoming irritable, cross, and sometimes even offensive. Sir, I have, as I believe, a fine taste for Art, but I cannot take my usual walks abroad without having forced upon my attention, from every abominable hoarding I pass, such hideous and amazing scenes of horror as make my blood curdle with disgust. What possible good can the idiots who pay for these things hope to get from their exhibition? I might have been tempted, perhaps, occasionally to visit one of the theatres where the plays are acted, scenes from which are thus displayed, had I been allowed to remain in ignorance of what I was to see, but, having no particular taste for actual representation of the loathsome horrors that are thus publicly displayed in our streets, I avoid them as I would the plague. My light reading, too, is all spoilt by the same obtrusive rubbish, and if I knew some favoured spot where advertisements are carefully eliminated in every shape and form, I would at once seek it, in hopes of finding there that calm and tranquil existence I fail to obtain here.

A BORED LONDONER.

SIR,—I am an invalid, and I don't mind confessing to you, in the very strictest confidence, that I thoroughly enjoy my invalid existence. I am the object of the profoundest sympathy to all my numerous friends, and my dear good husband, who perfectly idolises me, is never so happy as when he has discovered some new means of increasing my comfort. But really, when seated in my comfortable reclining chair, with some half-dozen of the very newest novels, English and French, within my reach, wrapped up in my beautiful Indian shawl, a little something nice to sip, not coffee, on the adjacent coffee-table, with JEANNETTE within call, and the dear Doctor coming three or four times a week to bring me all the very latest gossip about our particular set, knowing that my devoted husband has gone for a day's hunting, or a day's fishing, or a day's shooting, as the case may be, I do honestly confess that I envy no woman, but really and truly enjoy my life, though I am considered, and, I have no doubt, sympathisingly spoken of as the poor invalid. But, like most people, I suppose, I have my special grievance.

I am favoured with a large circle of acquaintances, all, like myself, well to do, so they never bore me with troublesome matters, from which, too, my reputation as a sad invalid would of course protect me. But it is their mistaken kindness of which I have to complain. Whenever any miserable mountebank invents some nauseous mess that is to cure all the ills that mere common flesh is heir to, of course, following the awful custom that has become so common, he advertises it in every possible way, and adds to its name a list of all the loathsome diseases that it is especially intended for, with descriptions of various horrible cases, with all their awful details, that are said to have been cured by its means.

Would any of my sister invalids who pass their luxurious lives as I do, that is, in the enjoyment of everything that a true lady holds dear, such as perfect quiet, perfect repose, perfect enjoyment, and perfect freedom from all bother and worry and anxiety, really believe, that my much mistaken and awfully cruel friends actually cut out these dreadful advertisements and send them to me as applicable to my case! My case! why my case requires no cure. I don't want to be cured. I see a little and hear a great deal of what goes on



PROBABLE.

Hunting Man. "COME ON!"

Cockney Friend (on Screw). "'COME ON!' OH, YES! 'COME OFF,' YOU MEAN!"

around me, and I don't know one of my married friends with whom I would change, for, what is called good health seems to bring with it such fearful responsibilities that I shudder at the bare thought of having to assume them. No, Sir, there is but one dark cloud in my otherwise bright sky, and that is the grievance that I trust you will be enabled to greatly diminish, if not altogether abolish. L. L.

SIR,—I am an unmarried man, what the vulgar call a Bachelor, and I hate, loathe, and detest anything that bores me. I pay my rates and taxes like a man, and expect in return to be freed from all grievances. My especial grievance is advertising. It is the daily plague of my otherwise very endurable existence. There are a certain number of lunatics, with far more money than brains, who are always boring me to buy goods that I don't want. It is no use for me to say that I don't, for instance, want any Apple-scented Soap,—as I detest soap scented with fruit,—or TRELOAR'S Seamless Socks, or LOWLAMP'S Prophetic Saltwine, or Bitter Hops, as I am not a Brewer. All in vain, the same detestable names meet me at every turn, dodge me at every corner, stare at me from every magazine, or newspaper, or omnibus, informing me too that M^{me}. PATTI and M^{rs}. LANGTRY, and all the rest of the tribe, have found something very good for the complexion. What care I about their complexions? I have always understood that theatrical complexions are made to order, and when I go to see or hear these advertising Ladies sing or act, I pay to hear them sing or act, and not to gaze idiotically at their complexions.

And then too how shamefully I am swindled sometimes. I read, for instance, a most pathetic account of some sad incident in humble life, that actually almost brings tears to my old eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood, and find at the close that it is only an artful advertisement of ENOCH'S Salt Fruit, or some such patent medicine. Relieve me, Sir, from this daily infliction, and name your own reward.

The Albany.

T. B.

SIR,—Finding the desire to escape from this real grievance so universal, I have conceived the idea of establishing an "Anti-Advertisement Association," to which I will act as Secretary, with a reasonable salary, of course. Every member on joining will pledge himself never to visit a Theatre the Manager of which placards the streets with illustrated advertisements. Never to wash with advertised Soaps. Never to wear advertised Braces. Never to drink advertised Drinks. Never to take advertised Medicines. Never to wear advertised Clothes. Never to furnish with advertised Furni-

ture, and never, oh never, under any possible or conceivable circumstances, to drink advertised Wines.

After giving my whole mind to the subject for a whole week, I arrive at the conclusion, that there are, of the four million inhabitants of the Metropolis, only just about two hundred and fifty thousand to whom these various obtrusive and offensive advertisements are addressed. If therefore some two-thirds of this number, or say, one hundred and fifty thousand, were to join my Association, at the trifling subscription of one guinea per annum, I would guarantee that this annoying grievance should be stamped out just after the second yearly subscription should have become due. Perhaps, Sir, you will allow intending Members to send their first year's subscription to your office.

Yours,

DIGBY GRAND.

GRINDING INTO SANDHURST.

A CORRESPONDENT to a contemporary complains that at the Examination for Admission to Sandhurst, conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, the French Examiner was a Dutchman. No doubt this idea will be improved upon on future occasions; and some such List as the following will be issued for the guidance of Candidates. It will be seen that the subjects to be taken up are both numerous and attractive:—

Examination.

Examiner.

French, the Guitar, and Skating.	An Italian who is well up in Mathematics.
Greek, Latin, and Cooking.	A recently-imported Australian Aboriginal.
Riding, Fencing, and the Use of the Globes.	A Blind Dutchman.
German, Geography, and Art Needlework.	An ex-King of the Cannibal Islands.
English Composition and Literature.	The Author of <i>English as she is Spoke</i> .
Portuguese and Book-keeping by Double Entry.	BLONDIN, the Hero of Niagara.
Gymnastics, Painting, and Singing.	The Wizard of the East.
History, Law, Zoology, and Naval Tactics.	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
And Universal Knowledge in everything.	The first Man who turns up.

'ARRY ON 'ONESTY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, old hoyster? For me, I'm a gitting on prime. Fact is, though I say it as shouldn't, I'm one of the stars of the time. The world's coming round to my views, CHARLIE, fast, there's no kid about that. They're in everyone's mouth,—only I puts 'em rather more spicily and pat.

I'm a sort of hapostle, they tell me, of snideness and taste for wot's wot, Of houtsspoken up and down bizness, and 'atred for tame tommy-rot. Well, I don't wear a blanket, my biffin, and mightn't look well cut in stone, But for sound common sense and straight talk I'm a fair top-row sarmple, I own.

Jest look at the Stage, CHARLIE! Bless yer, the thin water-gruelly stuff Wot's bin talked about that in the past always give me the 'ump and the 'uff. But they're droppin' it, CHARLIE, they're droppin' it, like other moral 'ot taters. Won't go, any more than a ballet-gal's legs in a bishop's black gaiters.

I always did say wot one wants at the Play is fair yum-yum and larks, And now 'ere's the horacles tipping their ditto to 'ARRY's remarks. The 'igh-flyin' crickets may splutter, the sleek soapboard crawlers may sniff, But gumptioners know that wot *pays* is the pink and the spicily spiff.

I mayn't be a Masher exactly, leastways wot the public so calls, 'Cos it won't always run to claw 'ammers, white kites, and front rows in the Stalls.

But I know 'em, and, tip me the ochre, I'd take a fair hand in their game, For as fur as I see in our notions and tastes we're percisely the same.

Wot's all this yer chat about Beauty that Artists and Parsons pay out? If a chap ain't to get a fair eye on it when a neat parcel's about, Your Beauty's a bloomin' old fraud. It is when it's on show, my dear boy, That it's worth anythink to a bloke as is blest with the taste to enjoy.

Well, the Stage is a Beauty-Shop, CHARLIE, that's wropping it up nice and small,

And I wants as much for my tin as the CHAMBERLING's game for, that's all. If Pootiness trots 'erself out for my taste, it pays her I'll be bound, And her Showman, he takes his gate-money, and so we are 'appy all round.

Not moral, sing out the old Mivvies! Lor, CHARLIE, wot 'umbug it is! If we're all in the swim, free and willing, and all find it jolly god biz, Who the doose has the right to complain? 'Tisn't morals that's wanted, old pal, But *cleverness*, whether in Manager, Masher, or pooty-limbed gal.

"Wide oh!" is the word in this world, CHARLIE. Beauty must prance it for pelf,

And as to the *risk*, that's 'er bizness—she's got to look out for 'erself. Theaters ain't Sunday Schools, are they? nor Managers Matrons and Nusses, And Pink Parades ain't to be spoiled by the fads of the frumps and the fusses.

She knows her own book, Sir, does Beauty, and don't want no texts out o' your'n.

You tip her a track, and jest try it—she'd out such a Juggins with scorn! If me and the Masher wants cheek and carnation, and she's on the job, Why shouldn't her Stage Trotter-out take his perks too at so much a nob?

It's Free Trade—in Beauty, my biffin, demand and supply and all that. You know what you go to the shop for, and get it, that's puttin' it pat. Let's be 'onest, old pal, I *love* 'onesty all round my 'at, and no kid. I could pitch you a yarn on that text; but I fear I must put on the skid.

Call a shovel a shovel's my motter. Some say I'm a cynicle cad; Wot's "cynicle," CHARLIE? Jest 'onest; plain fack without painting or pad, Pop out the straight truth with a grin, and they dubs you a Satter or Turk; You should wrop it up nice in white sugar, and 'and it about with a smirk.

If I worked the theatrical fake—which I don't, my dear CHARLIE, wus luck!—I shouldn't go spouting of morals, pure art, and such mollslop muck. Not me, Sir! Pink saucer and spangle and spice would be my little lay, And I'd own I a Beauty-Shop kept, and I rather meant making it pay.

My sentiments, mate, and I'm 'appy to find they are spreading a bit; In fact, that my notions of Life are decidedly making a 'it. Yu-u-up! Foller yer leader, you Mashers and Managers, all who can carry Sufficient sky-scraper to keep in the 'unt, with that 'igh-flyer 'ARRY.

*** These, be it distinctly understood, are views for which 'ARRY alone is responsible.—ED.

Foreigners and Natives.

It is reported that, as an ocean-poacher on neighbouring preserves, a British boat was lately captured by the French Government sloop *Halcyon*. The captive smack is stated to have dredged 6000 oysters before being discovered. By this time the oysters have probably been all shelled, as, happily, the smack was not; and let us hope that nobody concerned with her has had to shell out.

M. DUMAS' LAST.

[TELEGRAM FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS, Monday Night.

"DÉNISE," the new Comedy by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, was brought out to-night for the first time at the Comédie Française. It is needless to say that all the most distinguished people in Paris were present, and those who could not secure standing-room in the Gallery or "Foyer," were perfectly content with waiting in the street outside the Theatre. It was pleasant to see the number of Ladies who had assembled to listen to the innocent drolleries of this celebrated comic writer. The only fault that I can find with the play, now that I have got home at one o'clock in the morning, and am trying to recollect the plot over a tumblerful of *eau de vie*, is that it is just a little too goody-goody, too milk-and-watery, to suit Parisian taste.

In the first place, let us give the talented author the credit that is undoubtedly his due. He has preserved the *Unities of Time and Place* in the most masterly manner. Thus the whole action of the piece takes place in one room! There is, also, no more time supposed to be taken in the action than is required for the actual performance—i.e., three-and-a-half hours! This in itself is a triumph of Art. If your readers don't at once see the tremendous advantage of it, I am afraid I can't make it clear to them. It is true that, in order to secure this result, a great deal which might otherwise be explained by action has to be placed before the audience by means of lengthy and tedious dialogues. But what of that? As a matter of fact, the play consists of a series of witty dialogues, crammed with point, and of infinite suggestiveness. M. DUMAS's theory seems to be, that there's nothing in the world so exciting as a good long conversation. His Comedy is a succession of "chats" on the Stage. If the play is wrecked, it will not be because it is water-logged, but because it is dialogued.

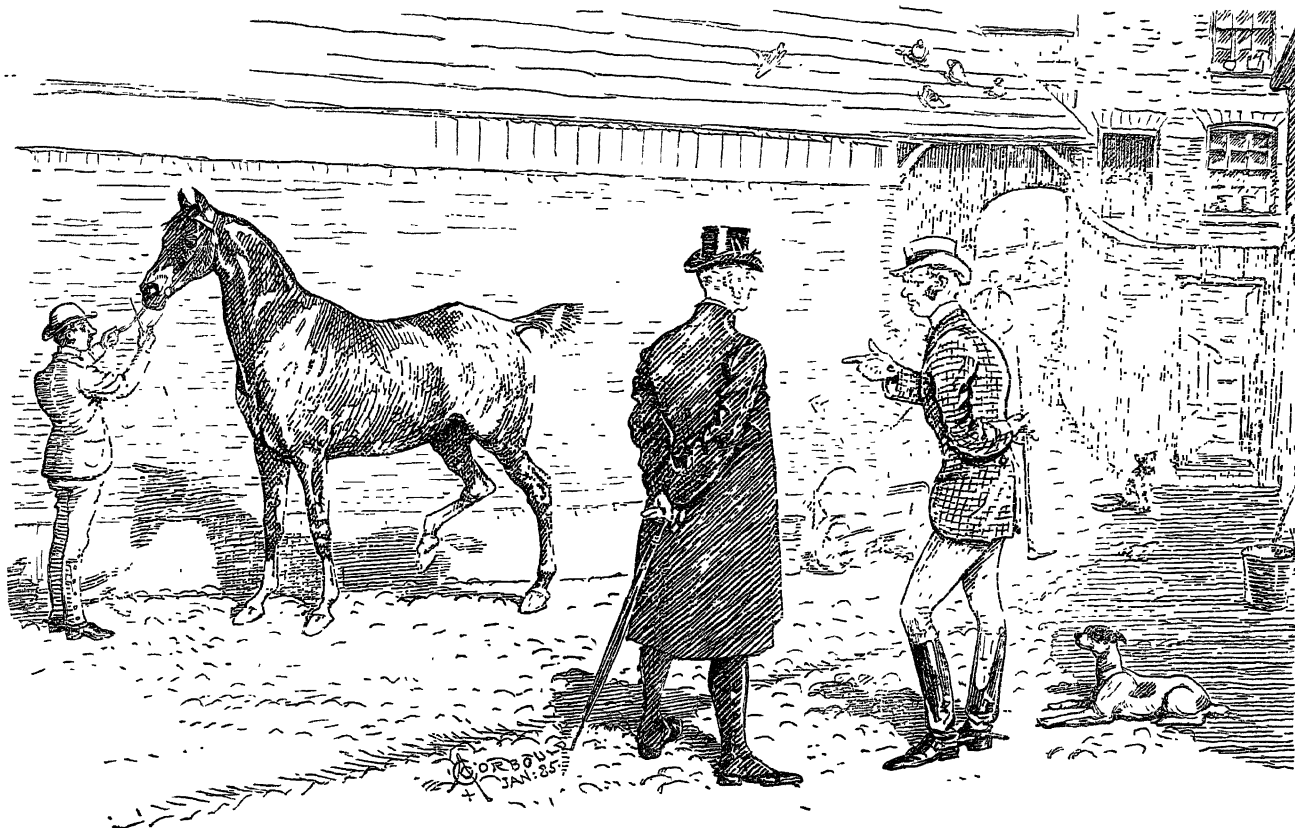
I have told you that the drama is a trifle goody-goody, and so it is in French eyes, though perhaps not in English. It is difficult to explain to English readers what the plot of the play really is. While, as I have mentioned, the Unities are strictly preserved, the Proprieties are strictly neglected. An enterprising lessee on your side of the Channel who had the temerity to produce such a piece would be pelted with rotten eggs. You will, therefore, agree with me in deprecating the precipitancy of the censure which an eminent "*littérateur*" expressed to me with regard to the play half-an-hour ago—namely, that it is "offensively moral."

As I said before, I really don't think I can give you even an outline of the plot, although it seemed to afford much gratification to the Gentlemen and Ladies who listened to it to-night. I regret that such insular prejudices still exist, but I am quite sure that with you the whole thing would be regarded as totally unfit for publication. Still, I must at least afford you some notion of who the chief personages are.

The heroine, excellently played by Mlle. BARTET, is a girl who, though young in years, seems to have seen a good deal of life. She lives in the country-house of Count André de Bardannes, as companion to his sister, Marthe, and so do her parents, who manage the Count's house for him. An elderly widow, Madame de Thauzette, is on a visit to the house, and so is her son, Fernand. Of the relations existing between these different characters, the less said the better. The intrigues are a trifle mixed all round. The play closes in this highly ingenious manner:—Madame de Thauzette, who has been the Count's mistress, allows her son Fernand to propose to the Count's sister, and Dénise, who has been the mistress of Madame de Thauzette's son, marries the Count, who has been the lover of Madame de Thauzette herself. The moral of the play seems to be,—“If I elope with my aunt's grandmamma, what relation will my niece's lover be to my wife's illegitimate step-son?” This conundrum seemed to give much satisfaction, and the Curtain fell on a scene of great enthusiasm. I can't add more, as time's up for your Special Parisian wire; but I very much fear that a surfeit of morality will be the death of this last venture of the versatile M. DUMAS.

LATEST BETTING ON THE LAW.—Evens on the Field for Solicitors—Bar none!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



A VERY ORTHODOX ANIMAL.

Bishop. "DOESN'T SHY, EH, MR. PERKINS?"

Horse-dealer. "SHY? NEVER! STOP, MY LORD. I MUST BE HONEST WITH YOU. I DID KNOW HIM SHY ONCE—BUT THAT WAS AT A SALVATIONIST ARMY PASSIN' BY!"

[Bishop buys Horse at once.]

PENS OF THE WAR.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN ALEXANDER CAMERON,

WAR-CORRESPONDENT OF THE "STANDARD."

ST. LEGER ALGERNON HERBERT,

WAR-CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING POST."

Killed at the Battle of Gubat, January 19, 1885.

NOT only in the battle's rangéd ranks,
 Not only under soldier cloth and casque,
 May manhood earn what BAYARD's self would ask,
 A hero's ending and a country's thanks.
 CAMERON, HERBERT! These are names to mate
 With BURNABY's and STEWART's on the roll
 Of militant honour, men of kindred soul,
 Equal in heart and matched in glorious fate.
 Pen *versus* Sword? But now the hasty phrase
 Loses its glib significance since the two
 Co-operate are in splendid risk; and who
 Will weigh their service or divide their praise?
 In steadfast valour, danger-scoring toil,
 Penmen like these are plumeless knights indeed,
 Ready to face war's death-rain, and at need
 To stain with life-blood free a foreign soil.
 What may a soldier more? No more they claim,
 Gallant sword-wielders, than to these brave men,
 Comrades in duty, Paladins of the Pen,
 They gladly yield of glory and of fame.
 And England, watchful of all high deeds done
 By all her children dutiful and brave,
 Lays tear-stained laurel on the desert-grave
 Of gallant HERBERT and stout CAMERON!

L'EMPIRE C'EST LE-PAY!

MR. CHAMBERLAIN's significant reference to the evidently already projected Bill for the payment of Members of Parliament, has, as might have been conceived, produced a tremendous sensation among the beggarly Solicitors, wigless Barristers, superannuated Clerks, and the general ruck of high-souled but impecunious people among whom it is evident that the earnest politicians of the future will inevitably have to be found. Several rumours are afloat as to the leading features of the measure, but the following, though merely preliminary, may be regarded as substantially correct:—

1. £250 per annum (payable quarterly in advance).
2. Free (outside) transit on any omnibus going to or from Westminster Bridge.
3. The right of entrance without charge to Messrs. GATTI's Restaurant, the Duke of York's Column, the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the reserved seats during feeding-time at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.
4. A New Suit of Ready-made Clothes, of stout and serviceable quality, annually, and free of cost, at the commencement of the Summer Session.
5. The *gratis* hire, three times a year, of a White Tie, Pair of Evening Shoes, and Tail Coat, on the three separate occasions, respectively, of attendance at the Speaker's Levy, Invitation to the Shilling Ministerial White Bait Dinner, and possible appearance in the capacity of Honorary Waiters at a Garden Party at Marlborough House.
6. An Extra Donation of £5, in the shape of a Christmas Box, for the purpose of Subscribing fittingly to the various Local, County, or Borough Charities.
7. Six new four-and-ninepenny Hats, for use during the Autumn Recess, with permission; if the meetings be unusually stormy, to have them re-blocked at the expense of the constituency.
8. Right to a free fore-cabin Emigration-Ticket to Central Africa or New Zealand on accepting the Chiltern Hundreds.



THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID, OR SAID OTHERWISE.

Edwin (who is fond of Lecturing his future Bride). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, ANGY. I DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS—BUT I ALWAYS SEEM TO LEAVE YOU IN TEARS!"

Angelina (tenderly, through her sobs). "I—I—I'D SOONER YOU SHOULD LEAVE ME IN TEARS, LOVE, THAN NEVER LEAVE ME AT ALL!"

OUR NOT-QUITE-AT-HOME SECRETARY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

WHAT a grand thing it must be to be a Heaven-born Minister! Though, perhaps, after all, it may be just as grand a thing to fancy yourself one, and so be able to treat with supercilious contempt any audacious body of men, such as Corporations and such small fry, who dare to make a mere common-sense suggestion for meeting a great and alarming difficulty. Besides it so simplifies matters. All the Heaven-born Minister has to do, is to sit quietly in his comfortable office, when some great calamity occurs, and do—nothing, and when any rash man, or body of men, propose to do something, all he has to do is to lecture them on their presumption in the fashion of "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

I am led, Sir, into this train of thought by what has occurred lately in the Metropolis. About a month ago an attempt was made, as we all know, on a Saturday afternoon, to blow up with dynamite an arch of London Bridge, just at the time when the Bridge is certain to be most crowded with men, women, and children. Fortunately, by the merest chance, the awfully wicked attempt failed, or such a scene of fearful suffering would have ensued as perhaps never has been witnessed in a peaceful city. The Corporation of the City of London, who are the trustees of the Bridge, offered a reward of £5,000 for the apprehension and conviction of the miscreants who had planned and attempted to carry out this fiendish scheme, and actually had the audacity to request the high and mighty Minister who condescends to take the Metropolis under his protecting care, to supplement their liberal reward by the customary offer of a free pardon to any accomplice of these bloodthirsty ruffians whom conscience, or fear, or money might tempt to betray them.

But they were soon taught what sort of Minister they had to deal with. After being kept in an anxious state of suspense for about a fortnight, till the great man could find abundant leisure for the consideration of so small a matter, they received an epistle, occupying some twelve sheets of foolscap, severely censuring them for daring to make any suggestion to him upon a subject to which he had given

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

"TROTTINGS OF A TENDER FOOT."

FOR *Trottings of a Tender Foot* your favour I'd enlist—
Don't think it is a work on corns, by 'cute chiropodist!
Don't fancy, when at MUDIE'S—and so the book refuse—
'Tis a treatise by a shoemaker on hygienic shoes!
The book is full of anecdote of life in the Far West;
The hunting tales are given with a mighty hunter's zest:
They're full of wild adventure, and interesting notes,
On the elk and the wapiti and the Rocky Mountain goats.
Here PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY—gossiping of scenery and men—
Tells the story of the rifle with a clever graphic pen!

"ENGLAND."

AIR—"The Death of Nelson."

THIS, doubtless, is a book
At which we all should look—

'Tis clever and compact:

The new Edition we

Pronounce decidedlee

A mine of thought and fact!

"A wondrous work, upon my word,"

The Marker solemnly averred,

With hand upon his waistcoat:

"A learned book, but never dry,—

A book you ought at once to buy,—

Is *England*, writ by ESCOTT!"

"SOME-ONE ELSE."

If three right pleasant Volumes to read you incline,

Here's a capital Novel of novel design:

Mrs. CROKER an excellent story can tell,

And in *Some-one Else* tells it—uncommonly well!

"EAST BY WEST."

AIR—"To the West!"

East by West, East by West,—'twill delight you to scan

Notes of India, the States, and Ceylon, and Japan;

For the bright pen of LUCY is here at its best,

In this rare book of travels he calls *East by West*!

AIR—"Lucy Long."

You took your time, my LUCY,

In which you were not wrong,

Four months the whole world to see

I don't call, LUCY, long.

his whole 'mighty intellect, and the result of such profound consideration would probably shortly appear. This fact, fortunately, gets wind, and not only the Corporation, but the Press, the men of Light and Leading, and the great mass of the Metropolitan public, on the great Minister's plan "suspended wait."

What occurs? In less than three weeks from the day this now celebrated do-nothing epistle was made public, on another Saturday afternoon, when large numbers of people are gazing with admiration on the great historical edifices of the Tower of London and Westminster Hall, and the always-interesting House of Commons, three more awfully wicked attempts are made, they again fail by the merest chance, the same do-nothing principle that failed so miserably before is again adopted, and the Heaven-born Minister walks calmly among the *débris* of the beautiful ceiling of Westminster Hall, and talks philosophically of walking on "the dust of ages!" What his feelings were when he visited the bed-sides of the two poor policemen whose marvellous courage prevented the outrage becoming a catastrophe, it would be impertinent to inquire or to imagine. But we have a clear right to demand how many more of these desperately wicked attempts are yet to be made, before this proud and imperious Minister condescends to inform us what means he proposes adopting for our protection, in addition to lecturing those who were quite ready, if allowed, to adopt means that would have made every Cabman, every Waiter at a Hotel, every Lodging House Keeper a willing helper to the Police, in tracking the steps of the basest miscreants that ever cursed the Earth.

I am, &c.,

A CITIZEN.

"PUBLIC GRIEVANCES."—Our Inspector's most interesting report of Public Grievances (No. IV.) is crowded out this week. This is in itself another Public Grievance.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.—The Account Day on the Stock Exchange.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."



"THANK YOU, JONATHAN; THIS IS REAL BROTHERLY."

John to Jonathan.

THANKS, JONATHAN! This is in deed
Exceedingly fraternal!
And shows we are at heart agreed
In hate for hate infernal.
did not doubt it—not a mite—
But from a brother nation,
One's glad of something definite,
By way of demonstration.
From you, especially, the proof
Meets with a welcome hearty,

Seeing that 'under heaven's wide
roof
There's not another party
To whom my heart so promptly
warms
As *you*—that cannot vary!
Assassination's reptile swarms
Deserve no sanctuary,
Hostes humani generis
These vipers—vermin purely,
Who venomously crawl and hiss,
Coiled, as they think securely,

Within your coverts; but you'll prove
You will not favour *that* trick;
For you propose to make them move,
Playing the new St. Patrick,
Thanks, JONATHAN, my heart you cheer.
It may be yet *my* turn, Sir,
Perhaps *my* record's not quite clear,
But—well, we live and learn, Sir.
Let's pull together, you and me,
And mutually determine
That even the Home of Liberty
Shan't mean a haunt for Vermin!

"AS YOU (DO OR DON'T) LIKE IT."

"What a case am I in then . . . that cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play."—*Epilogue.*

THE Bard knew well enough that *As You Like It* was not a play at all, certainly not a good play, and so he artfully disarmed criticism by an Epilogue. *As You Like It*, as the title implies, was probably a risky venture intended as a superior sort of idyllic extravaganza, to supersede the masques then in fashion.

As far as the management of the St. James's has gone towards the complete revival, everything in the matter of costume and scenery has been magnificently done, in fact overdone.

As for the two Dukes at the St. James's, they are so true to nature,



AS THEY ARE AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Exiled Duke and Party picnicking on pâtés, boar's-head, &c., provided by the Forest Hotel, where they are staying—on tick.

AS THEY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN.

The Exiled Duke and Party in the Forest of Arden. 'Ave to 'Arden their 'arts, and make the best of it.

—which of course they would be at the St. James's, where, if anywhere, they do know what a real live Duke is like,—that we only wonder our Hereditary Legislators have not been banished long ago. But then these, it must be remembered, are Foreign Dukes,—the exiled one being a "Pretender,"—and so perhaps the St. James's Management may not be quite so familiar with this type, as it would be with members of our own aristocracy. Hence it is that the Usurping Duke Frederick, is a blustering, lolloping, restless sort of

under-bred person, the uneasy state of whose conscience is expressed by the hurried manner in which he makes his exits, as though he were perpetually hearing the dread whisper, "Here's a policeman coming!" As for the Exiled Duke, he might be correctly described as the Banished Cheesemonger, so stolid and unobtrusive is the bearing of this Nobleman in reduced circumstances. How he and his followers managed to preserve their beautiful dresses,—for they are more splendidly attired than the other Duke and his people,—while going about in the forest, hunting stags, and lying on mossy banks, is as wonderful as their almost miraculous freedom from rheumatism and horrid bad colds, from which ordinary mortals similarly situated would not be exempt.

The only interest that can be aroused for Orlando, apart from the sympathy which his ineffectual attempts to shake off the Old Adam must receive at everybody's hands, is in his being a stripling, and physically unable to cope with Charles the Wrestler. Such a comparison as exists between Mr. PENLEY and Mr. HILL is absolutely necessary

in these two characters. By the way, PENLEY for Orlando, struggling in the arms of HILL as Charles the Wrestler, and upsetting him in the contest, is a suggestion worth consideration in any future revival. How admirably Mr. KENDAL fulfils this essential condition, and how like a youthful stripling he is, may be imagined by those who are familiar with his appearance in *The Ironmaster*, in *Impulse*, in *The Queen's Shilling*, *The Squire*, and so forth.

The part of that sportive, mock-modest "Young Person," *Rosalind*, falls, of course, to Mrs. KENDAL, in whose hands not a telling point is lost. She is least good in the First Act, and best in the two last. Grant for romantic and poetic purposes the idea of a

girl disguised as a boy, calling himself *Ganymede*, proposing that love should be made to him by a young man, and whose conversation (her friend *Celia* is rather worse in this respect) is of such a nature as to require most careful editing at the hands of a Nineteenth-Century Manager, it must be owned that an Actress has to perform a part which, written in a coarse age to be played by a boy, requires most delicate treatment to prevent its being offensive. Of course the *Rosalind* of Mrs. KENDAL is the piece; it is all *Rosalind*. After her—nobody and nothing. "As you like her," so you like "it." As 'ARRY would say, "It is 'er as makes the 'it."

Nowadays, when its coarseness is eliminated or toned down, or when what is left of it is unintelligible to the majority, the part of *Touchstone* is simply a very bad one, and can only be made telling by a very popular Low Comedian, whose absurd peculiarities are a part of himself, as was the case with the late Mr. BUCKSTONE. We have seen BUCKSTONE as *Touchstone*: we have seen Mr. COMPTON. We laughed at each, not because he was playing *Touchstone*, but because it was BUCKSTONE or COMPTON. Mr. HARE was so intensely nervous on the first night that he rather aroused sympathetic pity than afforded any amusement; but, as some critics in prophetic mood went so far as to praise him for what he is going to do, we own that we shall be most agreeably disappointed if he is ever able to make anything of it at all,—which we believe he cannot do even by developing the sort of Whitechapel walk-round,

which reminded us of Mr. DAVID JAMES's chick-a-leary step after singing "*The Ugly Donkey Cart*," in a Strand burlesque.

SHAKESPEARE, in this piece, has put all the best speeches by which the play is remembered into the mouths of subordinate characters. Old *Adam*, *Jaqes*, the First Lord, the Exiled Duke, even wicked *Oliver*, have the best things to say and very little to do.

And why on earth couldn't they leave the music alone? Mr. CELLIER's compositions (except one, which is of an inferior Offenbachian order) are pretty and musically enough, and would be in their place at a Concert as an interesting experiment, but in the piece itself they are a mistake. The audience want to hear the old familiar tunes, and they so resented their absence on the first night as to give an extra welcome to their old



Playing the Fool; or, Hare and Hexercise.

friend in the tune of "*The Cuckoo*," which Mrs. KENDAL sang as if she had been JENNY LIND instead of *Rosa Lind*, and had she but added a dance afterwards, there are not a few of her professional sisters who play in burlesque but would have trembled for their laurels, in case she should take it into her head to return to this line of business, to which we believe she bade farewell for ever in the revival of a certain Classical Extravaganza, called *Ixion*, at the Haymarket.

Our receipt for keeping the piece in the bills is this:—Cut down *Touchstone*, and give it to Mr. PAULTON; let Miss PHILLIPS (who was in the company, and is now for aught I know) play *Audrey*; cart away, D'OYLY CARTE away, all Mr. CELLIER's vocal music, retaining the instrumental "melodrames" as suitable to the extravaganza, and finish with a sprightly dance, written by Herr MEYER LUTZ or M. JACOB, either of whom thoroughly understands the sort of thing required to give the piece a lift, add a good *tableau* lit up with sixpenn'orth of red fire, and the chances of a long run may be considerably improved.

To Madame Jane Hading.

AIR—"My Pretty Jane."

My handsome JANE, my clever JANE,
At you a "bookay" will I shy
When next I see you in the evening
Playing at the Royalty.



Mrs. Kendal as Ganymede in Gaiters in the Shakspearian Extravaganza. St. James's to be now known as the "Gaiter Theatre."



"I Kendal the boy."—Last line but one, Act i., Sc. 1, St. James's Acting Version of "*As You Like It*."

LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

BY EMINENT HANDS.

V.—ON "GO."

DEAR TOBY,

It will probably occur to you that I am the last person in the world to discuss the question of "Go." I have, as everybody knows, since they have no opportunity to forget, publicly confessed myself lacking in "Go." I may tell you that I did that in the way



of quiet jest. I often make little jokes of that kind, and am sometimes surprised at the reception they meet with. It was a sly hit at some of my friends and colleagues; but people have taken it literally, and there it will always stand.

That I am not lacking in "Go" of a proper kind was, I venture to think, abundantly shown during my recent trip to Devonshire. When I started on the campaign, I was, I own, a little depressed to find the name of the Gentleman deputed to personally conduct me was PINE-COFFIN. There is a grim preciseness about the name that made me shudder. It seemed that not only were our hopes predestined to early death, but that arrangements had already been made to bury them. However, that was a mere fancy, which I soon got over. There were some people at our meetings who had been present during the PREMIER's last visit to Midlothian, and who declared that in respect of the crowd that came to see me, and of the manner in which I moved that crowd, GLADSTONE was not in it. Day and night I kept it up, and though the newspapers would have it that I said nothing fresh, and they always say that, I for one have come to disregard the *dictum*.

But there is Go and Go—or, if you would like it in the original, *Il y a aller et aller*. According to some practitioners, "Go" consists of flouting your elders and betters, saying all kinds of impertinent, insolent, and inaccurate things, and never, under any conditions, withdrawing an imputation or accusation proved to be groundless. "Go," in this sense, is chiefly made up of the habit of "cheeking" your elders, the more venerable and the more respected, the more creditable, or at least the more successful, the effort. I do not disguise the fact that I have myself personally suffered from ebullitions of the spirit here faintly indicated. I have borne it with a meekness which has, perhaps, had the effect of encouraging further displays. I have generally in such bouts played the part, or rather presented the appearance, of the vanquished. But I declare that I would not change places with the nominal victor.

There is another kind of "Go," less reprehensible from a political point of view, because it is better balanced in its operation. Adepts of the first class do not mind whom they hurt, whether friend or foe. Of the second class the attack and misrepresentation are limited to the disadvantage of the enemy. You will know well enough that there are times and seasons in politics when it is impossible to be lively. Things are dull generally, or the position of your own Party is such that the least said is the better. At such crises I, in accordance with old-fashioned habits, think the best thing to do is to remain

silent. If I had "Go," I should be able to make a diversion by misquoting some prominent man on the other side, or misrepresenting his actions and intentions, and forthwith proceeding to beat him about the head.

Very well, TOBY; I would say at once that if this is "Go," and as long as it continues to be regarded as "Go," I shall be content to stand by my declaration that I am lacking in the quality. When I first went into politics, and for many years after, we did not do that kind of thing. With respect to the first kind of "Go," the House of Commons would never have tolerated it. As to the second, I remember very well how my esteemed colleague Lord SALISBURY, even at some expense to the Conservative Party, denounced the late Mr. DISRAELI because (as he thought) his ways were not absolutely straight, nor his statements always in precise accordance with facts. That shows you at what a high standard public life was once held in this country. It was, within my memory, regarded as an undisputed axiom, that deliberately to state what is not true, to garble quotations, or to misrepresent a political adversary, is equally unworthy of a Gentleman in politics as a similar course would be pursued in private life.

I like to dwell on these old times, but refrain lest you should think me garrulous. I do not bring charges against anyone. I would simply say that the ways of life, both in the House of Commons and on the platform, are different now from what they used to be, say, not later than Lord PALMERSTON's time; and if it is "Go" that has made the change, I shall remain content to enjoy my reputation.

To TOBY, M.P.,

The Kennel, Barks.

Yours very truly,

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

WHAT MR. PARNELL MIGHT HAVE SAID.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Mr. PARNELL had this great opportunity offered to him on Monday of last week, but, strange and sad to say, he lacked the courage and manliness to seize it, and it will probably never occur again. On the previous Saturday no less than three of those dastardly and cruel attempts at the indiscriminate slaughter of hundreds of innocent men, women, and children, that make thoughtful men sad, and the mildest of men fierce with anger, had taken place in the capital of the Empire, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The day and hour selected were those when the largest number of casual visitors was sure to be in the Buildings destined to destruction, and when therefore the largest number of innocent victims would be sent to their long rest without a note of warning, or, far worse, maimed, or blinded, or disfigured for life. Within eight-and-forty hours of this almost inconceivably wicked and cruel crime, Mr. PARNELL, the idol of the great body of the Irish people, the man to whom they look up for guidance and for counsel in the struggle they are making for greater national liberty, and who must know full well that no man can possess the enormous influence that he possesses without also bearing a proportionately large amount of responsibility, stands up before an enormous crowd of his trusting fellow-countrymen, and is received by them with the customary enthusiastic cheers; and this, we deeply regret to say, is the speech that Mr. PARNELL did not speak:—

Fellow Countrymen! Before addressing you on the many interesting matters that crowd upon my mind when I remember all that Ireland owes to the Men of Clare, how in 1880 they set an example to the whole country that spread like a rushing whirlwind over the rest of Ireland, and why at this turning-point in our history it is proper that the people of Clare should again meet together, and again vow fealty to the cause of Ireland, I feel it incumbent upon me, as a man, an Irishman, and a Christian, to say a few words to you upon a matter of the deepest interest to all of us.

You have doubtless heard of what took place in London last Saturday. Attempts were made to utterly destroy three of the principal buildings in the Metropolis at a time when they were being visited by hundreds of visitors, mostly from the country, including a large proportion of women and children. Anything more awful than the scenes of massacre and agony that would have followed the attempts had they been successful, it is impossible to conceive. We are told these awful crimes are committed in furtherance of the cause of Old Ireland. I ask you, as your appointed Leader, quite ready and willing to take my full share of every responsibility that may attach to me when the proper time comes for action, to join with me heart and soul, every Irishman among you, in denunciation of these fiendish attempts, as useless, too, as they are fiendish, and to say with me, or to let me say it for you, not only here, in this glorious country, but in every place in which I may find myself, whether among good friends, as here, or among bitter foes, as elsewhere, that Ireland needs no such dastardly help to aid her in her holy cause, and that she refuses to enlist in her noble army of freemen, ready to become her noble army of martyrs if necessary, any such company of bloodthirsty ruffians as would disgrace any cause however great, and ruin any enterprise however sacred!



"NEVER SAY DIE!"

Aunt. "MY POOR DEAR MOLLY, YOU REMIND ME OF CINDERELLA!"

Molly. "AH! CINDERELLA WENT TO THE BALL TOO, IN THE END!"

A DREAM ABOUT DYNAMITE.

A STATESMAN'S DREAM.—In his waking hours he used sometimes to dream of arresting the attempts of Dynamitards to blow up Bridges and Buildings, by the concession of Home Rule to Home Rulers. One night, in bed and asleep, he dreamt that he actually had granted Ireland a separate Parliament, to legislate for Irish affairs. There then ensued a cessation of dynamite outrages for a time. But the Irish Parliament very soon endeavoured to take part in Imperial legislation. This attempt was resisted by the British Government; and then an agitation was immediately started in Ireland, and amongst the Irish Americans, for the complete Repeal of the Union by the separation of Ireland, absolutely and altogether, from the British Crown. This demand having been denied, the Dynamitards forthwith renewed their incendiary attempts at intimidation, to which our Ministers and Parliament again yielded, and the Sister Kingdom was constituted an Irish Republic.

Once more the Dynamitards suspended their atrocities, but by-and-by England got involved in a war, and the Irish Republicans forthwith formed an alliance with the enemy, whom they assisted with an Irish Army and likewise an Irish Fleet, with which they had furnished themselves as well as they could, and also rendered them every other assistance except pecuniary. At the same time the dynamite conspirators recommenced their hostilities as they had all along called them, declaring all agencies for the destruction of life and property fair in war. Thence the slumbering Statesman discerned that they were no merely incensed nationalists and infuriated patriots, being, indeed, mostly not native Irishmen, but American-Irish actuated simply and solely as to this country, by irreconcilable hatred and ferocious malice which no conciliation whatsoever could possibly assuage. The Statesman awoke with an enlightened mind, and in a bodily perspiration. As soon as he had rubbed his eyes, and begun to reflect, it occurred to him that he had better at once communicate with respectable Home Rulers, and point out to them that any disposition to comply with even their reasonable requests was effectually repressed by the conviction that no such compliance would be of the least avail for the purpose of diminishing the danger to be apprehended from continual dynamite explosions.

A BILL OF COSTS OF THE FUTURE.

(When the "Two Branches" are Amalgamated.)

	£	s.	d.
Instructions from Client for Case	0	6	8
Retainer to myself, and attending myself	1	6	8
Paid myself my fee, and Clerk	1	3	6
Drawing Claim	1	3	6
Attending myself with papers	1	0	0
Fee to myself and Clerk	1	3	6
Attending Client on his signing Affidavit, and reading over Affidavit to be sworn	0	6	8
Paid Oath	0	1	6
Attending filing Affidavit	0	6	8
Served Writ	0	5	0
Paid Summons for Assault and Battery	0	2	6
Attending myself to prosecute, and Clerk	1	3	6
Attending and searching for Appearance	0	6	8
Paid Search	0	1	0
Attending the Officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex	0	6	8
Four days remaining in as Man in Possession	1	2	0
Attending Court on Motion when dismissed with Costs	0	13	4
Briefing myself	1	3	6
Fee to myself	2	2	0
Attending myself	0	13	4
Attending taxing	0	6	8
Attending Settlement Amount of Costs	0	6	8
Term Fee	0	15	0
Paid Correspondence, Cabs, Use of Wig, Postage, Hire of Gown, and Clerk's Luncheons	7	4	8

Total (there or thereabouts) roughly £23 10 4

MACBETH wouldn't believe that Birnam Wood could or would go to Dunsinane. No one could have believed that the Temple has been moved to St. Paul's. It's a fact, though. *Exit* Exeter, re-enter as London.



AT LAST!

"THE TINY SQUARE"

At the Battle of Gubat, fought in the Desert near Metemneh, by Sir Herbert Stewart's flying column, January 19th, 1885.

WITH one long deep breath of relief every breast in our England was filled, And then to the tale; and the blood in our veins how it tingled and thrilled! The story, though old, ever new, not unworthy the ears of the gods, Of stoutness in perilous straits, and of valour defiant of odds, We knew, yes, we knew they would tell it once more, not with speech but with steel;

Yet would aught but the desert-winds hear it? That fear, which we could not but feel,

Hung cold on our hearts, for the handful that scattered the hordes of the foes At Abu-Klea's wells were so few, and the clutch of the waste seemed to close Upon STEWART's small band, and we waited, as wanderers wait for the day, For light from the shadows to cheer us, a voice from the silence to say How fared our few hundreds. So fared they as men sore beset by a host, A troop by an army surrounded, a speck in the sand-stretches lost; Death-tired and wound-hampered and weary, unsleeping, though fainting for sleep,

The desert-thirst parching their throats, and the desert-throngs lurking to leap In tigerish myriads upon them. But STEWART with stoical smile Leads on through the sand-dunes and jungles. His thousand must march for the Nile!

The Arab-hordes hover about them, their watch-fires gleam red through the night, And day shows them compassed around; no escaping them! "Breakfast—and fight"

Is STEWART's calm order, as calmly obeyed. 'Midst a murderous fire A hasty entrenchment is raised, and then—let them have their desire, Those blood-thirsty hosts on the sandhills! Give fight! ten to one though they be, Our phalanx'd eight hundred will face them. And STEWART—alas! no, not *he*. The hero of hot Abu-Klea is down ere the battle is set, Borne back from the front badly hit, with a leader's keen throb of regret Adding pain to his wound. Now the shot of the enemy lashes like hail, That small serried square in the desert, which thousands await to assail. The Soudani horsemen and footmen hang hungry on rear and on flank, Like wolves round the traveller's watch-fire. To stand and be mown rank on rank Like swatches to the sickle fast falling were folly. So out on the waste That "Tiny Square," shoulder to shoulder, tramps forth without halt without haste.

Picture it! E'en fire-side fancy may see it, that small stealing speck, In the wide tawny waste creeping slow, but with movement that nothing may check

Though out from the scrub all around it the death-volleys rattle and ring, Down, down to the valley it marches, gap'd often, yet steady of swing, Cool closing, and quietly wheeling, right, left, fighting silently on, Each man passing prompt to the place whence a shot-stricken comrade is gone. Then massing their air-shaken banners, the swordsmen and spearmen sweep down, Like Seamander in flood on that square they hurl fiercely, but fall, bullet-mown. In death-rings around it, so coolly, so closely the volleys flash out, The Dervishes' fanatic fury, the Desert-men's desperate shout Avail not to force or to hurry, again, and again, and again They rush, to be met by those muzzles, they crush, to be checked by that rain; Till after two hours of such onset, two hours of such stubborn advance, Down, down in one fierce final charge crash the Arabs, with sword and with lance

All thirsty for blood, their ten thousand three sides of that still "Tiny Square" Shock madly, but firm as a rock-range wave-lashed, it stands steadily there, One flame all around. Can they close, can they reach it, those furious swarms Of yelling brave Allah-invokers? E'en breasts whom the battle-glow warms May chill at the thought. But they fall, fall in hundreds, unceasingly fall, No man of them hears that small square, all in vain the mad Dervishes call, And the horsemen howl fiercely in vain; although fired to rush bravely on death, They are checked, these fanatical hordes, by the blast of that Phlegethon breath, Checked, daunted, at last, God be thanked! See they stop, see they turn, see they fly! And that still "Tiny Square" yet unbroken, stands safe—and the Nile-stream is nigh.

How they cheered the "return of the Square," they who all through that terrible night

Had waited with doubt-burdened bosoms, unknowing the end of the fight, The war-pens may tell. But our England at home in mid-winter hot flushes At thought of that Square in the sand-wastes; the talk of the home-circle hushes, Whilst fancy re-pictures that moment when level in balance there hung The fate of that dauntless eight hundred. The singers of England have sung Of war-themes none nobler than this of brave STEWART's invincible band, Of the hour when, alone in the desert, Old England again seemed to stand Like a sore-wounded lion surrounded by hosts of the hunters, yet still By the force of an unshrinking front, by the strength of unshakable will, Stood, lived, shook the hunters' hordes off, and, uncaptured, returned to its lair. For our soldiers a psalm we lift, and we lift for brave STEWART a prayer,

But live he, or die he, his fame is assured, linked for ever in story

With one of those heart-stirring pictures that brighten the pages of glory.

That brave "Tiny Square" in the Desert, whilst England has valour and worth,

Must live with the famed "thin red line" that gleams bright through the gloom of the North.

THE BEERS-SHOP OF BOND STREET.

MR. VAN BEERS, whether as an eccentric or serious Artist, can give most of 'em pints, and beat 'em easy.

There is one picture, however, which, with all deference to Mr. VAN BEERS, we would not include in the Exhibition. It is probably the first to catch the eye of the visitor on entering, and the last on leaving; and, on seeing it for thesecondtime, when he has carefully examined the collection, it will seem to him beneath comparison, from any point of view, with the other pictures, whose Meissonnier-like finish is their greatest charm and



A Hint for Improving the Illustration Outside the Catalogue.

their only apology. "Au Clair de la Lune" outwhistles WHISTLER. At present only a few are sold; some, we expect, will remain on hand for a considerable time. The Colney Hatch prize picture of "Madness" bought by SARAH BERNHARDT, and not sold with her other valuables, is more the work of a van Demon than a VAN BEERS.

His miniature Landscapes, with their occasionally strange effects of light, will repay careful examination. There are three hundred of them, and it is said that Mr. VAN BEERS will only sell them *en bloc*—which sounds as if they were done "on the wood." These Landscapes represent the work of ten years; so that their purchaser will possess the work of two great Dutchmen—VAN BEERS and TEN-IERS—all in one.

The modelling by Mr. VAN DER STRAATEN is excellent, and most humorous. The big "Folly" playing a puppet Masher is imitatively droll; and the humour of the two figures, representing a Lady and Gentleman who have just interchanged a good story—it is labelled "Shocking!"—is so immediately evident, that, approach it which way he will, the spectator, if he possesses any sense of the ludicrous at all, is bound to join the couple in their mirth. To see the visitors, one after another, stopping before this work, and gradually breaking into a broad grin, or at once chuckling outright, or yielding to a short sharp guffaw and then looking round to ascertain if their momentary forgetfulness has scandalised anybody, is one of the "humours" of Mr. VAN BEERS' Exhibition at the Salon Parisien, Bond Street. We object to the illustrated cover of the Catalogue, and have suggested in our Vignette an improvement in the attire, which, being of an ecclesiastical cut, will suit his Artistic Irreverence the Beers-shop of Bond Street, whose genius we admire, but whose use of it we, without any sort of Podsnappery, sincerely regret.

SHORT CRITICISM (by Our Crusty Contributor).—Loose Tiles, at the Vaudeville, will be none the worse for a good slating.

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

SOME years ago I made a discovery concerning the Divine WILLIAMS, a discovery before which those of the New Shakspeare Society are as nothing; to the glow of which the lights of those who have gone about to prove that BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE or SHAKSPEARE



wrote BACON, or neither wrote both or both wrote neither—for which I say, Sir, their lights shall be as mere tallow-dips, and dim at that. On this discovery, Sir, I wrote a few notes at the time, but having prosecuted my researches to the utmost point, I feel that it is to you, Sir—and to you alone—that I ought to communicate the result. In the first place, because I choose to (the reason was good enough for WILLIAMS'S *Shylock*, and is good enough for me); in the second place, because the question also concerns you, or you in one of your Avatars, dealing as it does with the immortal drama known to the world as *Punch* (short title, if I remember right, *The Tragic History of Punch and Judy*). The origin of this great work has, as you are aware, been sought for in the mists of antiquity with indifferent success by many wise and learned persons; but it is less with its cause than with that of which it is the cause in others, or rather in another, that the wise and learned person who now addresses you is concerned.

However, "brief let me be." We have heard a good deal, Sir, of how and where the Divine WILLIAMS got his plots; perhaps at times we may even have heard more than enough of it. We know all about SAXO-GRAMMATICUS and the Italian stories, and so forth. But, Sir, I believe I am the first who ever burst upon the discovery of where *Richard the Third* came from. It came, Sir, from *Punch*. And my reasons, or some of them, for this assertion, as you have not yet heard them, I will now proceed to relate to you. But as I fear that even for so worthy a subject you could hardly spare me a whole number of *Punch*, I will touch only upon the more striking (the word is appropriate) points.

To begin with, in the heroes of both plays we find precisely the same qualities—deformity, light-heartedness, daring, wickedness, subtlety, masterfulness, remorselessness, and superstition. In the scenes, and in the other characters of both dramas there is astounding variety, an artful mingling of tragedy and comedy, a lively and engaging picture of men and manners—in short, all those characteristics which are called Shakspearian, but which, as regards this play at least, ought evidently to be called Punchian. As for the incidents, the resemblance is so patent that it is strange it should have been reserved for me to detect it. *Punch*, it is true, opens a little more abruptly than *Richard the Third*. In the Shakspearian play we find *Richard* in the first scene announcing his intention of becoming a husband. In *Punch*, his prototype is already in the first scene a husband and a father, and his first deed in the drama is to throw his infant out of window with reckless enjoyment, the parallel to which performance, *Richard's* disposal of his nephews, comes much later in the later play.

The following incident of wife-murder is treated with greater boldness in *Punch* than in *Richard the Third*, for *Punch*, instead of making any bones about his wife *Judy* being sick and like to die, just takes his stick and knocks her down and there's an end on't. As for *Clarence*, he must be held to correspond with the foreign gentleman who appears and disappears towards the end instead of at the beginning of *Punch*. WILLIAMS never cared how he inverted the incidents he took. The fordoings of the *Beadle* corresponds more closely in reason and in date with that of *Hastings*, and in each play the deed indicates the hero's desire to sweep all rival authority out of his way. *Neighbour Brown* in *Punch* corresponds in the same way to *Hastings* in *Richard the Third*, and surely nothing can be clearer than that both the character and the fate of *Joey*, the light-minded and frivolous scoffer, answer exactly to the disposition, in two senses, of *Buckingham* in *Richard the Third*. As for the spectral

appearances, it leaps to the reader's eyes, as plainly as the ghosts do to *Punch's* and *Richard's*, that the incident is identical in both dramas. The final catastrophe, it is true, is not the same in both plays, but then in both there is a terrific combat of two preceding it.

And before ending this mere sketch of my argument, I would call your attention Sir, to one very remarkable passage in *Richard the Third*, Act V., Sc. 3. "Look that my staves be sound and not too heavy," says *Richard*, in giving directions for his arming for the fight. Now, Sir, did a warrior of that time habitually fight with a staff? No; but *Punch* did, and so WILLIAMS stuck it in, just as he made cannon go off at *King Claudius's* Court, to take one out of many parallel instances. Isn't this convincing? If you don't think so, you—well, you are at full liberty—yes, actually at full liberty—to burn this communication after (or before) you have read it.

Yours truly,

SHALLABALAH.

OUR SERENADERS.

(After Longfellow?)

["The plaintiff," Mr. Justice MATHEW decided, in an action brought by a literary man to prevent a noise on a neighbour's premises, "contended for a condition of felicity which could never be obtained in London."—*Daily Paper*.]

I LAY in my bed at midnight,
As the dogs were barking the hour,
And I hurled at their heads, of language,
A maledictory shower!

I heard their pestilent voices
In the garden under me,
Like a chorus of demons yelling
In hideous symphony.

Most gladly would I have strangled
The Judge who lately said
The Londoner never must hope for
Repose in his little bed.

How often, oh how often,
In the nights that have gone by,
I have tossed on my pillow, and wondered
Why Cats seem never to die!

How often, oh how often,
I have wished that some tempest drear
Would bear away in its bosom
My neighbour's Chanticleer!

And when his protest uplifteth
The mongrel over the way,
I look about for my pistol,
And long for the dawn of day.

And that terrible little Terrier—
Why cannot its mistress see
That it has no right to prowl at night
And bark at the moon and me?

When I think that this latest decision
Of the case-encumbered Judge
Will help my neighbours to heard me,
And to dub my threats as "fudge,"—

I seem to see a procession
Of ills which must spring from it—
The young man goaded to madness,
And the old going off in a fit.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as those Dogs delight
To bark, and the Cats to bellow,
And murder sleep in the night,

The Judge, and his latest decision,
And his cold remarks, will show
That he hears no "meowling" above him,
And no "bow-wowling" below!



HIS FIRST!

Constable (suspiciously). "THAT BAG, SIR—DOES IT CONTAIN—?"
Little Barrister. "MY BRIEF!"

A MODERN MEMOIR.

(*The Autobiography and Letters of Miss Skimley Harpole. London. Messrs. Rakings & Co., 1885.*)

SELDOM have we perused a book with so much interest as has thrilled us during our reading of these two handsome volumes. Situate as Miss HARPOLE was, the daughter of a famous bishop, claiming for mother a lady whose good deeds are remembered to this day, sister of one of the most brilliant female leaders of society, and herself popular, fêted, and caressed, there is small room for wonder that even the bare details of Miss HARPOLE's everyday life would prove interesting, but when told in a charmingly frank style, her book becomes a model of what a Memoir should be. In a few short simple sentences she, with delicious *naïveté*, relates her home-life, and so clearly is the picture put before us that we cannot resist quoting the fragment:—

"Abroad what were we considered? My father, one of the most popular bishops of the day; my mother indefatigable in all diocesan work; my brother inheriting his father's

oratorical and logical powers, and striving to attain the same high position on the Bench that his progenitor held in the Church; my married sister, a star in the world of fashion, yet devoted to her husband and her home, and myself, so shy and demure, a little puss, that it was well said of me that my father should never have been ought but a curate."

From personal knowledge, and from a tolerably accurate recollection of the public life of those days, this is a marvellously true reproduction of general opinion on the Bishop of Battersea's family; but, by kindly hands, the veil which hung over their private life has been raised, and in Miss HARPOLE's own words:—

"Take us at home of a night! The Bishop in an easy chair, with his gaitered legs crossed, and elevated on the back of another, with a short clay pipe in his mouth, is vaguely mixing his eleventh tumbler of hot gin-and-water, causing us girls great pain to conceal our titters, when, as happens very often at this period of the evening, he deposits the greater part of the hot water on the table-cloth or himself. My mother, regardless of him, sits, carefully studying a sporting paper, and the *Racing Calendar*, and making her selections for the next day's horse-races. For a heavy gambler is my mother, as is my brother, who, when at home—which is seldom—is either delighted at having won, or in the sulks because he has lost money to his fellow legal students at billiards. As a rule he is delighted, and always carries a lump of chalk in his pocket. My sister is writing notes to Men about Town, Peers, and Guardsmen, her lovely features only losing their serenity when lit up by an arch look of wonderment whether she has made appointments with two different men at the same hour and place, while I am sitting, in my school-girlish way, by myself, making notes, so as to tell the world some day the true story of my life."

No practised Author could have drawn a more dainty description of an idyllic home than has Miss HARPOLE in the above few sentences. And it must be confessed, even by the most flattering critic, that the Lady is always seen to more advantage when writing of her family than when alluding to the affairs of State or Church, with which, however, she was well acquainted. Here is a pleasing recollection of her brother:—

"I well remember Mr. CRAIGSCOURT, the wealthy banker, dining with us one night, and telling us, with tears in his eyes, that his son, a mere boy with no experience, had taken to gambling in the most reckless manner. Could any of us, he imploringly said, do something to save the lad? Although working very hard at the time, my brother JIMMY promised to see if he could effect a reformation, and, sure enough, for the next six months he never let the lad out of his sight, at the expiration of which time young Mr. CRAIGSCOURT went to live in Boulogne, while JIMMY started a private cab and three saddle-horses. But to this day I do not know whether the father ever thanked JAMES for his devotion."

Of politics Miss HARPOLE says little; but here is a bright fresh description of a dinner-party, as seen by the inexperienced eyes of a girl just freed from the thralldom of the school-room:—

"On Thursday night we dined at the Minister's. It was my first dinner there, and I trust it will be my last. Everything was wretchedly cooked, and everything came up cold except the champagne. There was a leading article in the *Times*

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 5.



THE LEADING THEATRES USE A STEAM-CRANE TO ENABLE LATE COMERS TO REACH THEIR SEATS.

the next morning about the inarticulate utterances of the Ministry, which I really think must have been written by one of the footmen, for the Minister imbibed enormous quantities of the warm wine, and I felt quite sorry for the butler, who looked so respectable that he must have been under a suspicion of stealing plate in his last situation to have accepted such a place, when I thought of the trouble he would have in assisting his master to bed."

Space forbids us to say any more on the merits of this charming work, but we cannot resist one extract which shows how true was the estimate of the Bishop's noble character:—

"We were one night at the Italian Opera, of which my father was passionately fond, and during the ballet our attention was drawn towards a singularly lovely girl on the Stage. 'Alas!' said Colonel 'she is as bad as she is beautiful.' The Bishop immediately avowed his readiness to investigate the case at the earliest opportunity. He was always thinking of others, despite Mamma's occasional stubborn opposition."

This concludes our notice. In brief, the book is a most excellent specimen of the modern style of Memoir, conceived with kindness of heart and charity of remembrance, and executed with literary taste, skill, and polish.

COVENT GARDEN.—For those whom such sights delight, the Horse on the nine-inch rope will be a real treat. "He knows the ropes"—at all events he is on the best of terms with this one, and then to arrive at it there is "such a getting up stairs," while the return journey seems, and probably is, by far the more difficult of the two. Mr. GEORGE BATTY, in a jockey suit, is well worth seeing on his bare-backed steed, riding imaginary races in the most extraordinary fashion, standing, sitting, kneeling, twisting round, coming off, leaping on while the horse is in full canter, and hardly ever failing to spring into an attitude at a single bound. "Batti! Batti!" as the song has it, and this BARRY, like a good-sized Turkey carpet, would take a lot of beating. One great attraction for us was that we saw the distinguished name of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN in the programme serving as Ring-master, and we wondered how the poetic, but businesslike Editor of the *National Review* could manage to find time for this peculiar sort of work as well. We were prepared to interview him on the subject after the performance, but he turned out to be a totally different person altogether. We mention this so as to prevent disappointment.

THE BUTLERS OF GREAT MEN.

(Interviewed by Our Own Back-stairs Representative.)

No. II.—AT THE EARL OF D.—BY'S.

"If you're an Australian Member of Parliament, or some grumbling loafer of that sort, you know, you had better go and bully them in Downing Street—it's no use trying it on here."

This was my first very natural greeting at the distinguished Statesman's area-gate. A word or two, however, explained the nature of my mission, and I soon found myself looking through doors ajar, and quietly creeping along back passages under the guidance of my condescending but communicative informant.

"This," he said, showing me a large empty room with a highly-polished floor, "is where his Lordship has his favourite game of Blindman's Buff. He is always at it. But it's mostly on Saturday afternoons, when he can manage to get the whole Cabinet to come down and take a turn with him, that he gets his best go. He's 'Blindman' the whole time, for he never catches anybody."

"Dear me!" I replied, surprised but interested, "does even the Foreign Secretary manage to get out of his way?"

"Bless you, Sir, every one of them," was his laconic answer. "Besides, he likes being in the dark, and not knowing where he's going to," he added, thoughtfully. "He's always been like that ever since he was a boy."

"Then that may account," I suggested, "in some measure for his apparent indecision in public affairs? You know," I continued, rather emboldened by a slight twinkle I fancied I detected in my informant's eye, "that what with his saying one thing one day, and another the next, he sometimes scarcely seems to be politically the same person for a fortnight together?"

"Then you've never heard the story?" asked my guide, opening another door, and laughing pleasantly to himself? "No? Well, you do surprise me!" he continued, ushering me at the same moment into a handsome apartment, evidently devoted to the performance of private theatricals. "It's very simple; and, as I've often remarked to myself, explains a good deal."

"Go on!" I said, mechanically.

"Well," he rejoined, "it's merely, you know, that his Lordship has always been very fond of this sort of thing." He pointed to the Stage as he spoke. "Posing and all that, you see—it seems to come natural to him; and among his chief hits—he only plays to me and the other gentlemen and the Housekeeper and a few of the uppers—is *The Corsican Brothers*. Well in putting that up, and he's very careful in such things, he got such a capital double—a retired clown,—for the *Ghost*, that I'll tell you what, Sir, after that performance was over, not one, for the life of us, could tell which was which, and, though I chalked the Earl myself just to make sure of him, the next time I met them both at rehearsal, there was no mistake about it,—I couldn't have picked him out if you had offered me a couple of sovereigns! Now do you understand," he added, with a significant nod of inquiry, "what has come of that resemblance?"

"You don't mean that, when he's tired, he sends—well the other down to take his place at the Foreign Office?"

"Send him down? Rather. What do you say to his trying it on at a Cabinet Council, too?"

I involuntarily gave a long low whistle. A light seemed to dawn on me. Some strange, contradictory, and puzzling evolutions of policy seemed to be slowly explaining themselves before me.

"But his colleagues?" I asked.

"Suspect something, I fancy,—but are far too 'cute to say anything about it."

This was certainly a strange revelation, yet still did not account for everything. A thought occurred to me. "His spare time," I inquired, "how does he spend that?"

We were entering a spacious school-room now. In the window were two large terrestrial globes; on the walls several colossal maps. I walked in. At a study-table near the fireplace I discovered evidences of recent work. I looked at the Butler,—but I had anticipated his explanation.

"He knows nothing about it,—never did," he said, with an expressive wink. "Betwixt you and me, he's making up for lost time; but he hasn't got first-class materials to go upon. Look at that there."

I took up the piece of paper to which he pointed. It was a Map of South Africa, without any indication of the Cameroons.

At that moment a hurried step was heard on the stairs, and we instinctively retired behind a huge swing Chart of the Congo, "as known to Geographers in the year 1837."

"Is it he—or the other?" I asked, in a whisper, as the familiar figure of the Earl entered the room.

"Blest if I can tell yet. Wait."

The figure sat down at the table, and, throwing up its arms, cried, almost passionately, "Zanzibar! Who ever heard of Zanzibar!"

"It's him!" said the Butler, under his breath.

In another minute I was in St. James's Square—a sadder, but wiser man.

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HUNTING PUZZLE.

"MY DEAR FELLOW," HE HAS BEEN TOLD, "YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND A PLACE TO CREEP THROUGH SOMEHOW, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO JUMP." YES—BUT, CONFOUND IT! THE HOUNDS ARE RUNNING, AND *WHERE IS THE PLACE TO CREEP THROUGH?*"

IRELAND'S WORST ENEMIES.

ON the part of London Irish Working Men, apprehension has been expressed that a prejudice against them, excited by the late Dynamite Outrages, supposed to have been committed by countrymen of theirs, will subject them to the loss or refusal of employment. As well think of disbanding the "London Irish" Volunteers for fear of a Fenian "Devil's Own." It may surely be hoped that no employer of labour in England will so lose his head in a paroxysm of panic as to visit the atrocities of American-Irish miscreants on the heads of Anglo-Irish honest and good fellows. JOHN BULL is not the sort of Bull to go mad with fright, and behave with the unthinking fury of a frantic Bull in a China Shop. In the meanwhile, the Irish in our midst may well take note that the Dynamiters don't care a button what damage they may do them, whether by ruin of their means of living, or by blowing them up indiscriminately with their surrounding neighbours.

IN HIS ELEMENT.

A "BANK MANAGER" very reasonably the other day inquired in the columns of a Contemporary, whether, in the face of recent experience, something ought not to be done to improve the condition of our Detective Police Force? After commenting on the clumsy "make-up," the slouching march, and general lack of intelligence that characterise the present British *Mouchard*, he goes on very pertinently to ask, whether there is not material from which to form a corps of superior officials of this stamp to be found "among the Great Unemployed," suggesting that "even Actors without an engagement" might, with advantage to Society, present themselves without further delay, and offer their services at Scotland Yard. There is certainly something in the idea, at least, as far as the Dramatic profession is concerned; for who could so readily as the fairly experienced Actor could—either with or without a table for change of dress,—give a series of those "impersonations" proper to the detection of crime?

At the present moment there might be some difficulty in finding recruits; but later in the season, when the "Inventories" are in full swing, even some distinguished Stars might be induced to take a turn at the business. There are at least two leading Tragedians

whose manner, voice, and walk, could never be recognised even under the garb of the ordinary Police Constable; and they might really with great effect make essay of their powers in the service of the State as soon as Parliament meets. No man could be better qualified to prevent the blowing-up of somebody else's house than he who is in the habit of bringing down his own. Meantime here is a fine opportunity for the Dramatic School of Art. The President should look to it.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE; OR, REASSURING.

[A Cabinet Council was held yesterday in Downing Street. It has not transpired whether any definite line of action has yet been decided on by the Government.—*Daily Paper, Friday, 6th inst.*]

THE Right Hon. W. E. MICAWBER GL-DST-NE said that, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, he had every reasonable hope that, in fact, "something would turn up." In the meantime—

The L-RD CH-NC-LL-R remarked that, as far as he was concerned, he had not the slightest doubt—

Lord C-RI-NGF-RD heartily concurred, and would add—

Sir W-LL-AM H-RC-BT was entirely at one with him, and could not for the life of him conceive why—

Earl GR-NV-LLE would only observe that he fully anticipated—

The Earl of D-RBY held that, as matters stood, there appeared to him to be no possible occasion to decide whether—

The Marquis of H-RT-NGT-N considered, at the same time, a certain show of unity on the whole—

The Earl of K-MB-RL-Y might, taking a general view of the situation, be disposed to urge—

The CH-NC-LL-R of the EXCH-Q-R could raise no definite plea whatever to oppose—

The Earl of N-RTHBR-K TOOTS insisted that, as a pure matter of detail, it was not of "the slightest consequence" if—

The Right Hon. G. O. TR-V-LX-N felt that, in falling back on their previous position, they certainly ought—

The Right Hon. "JOEY" CH-MB-RL-N felt as sanguine as any one at the Council Board events would finally show that—

Sir CH-RL-S D-LKE did not see that any further continuance of the present discussion materially would— (*Et cetera.*)



"SOLD AGAIN!"

Robinson (at the window), "HULLO! THERE GOES THAT WOMAN BROWN'S SO DEAD SWEET ON!"

Mrs. R. (rushing up, with excitement), "WHERE?—WHO?—WHERE? WHAT, THAT—IN THE GREY—WHY, GEORGE, HOW RIDICULOUS YOU ARE! THAT'S HIS WIFE!"

Robinson. "EXACTLY, MY DEAR!"

[Tableau.]

TRAM-MELLED TOIL.

SCENE—Tramway Car of a Company which has just declared a Dividend of 9½ per cent., and whose Conductors are stated by the Chairman to be "employed for only sixteen hours a day."

Habitual Passenger (to next-door neighbour). Wonderful things, tramways.

Satisfied Shareholder (who has been reading about the dividend). Ah, you may well say so!

Habitual Passenger. So smooth, ain't they?

Satisfied Shareholder. Yes—and so paying!

Habitual Passenger. Scarcely ever hear of an accident. (To Conductor.) I've noticed you nodding, and closing your eyes, for some minutes, and—

Over-Worked Conductor (waking himself up with painful effort). Bless me, if I wasn't a-dropping off! You see, Sir, I didn't get much sleep last night. Wife's ill, and— [Falls asleep again.]

Satisfied Shareholder (poking him with umbrella). Hi! hi! Wake up! (Conductor rouses himself with difficulty.) These men (turning to Passenger) give a lot of trouble;—never know when they're well off.

Habitual Passenger (sympathetically). Ah, I dessay. And yet the lower classes have such advantages nowadays. Now I'll be bound this man never attends the evening lectures on Political Economy at the Free Artizans and Chimneysweepers' Academy and Institute. (To Conductor.) How do you employ your leisure, my good man?

Conductor (astonished). Employ my what?

Habitual Passenger. Your leisure—your spare time, you know.

Conductor. Haven't got no spare time.

Habitual Passenger. No spare time! Why, how long do you work a day?

Conductor. Sixteen hours.

Habitual Passenger (slightly staggered). Eh? Ah, well! (Looks for an explanation to Satisfied Shareholder, who pretends to be buried in newspaper). It's competition, I suppose. Supply and demand—that sort of thing. Pity he doesn't attend those Political Economy lectures—then he'd understand all about it. But (brightening up, and again addressing overworked Conductor), at all events, there's Sunday—come now!

Conductor (sarcastically). Oh, yes, there's Sunday.

Habitual Passenger. Well, you can go to church on Sunday, you know.

Conductor. Can I? Anyhow, I don't.

Habitual Passenger. Shocking!

Satisfied Shareholder. Deplorable!

Habitual Passenger (soothingly). But, my friend, why do you not attend a place of worship on—?

Conductor (gruffly). Because my work is the same Sundays and week-days—that's why.

Habitual Passenger (still more staggered). Dear me! I didn't know that. (To Shareholder.) Is it a fact, do you know?

Satisfied Shareholder (carelessly). Oh, I believe so. You see, it's the fault of the trains and 'busses. If we didn't run on Sundays like them, why, where would our dividend be? Down to 8, or even 7 per cent., very likely!

[Is too overcome with the thought to continue.]

Habitual Passenger. That's true. And, after all, it's a free country! It would be tyranny to prevent these men working sixteen hours a day, Sundays as well as week-days, if they like to do it. Still—(reflectively)—it does seem rather—

[Relapses into silence for rest of journey.]

Bismarck's Booking-Office.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been letting fly a succession of official Books at the British Ministry, particularly the PREMIER and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. These volumes are somewhat strangely denominated "White Books." Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have the misfortune to be just now in the Great Chancellor's bad books. Now bad books, if symbolically and significantly bound, would surely be "Black Books."

"OUR ONLY GENERAL."—General Mismanagement.

"JOEY!"



Whoop! Here we are again! What a lark!
 I'll stir 'em up a bit, yes, you bet!
 Here's a poker will elicit some remark,—keep it dark!
 It has never had a proper handler yet.
 I will give 'em such a touching-up all round;
 I can always say 'twas only JOEY's play.
 With a rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy!
 Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-tay!

Whoop! Didn't stolid HARTY give a start?
 And didn't Pussy GRANVILLE give a jump?
 I think that poker-practice is rare fun, for my part.
 Don't think Sir WILLIAM does, but he's a pump.
 We are getting on "by leaps and bounds" indeed,
 As GLADSTONE—with a difference—would say.
 With a rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy!
 Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-tay!

Whoop! Ain't they all just getting in a scare?
 Talk of burning questions, here is one that's hot.
 Why, e'en saponaceous DERRY there can scarce keep on his hair;
 Whilst the P. M. G. is boiling like a pot.
 Hillo! Old Party spelling out *The Times*!
 Here is a lark! Pst! *There's* a jump, I say!
 With a rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy!
 Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-tay!

Whoop! Here's a Bobby! GLADSTONE, on my word!
 He looks as waxy as a College Don.
 "Move on, you noisy rascal!"—Oh! with pleasure, like a bird!
 (I rather think I *am* a-moving on!)
 Bless yer, Guv'nor, I'm not meaning any harm;
 It is only JOEY's funny little way.
 With a rum-tum-tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy, tiddy-iddy!
 Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-tay!



PERFUNCTORY.

"CAN I HAVE A DANCE?"—"OH YES. NUMBER EIGHTEEN!"
 "THA-ANKS! ONLY I SHAN'T BE HERE!"—"NO MORE SHALL I!"

MEMOIRS OF A BLACK BAG.

(During the Last Week or Two.)

I AM a Black Bag—I can't help it—I didn't ask to be made black any more than a nigger; and as for being a bag, why I would just as soon have been the ROTHSCHILDS' Safe as the Queen's Privy Purse. I'm not particular, I'm not. But I wish to intimate that, if Black Bags are to be treated as they have been treated during the last few days, I'd like to emigrate, or be dyed pea-green or blood-red.

But what am I saying? Why, bless you, they wouldn't let me emigrate if I could. They'd stop me at any seaport; they'd turn me inside out at every railway station; and as for being dyed pea-green or scarlet—well, green's the colour of Ireland, and red's the colour of the Anarchists; and I should like you to tell me how I should fare under either disguise. No—I'm a Black Bag, and, what's worse, of the Gladstone persuasion; and my present lot is one I can't bear, though I have borne lots of various articles in my time.

Look here. I belonged to a Gentleman engaged in travelling for Soap-dealers eight or ten days ago. I was happy with him. A lot of the soap smelt nice, and he always wore gloves, even when he unpacked me, because they made an impression on the young Ladies in the Fancy Stationers'. Well, on a sudden, he plumps me down in a waiting-room while he goes to buy a bun and an evening paper. An old Lady sees me; there are nineteen simultaneous shrieks from other old Ladies, and all the soap inside me is melted because the porters insist on plunging me in a cistern of water before opening me. My owner sold me as soon as I was dry.

A young Barrister bought me—cheap, and knowing that blue bags were exploded—ugh! the ugly word!—things, and that Black Bags had superseded them, he crammed me full of all the manuscript he had had rejected by the Comic Press. He thought I looked full of briefs; but when he happened to get a real brief, and rose to address the Court, the Judge caught sight of me, and only fainted after having ordered me to be thrown out of window and him disbarred.

I descended in the social scale, and was used as a receptacle for taking halves of lobsters and slices of salmon home to dinner at Brixton by a wholesale Cheesemonger in the City. He was very proud of me for a time (for I have electro-silver fittings of the very best quality), but when he found that

nine Detectives were keeping guard over his Brixton villa, and each insisted on examining me down to my lining whenever he appeared, he began to regard me as an incubus, and passed me on to his Mother-in-law.

She, being naturally stout, in addition to possessing me, was arrested every time she entered an omnibus or even looked at a public building; and the genial Bohemian who won me at a subsequent raffle was even debarred from going into public-houses. Directly the young Ladies who draw the beer perceived me, they shrieked so shrilly that the beer turned sour.

I am now the property of a victim who hasn't been able to lay me down anywhere for four days and five nights. He has quarrelled with everybody because of me, and thinks of tying me to his neck, and throwing himself into the river. I wish he would; only I know I should float—or set the Thames on fire!

GREAT FOLKS' VALENTINES.

Salisbury to Gladstone.

"THE garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds!"—SHIRLEY.

Gladstone to Salisbury—(with a Primrose).

"ASK me why this flower doth shew
 So yellow, green, and sickly too!"—CAREW.

Chamberlain to the Editor of "The Times."

"YOU will swear I in earnest am?
 Bedlam! this is pretty sport."—HABINGTON.

The Editor of "The Times" to Chamberlain.

"LORD! how you take upon you still,
 How you crow and domineer!"—CHARLES COTTON.

Dilke to Chamberlain.

"OURS is no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place!"—SCOTT.

Chamberlain to Dilke.

"SIMPLE and low is our condition,
 For here, with us, is no ambition."—HEYWOOD.

Burgon to Huxley.

"REASON, thou vain impertinence,
 Deluding hypocrite, begone!"

Oxford Miscellanies, 1685.

Sir F. Leighton to van Beers.

"METHINKS I hear, methinks I see
 Ghosts, goblins, fiends, and phantasie!"—BURTON.

Sir James Hannen to Mrs. Weldon.

"PUT her to a farther trial,
 Haply she'll take it!"—DRYDEN.

Sir Stafford Northcote to Lord Randolph Churchill.

"TELL me not of joys. There's none,
 Now my little sparrow's gone!"—COWLEY.

Churchill to Northcote.

"BOUND to none my fortunes be;
 This or that man's fall I fear not!"—WITHER.

Irving to Miss Mary Anderson.

"SOMETIMES let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scept'red pall come sweeping by."—MILTON.

Parnell to O'Donovan Rossa.

"I HAVE elsewhere vowed a duty:
 Turn away thy tempting eye."—WITHER.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson to Cardinal Manning.

"OH, for a bowl of fat canary,
 Rich Palermo, sparkling Sherry!"—LILLY.

Cardinal Manning to Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

"COME, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait!"—MILTON.

Dr. Temple to his See.

"BID me to live, and I will live,
 Thy Protestant to be!"—HERRICK.

SONG OF SUBURBAN HOUSEHOLDERS AWAITING THE ADVENT OF THE DUSTMAN.—"We always use a Big, Big D!"

LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

BY EMINENT HANDS.

VI.—ON LORD SALISBURY.

MY DEAR LORD MARQUIS,

I AM not quite sure whether, if you could cast your eyes upon me just now, you would recognise the humble individual who addresses you. Your eyes are accustomed, I think I may say with increasing pleasure, to see me, perhaps



a little trimly and squarely, dressed in black clothes, whether it be morning or evening. As I sit and write in the still early morning in a verandah shaded from the almost fierce sun by the far-reaching branches of a peepul tree, I am arrayed in white linen, and am glad to remove my sun-helmet for a moment to catch the breath of the slightest wind that blows. Now your Lordship, I suppose, is sitting by the library fire in Hatfield (a place a little too big to be comfortable), or looking over the dun and desolate sea from deserted Dieppe.

I like to dwell on these circumstances of widely-varied physical condition, as they seem in keeping with the not less altered conditions under which our last correspondence was carried on. Your Lordship will remember it was in connection with the little scheme, of which you personally were entirely ignorant, for dispossessing me of the Presidency of our Caucus. I think the correspondence was rather on one side. I wrote your Lordship two tremendous epistles, but I don't think you went very deeply into the matter. This was about the time when, in the House of Commons, I besought Mr. GLADSTONE to give your Lordship another chance with the Franchise Bill, and denounced anyone who wilfully flouted the opportunity of conciliation. The correspondence was rather impressed on my mind because, a day or two after, I joined a very pleasant dinner-party in Arlington Street, and the next time I spoke in the House of Commons, declared that the Lords, in the attitude taken up by them on the Franchise Bill, were inspired by truly patriotic feelings, and that any who would counsel concession would deserve the contempt of the country.

Ah me! what children of circumstances we are. How we float hither and thither like a dried leaf borne upon the breeze, quite uncertain where we shall fall! Sometimes, do you know, my dear Lord, when I look back upon my political career, I am quite astonished.

However, it was not myself but your Lordship of whom I sat down to write. Naturally, I take an interest in your future career. I cannot say I brought your Lordship up by hand, for it was comparatively late in your life that circumstances compelled me to take a close personal interest in you. Still, my influence was so swift in operation and so far-reaching in its effects, that I naturally feel a responsibility for your future. To that end I will venture in the leisure moments of a perfect morning to drop a hint for your Lordship's garnering.

You have many advantages as Leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Peers. The principal one is, that there is no one else possible. RICHMOND has been tried, and proved hopelessly innocuous. CAIRNS wouldn't do at any price; and CRANBROOK, though he could hold his own in a noisy rattling way in debate, is neither big enough to fill the place, nor sufficiently long-established to presume to aspire to it. Your Lordship has held the post for some years now, and even the fond partiality of your Correspondent cannot permit him to deny that your rule has been a series of disastrous failures, which have shaken to its foundations an ancient institution. But for my defection, and for all you knew it meant, you would have hastened the end in November last.

All this comes from your supremely good opinion of yourself, at which I do not wonder in the daily comparison with other minds forced upon you by the political companionship that surrounds you on the Benches of the House of Lords. It is not given to you to enjoy constant and untrammelled counsel with

such men as WOLFF and GORST. Still there is something to be learned from the humblest mind and the least rich intelligence. Next time you are in a fix (which will probably be before the end of the Session), don't decide upon a line to take and then ask RICHMOND and the rest what they think of it, announcing at the same time that your own mind is made up. The temptation of following a man who knows which way to turn is so great in an assembly like the House of Lords, that you are pretty sure, up to a certain point, to get your own way. This was all very well in old times. But times are changed, and, if I may say so, it is because I appreciate the change, and endeavour to go in advance of it, that I attained the successes of the last year.

Take the advice of a well-wisher, my dear Lord, who, though comparatively young is (at least WOLFFY will have it so) superlatively wise.

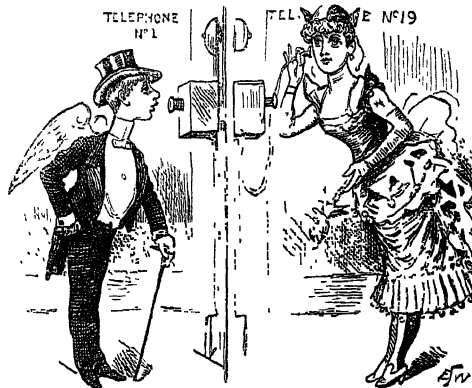
Yours faithfully,

Calcutta, January 14. RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL.

TO A GIRL OF TO-DAY.

A VALENTINE.

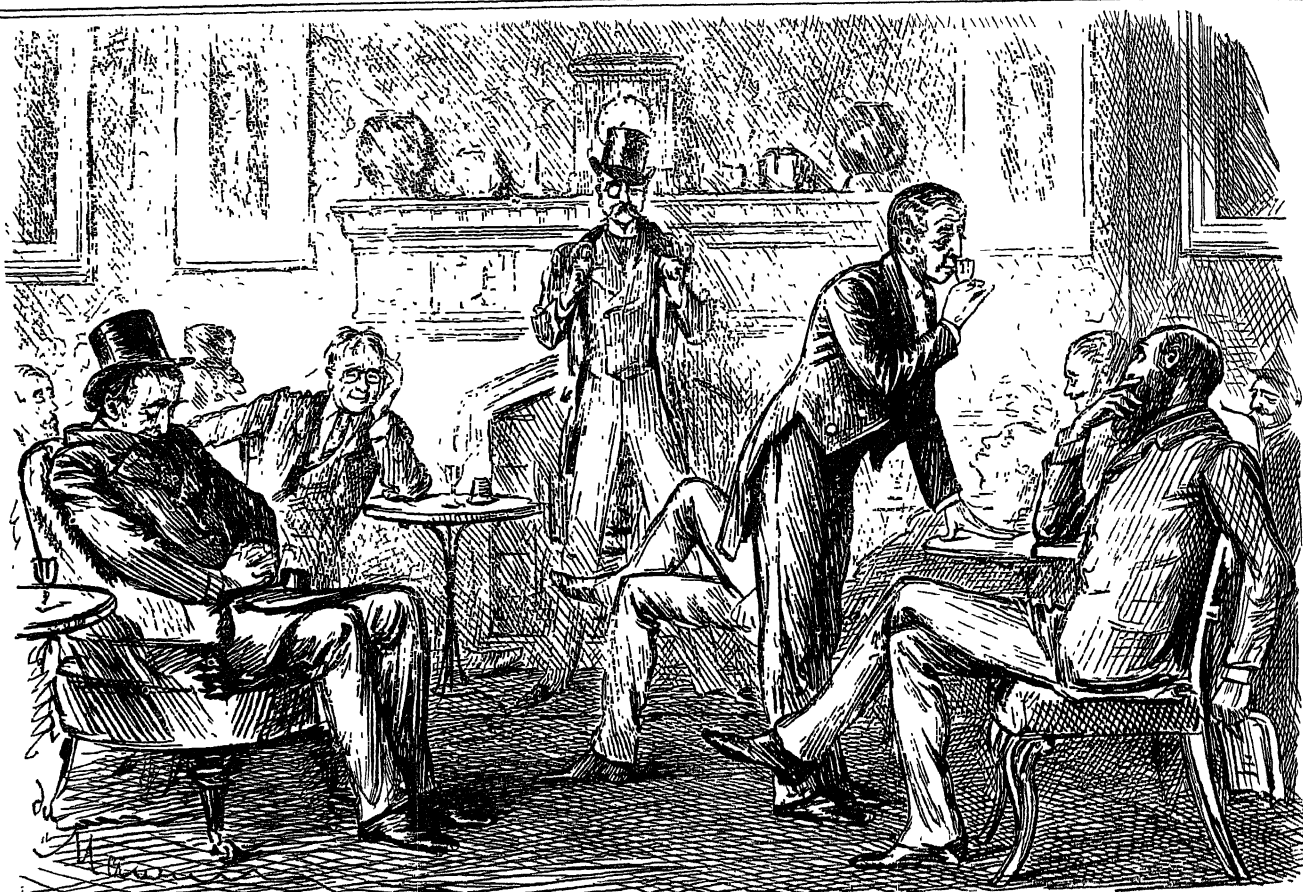
My Valentine! say what will take
Your fancy in these wayward times,
What guerdon I can give will make
You listen to my modish rhymes?
What fashion of to-day holds fast
Your heart, that I may give it voice;
Or are the fancies of the past
The things in which you most rejoice?
Are you "advanced," do you delight
In politics and wish a vote?
Do you the platform cheers invite,
I'll cry "Hear, hear!" with eager throat?
I'll vow that you should have a seat,
And gain the affix of M.P.,
If you will only love me, sweet,
And by the fireside vote for me.



Are you æsthetic, do you dress
In terra-cotta or sage green,
Your tender thoughts in verse express,
And rhymes that very little mean?
I'll yield to all you say and do,
And wear a lily 'mid men's jeers:
If only, Sweetheart, you'll be true,
As I shall be through all the years.

Be medical, prescribe your pills
And draughts to cure us when you please,
Your diagnoses of all ills
Afflicting us must surely please.
'Mid surgeons you may bear your part,
While LISTER looks on with surprise;
If you'll repair my broken heart,
With one glance of your healing eyes.

If mathematical, I'll learn
That awful Algebra x;
With joy to problems I'll return
That once my schoolboy soul would vex;
If muscular, at tennis strike
The ball across the net's drawn line—
In short, be anything you like,
My Pet, if only you'll be mine!



ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.

"LOOK HERE, WAITER! I ASKED FOR SHERRY, AND YOU 'VE BROUGHT ME BRANDY! SMELL IT!"

"DEAR ME, SIR, SO IT IS! VERY SORRY, I'M SURE—AND YET IT'S VERY ODD! I'VE HELPED FIVE OR SIX OTHER GENTLEMEN OUT OF THE VERY SAME BOTTLE, AND NONE OF THEM HAS MADE ANY COMPLAINT!"

"TOO LATE!"

Too late! Too late! Loud through the desert sounds
That piteous cry, and to the farthest bounds
Of England's Empire echoes. There she stands,
BRITANNIA, stricken 'midst the Libyan sands
With bitter disappointment's venom'd dart,
Wrath in her soul and anguish at her heart.
Too late! And after hopes so high they took
The shape of certainty, and fired her look,
Anxious through crawling months of slow delay,
With joy's exultant light. That blunt, half gay
"All's well!" from her beleaguered hero, cast
Care from her burdened breast. "At last! At last!"
She cried, and we all with her, joy so danced
In all our veins.* So, gladly, she advanced
Swift though undoubting, eager now to clasp
That valiant hand in an impassioned grasp
In whose close pressure England's heart should speak.
And now! Can it be truth? Can one poor week
Only have sped since that "At Last!" forth brake
From those set lips? No puling plaints shall wake
The mocking desert echoes, no appeal
To aught but English hearts and English steel.
But yet, but yet the sight of those sheer walls
Manned by the foe, like noonday darkness falls
On eyes hope-bright. He held them, *he*, so long
Faithful 'midst falterers, 'midst much weakness strong.
He, one against ten thousand, left alone
Long months, each hour of which must wring a groan
From dogged dawdlers now; he fought, he planned;
That citadel, by one true man well manned,

Inviolable held, though cowardice, like a blade
Untempered, shivered, and his hand betrayed,
Though treachery's craven craft enmeshed him round,
He, vigilant as valiant, held his ground.
Our *Abdiel*, till the echoes of our shouts
Might almost reach his ears, till chilling doubts
Seemed all dispelled, till o'er the rushing Nile
His greeting came like a half mocking smile
Of cheery, cheering confidence; and then!—
The fingers falter, the recording pen
Drops in impatient indignation. Where
Is our lost lion? See his desert lair
Bristles with hostile spears. At Khartoum's gate
Brave GORDON greets us not! Too late! too late!

Of all life's phrases dreariest, shamefullest this,
Scourge of weak will, delay's stern Nemesis!
Not this the hour to echo faction's cry
Of half-exultant chiding, or to ply
The Party-phraser's venom'd word-lash. No!
But laggard wills, counsels confused and slow
Should need no sharper spur no keener goad
Than this to urge them on plain Honour's road.
A splendid legend *this* indeed to scrawl
In letters red as blood, with pen of gall
Across a page of Policy! "Too late!"
BELSHAZZAR's scroll was scarce more big with fate
Than such a shameful script. Erase, erase
The branding blot, ere on our History's face
It burn indelible as sin and shame,
Smirching the record of an honoured name,
Leaving the witness of a great soul lost
Through loitering littleness! Who'll now count cost,
Or nicely balance chances? Who cries "Wait,
Ponder, split hairs!" whilst gallant GORDON's fate
Hangs on the hours perchance? Who once again,
Clutching with tremulous hand the old Lion's mane,

* See Mr. Punch's Cartoon "At Last!" in preceding Number. "The Artist, in that admirable sketch, has simply translated the picture which had taken possession of every English imagination."—"Le Temps," quoted by the "Times," February 7.



“TOO LATE!”

Telegram, Thursday Morning, Feb. 5.—“Khartoum taken by the MAHDI. General GORDON's fate uncertain.”

Bids him couch calmly, and abide the event,
Like a brave hound who, hot upon the scent,
Is leashed from launching on the quarry? Who,
Committed to a task he'd fain eschew
By fate, which stronger proves than human will,
And honour's self, which should be stronger still,
Will yet strain back till each constrained advance
Late taken, comes too late or fame to enhance
Or blood or treasure spare? Away, away
With the oft-proved futilities of delay!
Too long a land may trifle with its fate
Till angered Destiny writes a last "Too late!"

February 6th, 1885.

OUR LIVELY NEIGHBOURS AT THE ROYALTY.

M. MAYER's idea of establishing a French Theatre in London is excellent, and we should be sorry to see it fail for want of adequate support. It has succeeded up to the present beyond expectation, and if the venture were still bolder its immediate success would be certain, and its permanent place among our entertainments assured.

The engagement of Madame JANE HADING and M. DAMALA to play in *Le Maître de Forges* proved a great attraction.



The two Janes, qui ne nous gênent pas.

When we saw *The Ironmaster* at the St. James's we were impatient of the story and of the people. Now we understand our feeling. The fact was we were seeing a thoroughly English Actor and Actress playing thoroughly French characters, in a thoroughly French play.

Could M. DAMALA and Madame JANE HADING play *William and Susan* in DOUGLAS JERROLD's play? Not a bit of it. If they attempted it, they would challenge comparison with Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, just as Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL challenged comparison with M. DAMALA and Madame JANE HADING in *Le Maître de Forges*. On seeing Madame JANE HADING, the character of *Claire* became at once intelligible, and the whole plot, as a story of French life, possible. Madame JANE HADING's performance as *Claire* is very nearly perfect. It is difficult for an ordinary English playgoer to criticise a French Actress in such a piece as this, because he cannot precisely say what a Frenchman, or Frenchwoman, would do in certain given situations, and therefore he will find himself blaming as overacting what has simply to be set down to a correct representation of Gallic vivacity. Now, as *Claire*, Madame JANE HADING repeats one action with her right arm in every strong situation. But throughout her performance there are those touches of nature which elicit sympathy from every audience.

As for M. DAMALA, he has the tricks and manners of the French Actor, and might have been, possibly he was, an adequate representative of a French Ironmaster. His performance was jerky; but perhaps French Ironmasters are jerky; he thumped his chest in his excitement, which may be exactly what French Ironmasters do when excited. However this may be, the incontestable fact remains, that with any haphazard scenery, without any costly mounting, with only a fair ordinary French Company, with Actresses of no distinction, and wearing costumes which were neither elegant nor costly, the piece was so well acted as to attract crowded houses night after night during its run.

Madame JANE HADING played also in *Frou-Frou*, but good as she is in this, better, in respect of looking the part, than SARAH BERNHARDT could ever be, she could not, of course, any more than could SARAH, touch AÏMÉE DESOLÉE, for whom the part was originally written, and whose acting of it is even now fresh in our memories.

Another JANE is there now—JANE MAY. We have not yet seen her at her best, and so we should mark the difference between the two JANES by saying of the one "JANE Cam," and of the other, "JANE MAY." JANE MAY has been playing CHAUMONT's part in *Divorçons*, and cleverly she did it; but most English playgoers have

seen CHAUMONT in this piece, either in London or Paris, so that we question whether it can be much of an attraction.

M. MAYER's venture requires most energetic management, and we wish him good luck. A good small working company, playing French novelties, and reviving some of the old pieces, ought to be an institution here, with a special *matinée* now and then for the classics, and an occasional star to shine through the London fogs in the winter.

AFTER ALL!

"A phrase I detest—the little phrase 'After all.'"—Mr. GOSCHEN at *Edinburgh*.

SAGACIOUS GOSCHEN, right you are!

(As generally you are right.)
The paling of the British Star,
In peaceful Trade, in patriot fight,
Will follow "fumbling," feeble, flabby,
And yet the phrase on which you fall
Has senses not entirely shabby,
After all!

True there are twaddlers in the State,
Traitors from folly or intent,
Who loudly lie, or vaguely prate,
Soul-bound by care for cent. per cent.
But we have patriots stout and true,
Statesmen who brood and do not bawl,
Like—well, Sir, we may say like you,
After all!

True, panders to the eager herd
Pour from our platforms baleful blends
Of the unjust and the absurd,
For party aims or private ends.
But their pea-bladders vainly shake;
Cool sense will rouse at the right call,
And make the quacks drop jaw, and quake,
After all!

True, nerveless noodles aim to hold
The reins of England's conquering car;
Hucksters in word-fray only bold,
Bunglers in peace and curs in war.
But Cockney pseudo-Phaëthon
Will never have the Country's call;
She knows the true Automedon,
After all!

True, Shilly-Shally has its day,
The toothless tyke, like other dogs;
And policy awhile may stray
In faction's fens, 'midst blunderer's bogs.
Yet, Sir, late feats of Sword and Pen
Prove, what shall save the old Land from fall,
That Englishmen are Englishmen,
After all!

GOOD NEWS!

ENCOURAGED by the recent extraordinary success of Messrs. SCISSORS AND PASTE in Periodical Literature, and determined that *Tit Bits*, *Scraps*, and such-like papers, shall not have it all their own way, Messrs. DICKENS AND EVANS have started *Sunday Words*, which of course must be very different from profane Week-Day Words and familiar Household Words. But why be quarrelsome? why do these partners "have words" at all? Yet, as they have thrown down the gauntlet, we intend to come out with *Sunday Sensational Stories*, which shall be strictly limited to such subjects as are most suitable to the day. Our first Number will contain—

The Old Clerk's Curse; or, the Perpetual Curate.

An Awful Visitation: a Story of Bishop Stortford.

A Vicar's Vengeance. (A Tale of the Times.)

The Idiot Sacristan; or, the Lonely Man in the Vestry.

The Pew-Opener's Knife (illustrated with cuts.)

Money has Wings; or Alms and Legs. (Extraordinary Revelations of a Burglarious Beadle who robbed the Money-Boxes, and subsequently repented.)

Chained to his Reading Desk; or, a First Lesson.

Three Sheets to the Choir (a Sailor's Sunday Story.)

The Dean. In Two Chapters.

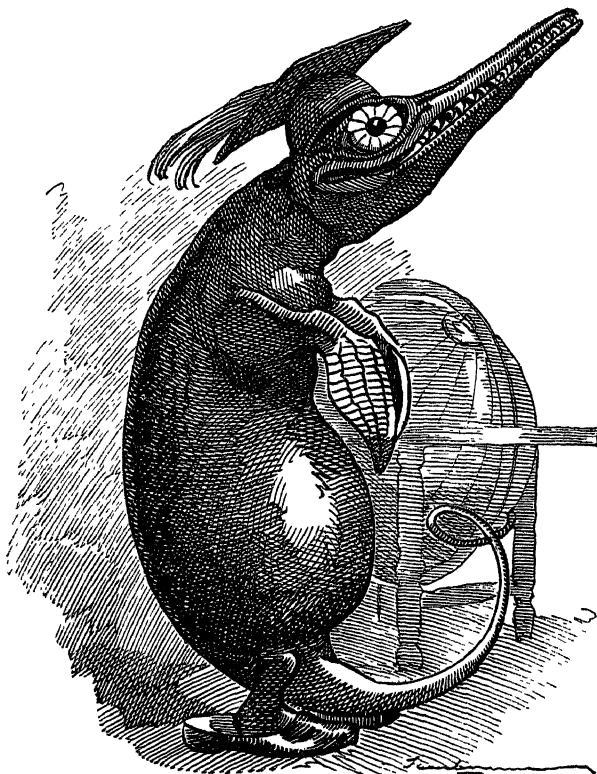
More titles will be announced when the first Number is out.

LANDED!

THE Portuguese having seized the Congo, other aggressive measures by rival Powers are hourly expected. The following list of recent acquisitions may be relied upon as (all but) authentic:—Switzerland has annexed the North Pole, in spite of the remonstrances of the Czar and the Sublime Porte; Roumania has declared a Protectorate of all that remains of Australasia, much to the indignation of the Government of New South Wales; Belgium has proclaimed Mexico and other South American Republics a part of her Colonies, regardless of the threatened assassination of her Consul in Washington; and, in defiance of the earnest protest of the Six Great Powers and all the Potentates of Asia, inclusive of the Emperor of CHINA and the Mikado of Japan, Spain has run off with the Equator!

BALLAD OF THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

[The Ichthyosaurus laments his incomplete development and imperfect education. He aspires to better things.]



I ABIDE in a goodly Museum
Frequented by sages profound,
In a kind of a strange mausoleum,
Where the beasts that have vanished
abound,
There's a bird of the Ages Triassic
With his antediluvian beak,
And many a reptile Jurassic,
And many a monster antique!

Ere Man was developed, our brother,
We swam, and we ducked, and we
dived,
And we dined, as a rule, on each other.
What matter, the toughest survived!
Our paddles were fins, and they bore us
Through water,—in air we could fly;
But the brain of the Ichthyosaurus
Was never a match for his eye!

The geologists, active and eager,
Its excellence hasten to own,
And praise, with no eulogy meagre,
The eye that is plated with bone!
"See how, with unerring precision,
His prey through the waves he could spy;
Oh, wonderful organ of vision,
Gigantic and beautiful eye!"

Then I listen in gloomy dejection,
I gaze, and I wish I could weep,
For what is mere visual perfection
To Intellect, subtle and deep?
A loftier goal is before us,
For higher endowments we sigh,
But—the brain of the Ichthyosaurus
Was never a patch on his eye!

It owned no supreme constitution,
Was shallow, and simple, and plain,
While mark but the fair convolution
And size of the Aryan brain!
'Tis furnished for School-Board inspections,
And garnished for taking degrees,
And bulging in many directions,
As every phrenologist sees.

Sometimes it explodes at high pressure
In harsh, overwhelming demand,
But, plied in unmerciful measure,
It's wonderful what it will stand!
In cottage, in college, and mansion
Bear witness the girls and the boys,
How great are its powers of expansion,
How very peculiar its joys!

O Brain that is bulgy with learning,
O Wisdom of women and men,
O Maids for a First that are yearning,
O Youths that are lectured by WREN!
You're acquainted with Pisces and Taurus
And all sorts of beasts in the sky,
But the brain of the Ichthyosaurus
Was never so good as his eye!

Reconstructed by DARWIN or OWEN
We dwell in sweet Bloomsbury's halls,
But we couldn't have passed Little-go in!
The Schools; we'd have floundered in Smalls!
Though so cleverly people restore us
We are bound to confess, with a sigh,
That the brain of the Ichthyosaurus
Was never so good as his eye!

THE BUTLERS OF GREAT MEN.

(Interviewed by Our Own Back-stairs Representative.)

NO. III.—AT PROFESSOR R-SK-N'S.

I EXPERIENCED no difficulty whatever in getting into the grounds, for, as every one knows, perfect consistency is the key-note to the distinguished Professor's character. The apostle who has so long preached the ungrudging diffusion of light and beauty among the masses, is naturally not the man selfishly to wall up his flower-beds and kitchen-garden, or, for the matter of that, the contents of his plate-chest. As I expected, there was no sort of hindrance to my movements, and I soon found myself, in company with many straggling loafers, not only roving at my leisure all over the place, but strolling about the house, invading the rooms, and even prying into unlocked drawers, and turning over their contents with an ease and freedom that were, in their way, as novel as they were delightful. My chief trouble, however, was to get hold of the great man's Butler. "He will not," I said to myself, "be exactly like any ordinary man's Butler." I was quite right. He was not. I found him in the drawing-room, lounging, in his shirt-sleeves, on an American chair, and smoking a long clay pipe, with his legs on the mantel-piece. As I entered, he was looking carelessly over a few loose Botticellis that stood in a pile on a music-stool beside him. He rose with a good-humoured laugh at my approach. I rapidly explained the nature of my business.

"You want to see what kind of a place we live in?" he began, pleasantly. "Certainly," he resumed, stepping out into the verandah as I followed him. "This is Liberty Hall, and no mistake, as the Governor says, so make your own little game, and go where you like. We don't lock up nothing here. Art, bless his 'art, I say,—

is free to everybody. That's what refines 'em. Look at me!" he continued, growing a little more communicative as we stood opposite a large painted notice-board bearing the legend, "You are requested to walk on the grass and pick the flowers;" "you wouldn't have thought it, but I was a Brummagem burglar once; but I've been levelled up to this here by looking at rare old prints, learning a step or two of a Greek hornpipe, and pulling buttercups to pieces by the bushel just to see what's inside of 'em!"

I was much interested. "Indeed?" I responded, almost inquiringly, turning at the same time towards the rather unusual announcement on the notice-board. "And does he," I continued, "really mean and act up to that?"

"Act up to it? Rather! Why, we very nearly stuck in 'You may worry the waterfowl, too, if you like;' only he thought it might pr'aps lead up to a Museum of Stuffed Birds, or something fiddling of that sort, which isn't his idea of getting what he calls a good 'lesson' out of 'em, don't you know. So we just stuck to the grass; not that many takes advantage of it; for your true child of culture with nobler aims and aspirations, as the saying is, prefers rum-maging about in the house and taking away some artistic memento quietly in his pocket, if it's only a bit of old Chelsea, just to remind him of his visit, and 'sweeten and strengthen his life to the end of his living days,' as the Governor puts it,—that's to say, provided always the Police don't get at him in the meantime, and make it too hot."

He looked at me with much significance as he spoke, and I possibly might have replied, but at this moment, as we turned the angle of the house, a group of middle-aged but myrtle-crowned revellers came full into view, rolling about, apparently in some pain, on the velvet and beautifully-kept lawn.

"Who are these?" I asked, involuntarily.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS.—No. 1.



A CABINET COUNCIL.

"Them?" was the laconic reply. "A party of converted Stock-brokers, who have given up money-making after taking in and reading all the back numbers of *Fors Clavigera*. Some people says they're off their heads. Not they. It's only the wine."

I looked at my informant for explanation.

"That's all," he continued, surveying the writhing group with amused but critical interest. "The Governor won't have any of your modern mixtures,—champagne, and all that. Not a bit of it. But he gives 'em 'pure *Fulerman*,—that's what he calls it; only he won't have any but the ancient dodges of bottling, which don't improve it for drinking after three months."

"LYSIMACHUS MAXIMUS," he'll say to me, 'the nectar of the immortal gods is not to be subjected to the everlasting infamy of prisonship in a Nineteenth Century Worcester Sauce bottle; leave it free to the pure blue of Heaven in the open *amphora*.' And so I do,—and that's why," he continued, pointing to the lively group before us, "it often gets a little corked."

We were in the house again now. I noticed that everywhere there were no signs of the comfort or luxury of these latter days, but that, conformably with the magnificent consistency of the great denunciator of all modern labour and progress, the rooms were cheerless, uncomfortable, and bare. But I was fatigued, and I sat down on the first thing that came to hand, a rude construction that I took to be a sort of iron armchair. As I did so, however, the back came off, the bottom came out, and I was violently precipitated on to the floor.

I rose, rubbing my elbow. My companion smiled.

"You had better have left that alone," he remarked, "it's the last of six he made *without a furnace*. You know his hobby about

putting an end to factory-chimbleys, and all that? Well—that's what it means. It's all very well raving at Brummagem—but it's no joke, I can tell you, having to use a flower-pot for a fish-kettle!"

I was about to reply when a weary, worn-out, mud-begrimed figure staggered into the room, and flung itself, exhausted, on to a bundle of hay and rushes in the corner.

"Come along," whispered my guide, "that's the Governor just arrived! And isn't he done, rather?"

"Is it far from the Station?" I inquired, softly.

"The Station?" he replied, looking at me from head to foot. "Why, don't you know Railways is his abomination? Bless you, he has walked the whole way—every inch!"

"Every inch? Where from?"

"Where from? Why, from Oxford. *He always does.*"

"Dear me!" I said to myself as I got into the omnibus for Ambleside, "the Great Professor is certainly a consistent man!"

In a Nutshell.

(After Southey.)

* * * * *
 "WHAT was it that they fought about?
 And what was there to win?"
 "Why, partly to get GORDON out;
 More, to keep GLADSTONE in!"

BLUE LIGHTS.

Thrown on the Practice of the Two Crews by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Dark Blue Practice.



Light Blew.



Pulling Over the Couse.



Setting the Stroke.



A Rattling Spin.



Form somewhat Ragged.



Picked Up by a Scratch Crew.



Style and Catch.



The Crew went Right Through.



Pulling to the Lock.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. IV.—DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

COMMUNICATIONS upon the old, old grievance, so crowd upon me, that I feel compelled to give it the next place in my terrible list. What a fearful experience I am gaining of the miserable lives passed by a large number of my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, of what are ironically called the higher classes of Society, in regard to this one especial grievance; and how heartily grateful should that portion of the public be who are compelled by their fortunate poverty to do without this domestic plague. I can only ask for room for a very few samples, leaving the Public to imagine the rest by drawing upon their own sad experience:—

SIR,—I ask you to allow me to state my own grievance, which is probably that of many others, and which I doubt not will obtain me

your ready sympathy. I reside some twenty miles from London, eight miles from a Railway Station, so we are as nice and quiet all the year round as any reasonable Servant can require to be. My good husband is of a very studious disposition, and, when he is in his study, it is understood that he must not be disturbed, as the slightest noise affects his sensitive temper for the rest of the day. My poor daughter is an invalid, and I, unfortunately, am rather deaf, so our Servant has nothing whatever from morning till night to take off her attention from her various duties; and yet, with all these advantages, and £10 a year, I find such difficulty in keeping my Servants, that the constant change worries my poor husband, worries my poor daughter, and worries me. The strangest thing is that not one of them will ever give me a reason for leaving my quiet paradise. Nothing but some such silly excuse as that "it's quite enough to drive a poor girl mad," or, as one saucy minx said, "I shouldn't object to an earthquake for a change!" or, as another said, "I might as well be in a deaf and dumb Asylum." I wish some kind soul would explain this mystery to me. E. G.

SIR,—I thank you heartily, beforehand, for giving me the chance I have so long waited for. I believe myself to be about the most patient and long-suffering householder in the whole Metropolis, and my wife, who is truthfulness itself, especially as quarter-day approaches, confirms me in that belief, but on this particular subject of "Household Pests," patience becomes imbecility and forbearance a crime. Why should my Home cease to be "Sweet Home," thanks to my slovenly lazy Housemaid, and my "Joins be out of time," as *Hamlet* says, thanks to my irregular Cook, and my Children allowed to scream themselves hoarse and me wild with excitement, thanks to my stupid Nurse? I use the word "thanks" ironically, you will know what word it represents. As I shall shortly lose my three treasures (!), I have some thoughts of advertising somewhat as follows:—

"Three young Ladies wanted as useless Helps in the family of a Gentleman. No character required. Caps and aprons at discretion. No especial hours for rising or retiring, or for taking necessary exercise. Very liberal diet, good wine-cellar, and Bass's Pale Ale always on draught. Followers allowed from 8 to 11 P.M. A quiet friendly dance for them and their friends once a month. Two Barrel Organs, daily, and a Brass Band twice a week. A month at the *Seaside* every summer, either Margate or Ramsgate, as may be preferred. Salaries on a most liberal scale, and everything found. Each young Lady is requested to bring her own silver fork and spoon, which will be cleaned for her by the Page. The Employer cleans his own boots, gives no trouble, and answers the street-door bell if within hearing. His wife does most of the menial duties, but requests assistance in making the beds and in dusting the drawing-room. A maid attends every morning to do all the disagreeable work. Apply, at the most convenient time, to C. S., near the Bankruptcy Court, Basinghall Street, E.C. P.S.—There is a Piano in the front kitchen, and tickets are provided for the Monday Pops throughout the Season."

This would probably bring us a change; and as any change must be an improvement, I have serious thoughts of trying it. C. S.

SIR,—Where are our old uncomplaining Household Drudges, who, being unable to either read or write, had nothing to distract their attention for a single hour from their work, and were therefore as useful and uncomplaining as our horses and dogs and our other domestic animals? Ah! those were happy days, in those good old times, which, I fear, will never return. Why it is, I cannot understand, but absolute devotion to other people's interest, such as we reasonably expect from those we kindly employ, is getting rarer and rarer every day, and the only effect of educating those beneath us is exactly what I always foreboded it would be; that is, to make them dissatisfied with our reasonable requirements. Take my own case, for instance. All that I require and expect is, absolute obedience without remonstrance or remark, absolute willingness—nay, eagerness—to meet my wishes in every respect, and absolute contentment, displayed in constant cheerfulness, good humour, and punctuality. And yet I find increasing difficulty in obtaining them, although I do give £9 a year, and two half-pints of beer a day. D. B.

SIR,—My opinion of the greatest plagues of civilised life is short, sharp, and decisive. Servants are simply our intolerable masters and our unendurable mistresses. I am a housekeeper of but two years' standing, but I have had such practical experience of the numberless forms of misery that they can and do inflict upon us, that I feel as well qualified to speak of them as the oldest sufferer among us. I am, to my sorrow, a collector of *articles de vertu*. Presuming, I suppose, in their dense ignorance, that these priceless treasures are improved by what are called flaws, there is scarcely one of them that is not chipped, or cracked, or otherwise maltreated by their heavy blundering hands. Complaint is useless, or worse. I don't dare give them warning, fearing what irreparable mischief the wondrous Cat might commit during the perilous month preceding their departure. So I endure my miserable and anxious existence as best I may, and treat my Tyrants with the deference inspired by cowardly fear and smothered hatred. J. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

UNIFIED AND THE LION!

(After Spenser—more or less.)



THE Lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, a potent guard
Of her per-centages; in truth, her state,
Without his guarantee, had seemed hard.
So—winkingly—his eye kept watch and ward,
And in her interests he was diligent;
And little plans, to save her loss, prepared,
And kept close watch upon the Frank, intent
That forfeit she should not a needless Half-per-Cent.!

THE SHRIEKING BROTHERHOOD;

Or, Just a little Overdone on both Sides.

THE SITUATION—(SELECTED EXTRACTS ON).

The Threepenny Swashbuckler says:—If the sound and fatherly, if not always infallible counsel that we have now persistently for the last nineteen months been again and again in the habit of hurling at the heads of the fatuous dreamers and doctrinaires to whom the destinies and the duties of the nation are entrusted, had only been received with the implicit confidence of a blind and becoming respect, there would be no occasion for us at this hour to be asking, in the stern and dignified language of baffled expectancy, "Where are we now?" Fortunately, the course that lies before the country is clearly marked out for it. No pusillanimous compromise with the necessities of the situation are conceivable. Physical experts may tell us that Nature has not provided the arid deserts of hyper-Central Africa with an adequate water-supply. Nature must correct herself. She must understand that where the interested British Bondholder is brought face to face with the impossible, it is not the interested British Bondholder that can give way. The fact that no European life can be supported during a summer campaign, with the thermometer at 150° in the shade, is not a matter of which political common-sense can take any serious account. It is purely a question for Parliament, and that Parliament will know how to deal with it promptly and vigorously cannot for a moment be doubted by any one who has watched and rightly interpreted the practical and patriotic spirit of the hour.

The Daily Dastard says:—To go forward at such a crisis is to incur the indelible reproach of yielding to the dictates of a moral cowardice as craven as it is expensive. What the country requires at the present moment is, not the vulgar and flaunting self-confidence to set down its foot and advance, but the supreme courage to turn tail and run away. A rash show of determination may now, even at this eleventh hour, undo the beneficent and wholesome work of months of compromise. There is only one course left for England to take. With fearless front, and head erect, proudly conscious of the fact that the eyes of nobody in particular are upon her, let her nobly and firmly scuttle out of her present difficulty as fast as her legs can carry her. That her fleeing forces are pursued by a blood-red rolling wave of chaotic rebellion is nothing to her. Her business is not with the uncertain and shifting sands of humanity, but with the firm and sure ground of self-interest. "*Retreat—and at a low figure*"—this is the glorious legend, that should inspire her policy. Such words should be written in letters of gold round the hat of every thoughtful and economical patriot in the three kingdoms.

The Bedlam Gazette says:—This is no season for set phrases and soft speeches. From the days of HELIOGABALUS and NERO, down to the days of the *Carmagnole* and the Carnatic, there have been monsters in human shape, but they have not, as far as we know, been suffered to sit on the Treasury Bench. Times are changed. Yet is there no remedy? Only folly gone crazed with precedent could answer "No." What is now unanimously required by the whole country is a lesson, and we have no hesitation in saying that the beheading without a trial of the entire Ministry on Tower Hill, would send a thrill of pleasure through the length and breadth of this great Empire, such as it has not known since the scattering of the Armada or the signing of the Magna Charta. So much for action at home. For the rest there can be no doubt as to our attitude abroad. Every European ambassador at present accredited to our Court at St. James's must be kicked from one end of Pall Mall to the other, while not less than a hundred and fifty thousand men should without an instant's delay be thrown as a preliminary step somewhere on to the Red Sea Littoral, for the purpose of seizing, fortifying, and garrisoning the Equator. When this is done, it will be time enough to talk about what we shall do next.

The Evening Bray says:—As we have predicted all along, and must now be evident to the most impartial observer, it is not the position of a handful of hot-headed, if valorous Englishmen in a distant land that really seriously demands the attention of a wise and well-regulated Government. The approaching Session will soon show that, though a temporary *rabies* appeared for a brief moment to have attacked the country, it still may be said in the fullest sense to possess "*mens sana in corpore sano*." Such burning questions as are embodied in the Female Proportional Representation, and the Local Warm Baths Construction and Repairs Bill are not likely to be shelved because a few alarmists imagine that the foreign occupation of Egypt, followed by the loss of India and our Colonial Empire could for a moment be regarded as a serious factor in any estimate of the future position and prosperity of the country.

THE BABY OF THE FUTURE.

Nurse.
How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

Baby (coldly)—
How does the little bee do this?
Why, by an impulse blind.
Cease, then, to praise good works
of such
An automatic kind.

Nurse.
Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For Heaven hath made them so.
Let bears and lions growl and
fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

Baby (ironically)—
Indeed? A brutal nature, then,
Excuses brutal ways.
Unthinking girl! you little know
The problems that you raise.

Nurse (continuing)—
But, children, you should never
let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Baby (contemptuously)—
Not "made" to tear? Well, what
of that?
No more, at first, were claws.
All comes by adaptation, fool!
No need of Final Cause.
And if we use the hands to tear,
Just as the nose to smell,
Ere many ages have gone by
They'll do it very well.

Nurse.
Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!

Baby (reproachfully)—
Come, come! Away he "run"!
Grammar condemns what you've
just "done."

Should we not read, "The Piper's
man
Stole a pig, and away he 'ran'?"

Nurse.
Hush-a-by, Baby,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall:
Down will come Baby,
Cradle and all.

Baby (slyly).
This, but a truth
So familiar, you see,
As hardly to need
Illustration in me.

Nurse.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are!

Baby (pityingly)—
Do you really wonder, JANE?
And to me all seems so plain!
Go downstairs, my girl, and find
Books wherewith to improve your
mind;
And if heavenly bodies then
Still remain beyond your ken,
You had better go and ax
Good Professor PARALLAX.

Nurse.
Bye, Baby-bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
All to get a rabbit's skin
To wrap the Baby-bunting in.

Baby (sternly).
The cruel sport of hunting
To moral sense is stunting;
And since Papa's objection
To useful vivisection
Convicts him, as it seems to me,
Of signal inconsistency,
I must with thanks decline the
skin
For wrapping Baby-bunting in.
[Puts Nurse to bed. Scene closes.]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"HOW DO YOU DO, MAJOR MORTIMER? YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME!"—"OH YES, INDEED I DO!—MRS. KENNEDY!"
 "AH, THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU SEE ME WITH MR. KENNEDY!"—"OH NO, NOT AT ALL!"

VERY CIVIL LAW.

IN the Court of Appeal last week several cases in the list had to be dismissed with costs, struck out, or put the last on the paper, because the Counsel engaged in them "were actually speaking in other parts of the building." In one instance Mr. BARDSWELL, who appeared for the Respondent, saying that he "desired to assist Mr. BUCKLEY, who represented the Appellant, so far as he properly could," offered to read a will to fill up the time, while his learned friend in another place was polishing off the matter he had then in hand. The Lords Justices BAGGALLAY and BOWEN did their best to fall in with the arrangement—the latter expressing great anxiety to do "what is kind to Counsel." As no doubt other instances will occur when Counsel will be unable to be in two places at the same time, the following dramatic sketch of what should happen under such circumstances may be useful as a precedent:—

SCENE—The Court of Appeal. Present—Three Lords Justices more or less asleep. Usual Sprinkling of Bar. Empty Gallery.
 "Smith versus Snooks" called. Only Mr. WHIGBLOCK appears, and answers for the Respondent.

Senior Lord Justice. Dear me, and we are at the end of the paper! Who is against you, Mr. WHIGBLOCK?

Mr. Whigblock. Mr. HORATIO TWADDLE, my Lord. I believe my friend is actually at this moment speaking in another Court.

S. L. J. Do you think he will be very long?

Mr. W. looking round, and seeing that the Reporters are "safe". No, my Lord. I believe he is arguing a matter in which some hundred of thousands of pounds are at stake.

S. L. J. Dear me, that sounds like a lengthy proceeding.

Mr. W. (smiling). Yes, my Lord; but as I understand that my friend's brief was only delivered last night, I fancy it is one of those cases in which a Counsel goes into Court "to hear all about it."

S. L. J. Ah! I see. Just so! Well, we must fill up the time.

Mr. W. My case has some slight connection with patents. Perhaps your Lordships would be pleased to hear me upon the history of patents from the earliest period up to the present day?

S. L. J. (hurriedly). Nothing would give me more unalloyed pleasure; but I would not trouble you for worlds.

Second and Third L. JJ. (in a breath). We heartily concur.

Mr. W. (hurt). I have nothing more to say. (Sulks.)

S. L. J. Come, Mr. WHIGBLOCK, surely we can fill up the time in some other manner. Is Mr. BRIEFLESS with you in this case? (The rising young Junior of fifty blushes, and smilingly bows.) If I remember rightly, I fancy Mr. BRIEFLESS, at the Circuit-Mess, years ago, you used to have something to tell us about "the Three Jolly Post-boys of Tooting Common." (Laughter.) Perhaps Mr. BRIEFLESS will once more repeat his recollections of those excellent and eminent persons. (Renewed laughter.)

(Old-fashioned Comic Song—Mr. BRIEFLESS.)

Mr. W. (annoyed at being cut out by his Junior). I had no idea your Lordships would accept such evidence.

S. L. J. We must give ourselves a little latitude, so as to do all that we can to be kind to Counsel. But we shall be glad to hear you on any matter, Mr. WHIGBLOCK, that you think will interest us.

Mr. W. (with some diffidence). May it please your Lordships, I have had some experience in Amateur Conjuring, and during the song of my friend, who is associated with me in this case, I have sent for some of my best tricks. (Taking purple bag from his Clerk's hand.) They are here.

S. L. J. We shall be delighted to see them.

Second and Third L. JJ. (in a breath). We heartily concur.

(Grand Conjuring Entertainment—Mr. WHIGBLOCK—including "The Magic Brief," "The Peculiar Bands," "The Invisible Six-and-Eightpence," and "The Inexhaustible Retainer.")

Mr. Horatio Twaddle (who has been heartily applauding his Opponent's performances, rising at the end of the Programme.) I appear, my Lords, for the Appellant in "Smith v. Snooks."

S. L. J. Oh, very well—then we will take the case.

[The matter is argued. Curtain.]

"REQUIRES CONFIRMATION."—Send for a Bishop.



KITH AND KIN.

Canada (to Britannia). "If I CAN BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE, COMMAND ME." (And so say Victoria and New South Wales.)

A STRANGE COMBINATION.

THE following Advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*, strikes us as a novelty:—

TO TAILORS.—A Solicitor of experience wishes to undertake legal business as an equivalent for his tailoring. Address, &c.

One would like very much to know how the accounts between the Solicitor and the Tailor would be arranged. How many dress-suits would go to a lawsuit, and whether the Solicitor would charge the Tailor six-and-eightpence when he came to fit on a new coat. And if, when the Solicitor called to look at trouser-patterns, such an interview would be charged as a "consultation" in the bill? Another odd

thing strikes us, the Advertiser wishes to undertake legal business "as an equivalent for his tailoring." As a Solicitor, he can "solicit" orders; as a Tailor, he can execute them. And then he would not only send you in bills, but he would sue you promptly if you did not pay them, and charge you for the letters he wrote on the subject. The combination of the two callings strikes us as being dreadful.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.—The present period has been denominated an age of Discovery. Our learned ones discover traces of prehistoric Man, track the Trilobite, and detect the Protoplasm. But somehow we don't seem to discover the Dynamitards, and the deposits of Dynamite. Not much, but better than nothing at all.



UNIVERSITY REFORM.

Oxford Ferruquier (to Tutor of Boniface). "DON'T YOU THINK, SIR, IT'S AN EXCELLENT THING THAT THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN CAN PASS THEIR LITTLE GO, NOW, WHEN FIRST THEY COME UP? WHEN IT WAS AT THE END OF THE OCTOBER TERM, WE USED TO FIND IT HINDERED SO SADLY WITH THEIR PRIVATE THEATRICALS!"

MAKING QUITE SURE OF THEM.

THE excellent precautionary New Rules drawn up by the SPEAKER for the admission of Strangers to the House of Commons have been further supplemented by the following brief Code, regulating

THE ENTRANCE OF MEMBERS.

1. The custom that has hitherto obtained of Members entering the House by the ordinary approaches is, owing to the blocking-up of all the doors by concrete, temporarily suspended.
2. Members anxious, nevertheless, to take their seats, will, after passing a medical examination, finding bail for themselves to the extent of £7000, insuring their lives, and producing their certificates of baptism, together with written testimonials from not less than five highly respectable and well-known Peers, be let down by a rope through the roof by the Serjeant-at-Arms, assisted by a certified Usher and a Policeman in plain clothes.
3. Tea, cold meat, cigars, snuff, oranges, and soda water, will lie permanently on the table of the House, and be obtainable by Members on payment of a small charge, accompanied with substantial references from a Bank Director to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
4. The Ladies' Gallery will be iron-cased and hermetically sealed, and contain only one Reporter, who will be fed from time to time by food thrust on hop-poles from the top of the Speaker's Chair through the grating. On his showing the slightest signs of "going off," the House will adjourn as speedily as possible.
5. On an Adjournment being declared, Members desirous of getting out of the House rapidly, will, if not expert climbers, manage it as best they can.

A BLUNT PROPOSAL.—If Mr. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet had only listened to Mr. WILFRED BLUNT'S propositions,—at least, so says the latter,—our Soudanese difficulties would have come to an end long ago. But now we shall have to pay heavily for the war, and this in consequence of the Cabinet still sticking to the cry of "Down with 'the blunt'!"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

"NEAR NEIGHBOURS."

THE home-life of the Dutch,
 Sketched with eloquent touch,
 Forms the scene of Miss PEARD'S latest labours:
 And the story is such
 That you'll find there is much
 To like in her pleasant *Near Neighbours*!

"CREATURES OF CLAY."

LADY VIOLET GREVILLE has writ, by the way,
 A tale that perusal will amply repay.
 E'en critical carpers won't dare to gainsay,
 There's plenty of life in her *Creatures of Clay*!

"FOUND OUT."

MISS MATHERS you'll find quite at home in *Found Out*.
 You'll wonder, perchance, what the story's about?
 Close-packed in one volume—'tis better than three—
 Well concealed to the close, is a weird mysteree!
 You quickly will learn, if you read, without doubt,
 And soon will find out, when you've finished *Found Out*!

"SALLY."

AIR—"Sally in Our Alley."

A NOVEL that you ought to read—
 With fun and pathos blended—
 Its plot is very good indeed,
 And bound to be commended:
 And o'er its leaves no doubt you will
 Most dearly love to dally;
 'Tis smartly written by JOHN HILL,
 And is entitled *Sally*!

PRO BONO PUBLICO.—IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE Directors of the Metropolitan Extension Dissension Railway Company beg to announce that, with a view to

PLEASING THE INHABITANTS OF LONDON,

they have made arrangements to introduce several important improvements. Feeling that a shelter is required in Charing Cross, they have determined to erect

ORNAMENTAL GAS-WORKS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE,

which will not only be beautiful but useful. As a sub-way between the Exhibition Building at South Kensington and Hyde Park may at some future date become necessary, they have decided instantly to construct

A PERMANENT BARRIER ACROSS PICCADILLY,

which will entirely divert the very considerable traffic in this thoroughfare into other channels. Further, as water may some day become scarce for the use of the Company's locomotives, the Directors, with a view to suiting the convenience of the Public, have decided upon immediately

DRYING UP THE SERPENTINE

and the Artificial Lake in the St. James's Park. As the Government have refused to permit windows to be made in the tunnels, in such a way as to afford a good view of the private apartments in Buckingham Palace, the Directors have determined upon the

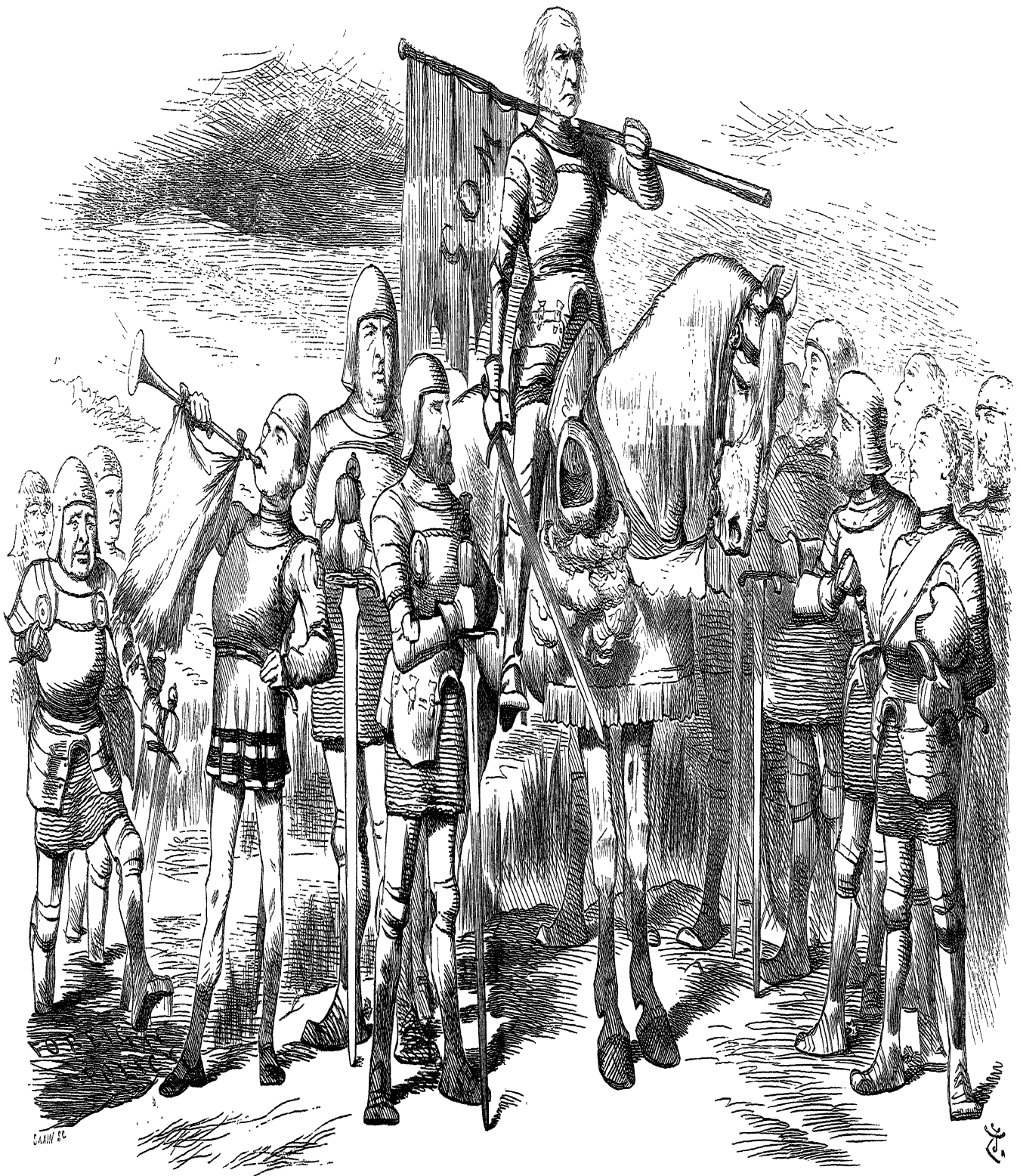
REMOVAL OF ALL LAMP-POSTS IN GROSVENOR PLACE,

which action should be considered as a great convenience, except at night or in foggy weather. Other improvements are in contemplation.

NEW NOVEL.—*Diana of the Crossways*, by GEORGE MEREDITH. Is this the story of an ill-tempered young person? "Better read it, and see," is the Publisher's evident answer.

QUESTION FOR BELLIGERENTS.—When a "peace is concluded," does war commence immediately?

A CONTEMPLATED CHALLENGE.—Calling out the Militia and the Volunteers.



THE LAST RALLY!

THE LAST RALLY.

THE trumpet sound! Bid the shrill blast
Blare forth the Rally! 'Tis the last
On this well-stricken field!
For sullenly comes down the night
On battered helms, on failing fight.
But still some remnants of their might
Make muster, though in piteous plight,
Not brokenly to rush on flight,
Nor cravenly to yield.
Once more the tattered banner lift!
With many a rag and many a rift;
Like an old raven's wing
Slowly it flaps the leaden air;
And many a Knight is gathered there
Round their old Chief, to do or dare,
In closely serried ring.
That Chief sits high, his look is stern,
Beneath knit brows his glances burn,
But wan his face, and worn.
Full wearily for many an hour,
Against ill-fortune, foeman dour,
He field has held; now fate-clouds lour
Above that band forlorn.
The fight aforesaid seemed to go
Not hopelessly—the baffled foe
Shocked, shivered, seemed to fly;
And triumph with familiar glow
Fired the old Chieftain's eye.

But laggard charge and faltering front
Betrayed him; some who battle's brunt
Should manfully have met,
Paused here, broke there, and he it seemed
Doubted o'er long or blindly dreamed,
Whilst o'er the ill-set battle streamed
The day's broad light-flood yet.
And now the night, like Fate's black wing,
Sweeps o'er the field, Egyptian thing
That dims and darkens all!
Back driven o'er that crawling flood,
Whose shadowy dusk is dashed with blood,
Slow, shakely they fall.
Time only for one last stern stand,
With dinted helm and battered brand!
So as they scramble to the land
Ere utter darkness reign,
One rally of that stricken band
Shall end the long campaign.
Blow, Trumpeter, a blast of might!
Fierce in the face of following night
One last defiance fling!
And gather, gather, henchmen stout,
With grim-set teeth that check the shout
Your oft-victorious Chief about
In stern and steely ring;
"Stand, HARTINGTON, unshaken stand,
Clenched hands on your big battle-brand,
And, gravely, grimly loyal, gaze
Far forth into the thickening haze
Through which the foemen loom!

Close, stalwart HARCOURT, high of helm,
Cool SPENCER, whom no cares can whelm,
Brave Squire TREVELLYAN, quick to set
Buckler or blade or burgonet
Or knight to play, or groom!
Brace you, soft NORTHBROOK, for the
shock,
CHILDERS, whate'er the wallet's stock
Stand, eye like fire and foot like rock!
Buckle you, gallant DILKE!
And GRANVILLE, keen yet something slow,
Close up, close up, we wait the foe!
This is the hour for swashing blow,
For steel, and not for silk.
Out from the reeds! let not your feet
There tangled stay, the foe is fleet.
Up DERBY, man! Good luck!
That laggard pace, that fumbling clutch
Anger true warrior overmuch.
Say, doth it irk thee, the cold touch
Of armour on thy back?
Like BARBAROSSA thou wilt sink
Mailed, in mid-stream. Scramble and
shrink
No longer, halting knight!
Up! Up! Egyptian darkness now
Steals over all. Blow, bugler, blow!
Ere AJAX-doom be ours, I trow,
With serried front, with dauntless brow,
Foot on firm earth, face to the slough,
Once more we'll brave the fight!"

"POUR SE DISTRAIRE."

WHILE we were pathetically sympathising with the Grand, but unfortunate Old Man, and humming to a Gilbert-and-Sullivan strain our opinion that—

When "Parlementary" duty's to be done, to be done,
Then "a PREMIER's" lot is not a happy one, happy one!

and while on Tuesday evening we were picturing to ourselves "the Gladstonian heart bowed down by weight of woe" over Egyptian



"All work and no Play!" Oh dear no!

intelligence (or the want of it) in a brown study at Downing Street, or the Gladstonian head bowed down over the open page of HOMER, tearfully reading how "countless woes" fell on the Greeks, and how "the souls of many heroes were hurled down to Hades," our philosophic Leader of Men, so the papers next day informed us, was enjoying the performance of Mr. JUSTIN MACARTHY's sprightly version of *Le Député de Bombignac* at the Criterion; and on the following night, Wednesday, the stolid Marquis of HARTINGTON sat in the Stalls of the

Prince's "taking in through the pores" the brilliant wit of SHERIDAN's immortal *School for Scandal*.

Once, perhaps, in the evening, the thought of the necessity for employing Indian Troops, the chances of "getting ourselves disliked" by his Chief's Italian proclivities, and of the probability of being obliged to call in the assistance of the Unspeakable Turk, might have occurred to the noble Lord's mind; and when he heard Joseph—not CHAMBERLAIN—but Surface exclaim, "A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into!" it is conceivable that he might have longed to have had the PREMIER by his side just to have pointed the application with a quiet nudge. Perhaps other Members of the Cabinet were equally enjoying themselves elsewhere. Regardless of their doom the little victims go to the play. Was Lord GRANVILLE at the Holborn listening to the thrilling chorus of "What Cheer 'Ria," as artistically given by Miss BESSIE BELLWOOD? Was Sir CHARLES DILKE looking after his constituents in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, and joining "heart and voice" in Miss RICHARDS's refrain of the American song "Hanging on a Christmas Tree?" And then the Cabinet Council on Wednesday came as quite a little surprise for them! *Amusez-vous, mes enfants!* "It's a poor heart that never rejoices!"

SCUTTLE V. GRAB.

A Chronicle of the (Probable) Future.

A.D. 1890. Grab Party in power. Forward policy everywhere. Annexation all round. Fifty Millions spent upon Army and Fleet. National Society for the Seizure of Everything holds its first meeting at St. James's Hall. Resolution moved that "the whole of the world, land and water, at present unoccupied by Civilised Powers belongs of right to England." Carried unanimously. Scheme formulated for rectifying Scientific Frontier of whole of British possessions. Is found to involve seizure of sixteen islands, conquest of five native races, absorption of fifty thousand square miles of—useless—new territory, seven small wars, two large ones, four massacres, and an Income-tax of five shillings in the pound. JOHN BULL rebels, and turns out Grab Party.

A.D. 1895. Scuttle Party comes in with big majority and bigger promises. Finishes off all wars by caving in all round, retiring everywhere and relinquishing everything. Cuts down Army, and resolves to sell half the Ironclad Fleet as old metal. Power which buys it immediately utilises it against us. Another Fleet has to be ordered at once at fancy prices in response to Press clamour. Scuttle Party, in cleft stick, halts between two opinions; in pursuit of peace is found fighting all over the world, and after frantic efforts at economy, runs up Income-tax to six shillings in the pound. JOHN BULL turns out Scuttle Party.

A.D. 2000. Grab Party comes in, grabbier than ever. Decides that the only true Scientific Frontier is a circle, that of the whole globe to wit. Endeavours to "square" that circle. Other Powers won't "come round" to this view at all. Army raised to a million men, conscription established, "Standard" of British Navy decided to be one ship for every twenty miles of the earth's surface. Press applauds this idea, so do shipbuilders and engineers. Chancellor of Exchequer resigns, and retires to Colney Hatch. Editor of *Jingo Gazette* appointed in his place. Other Journals immediately "round on" him, and oppose Grab Government. Scuttle Party revive, and stump the country. All members of Government, except Chancellor of Exchequer, resign. He raises Income-tax to twenty shillings in the pound, and declares war with everybody. Is forcibly invested with the Order of the Straight Jacket, just as five foreign Fleets and six European Armies are on the point of starting to attack us.

A.D. 2005. Scuttle Party resumes Office. Makes terms with foreign Armies and Fleets by promising to cut our Army down to a few sentries and guards of honour, and our Navy to two armour-clads, without guns, and a four-knot unarmed Cruiser. Gives up India to Russia, Africa to Germany, puts up garrisoned fortresses and coaling stations at Dutch auction, and lets Colonies run loose. Conference held at Berlin as to what shall be done with England. Turkey offers to take it under her protection, for a consideration. Powers cannot agree on question, and Heligoland is about to annex it, when English rise, under a popular Soap-boiler, seize leaders of Grab and Scuttle Parties, shave their heads, and make waiters of them, banish both words from political dictionary and make a fresh start.



DEPRECIATIVE.

Defendant (on Bail). "I'M MY COUNSELLOR! THEN BLOWED IF I DON'T CONDUO' MY OWN CASE IN PUSSON!"

MR. PUNCH ON THE PINCH.

(Oh! don't we (NOW) know the Middleman?)

MR. PUNCH on more than one occasion has called attention, pictorially and poetically, to the prejudicial influence upon commercial prosperity of that "Incubus of Trade," the "Middleman." "Middleman!" cry the quidnuncs, "who's he?" Some seem even inclined to go to *Betsy Prig's* extremes of tart negation, and say they "don't believe there's no such person." Isn't there? Let the sceptics listen to the *Pull Mall Gazette* of the 6th of February:—

"Just now, when most houses are feeling the pinch of the times, the Middleman is the object of general execration. Indeed, the *British Trade Journal* goes so far as to assert that if this parasite were eliminated, we should hear very little more of trade depression. Germany and America are said to be beating us in a great many markets because they are shutting out the Middlemen. Then why do our own manufacturers tolerate and even connive at the artificial, not to say fraudulent, price which he puts upon every article which is supplied to his order? The establishment of honest direct relations between manufacturer and consumer is the only cure for an evil which must be grappled with sooner or later. If the producers will not move in the matter, they deserve to suffer. A table showing the manufacturer's price and the price paid by the consumer in leading articles, would not only be interesting, but would facilitate the removal of the Middleman. The public can have little idea of the extent of his impositions. The *British Trade Journal* mentions one case in which a manufacturer was asked to pay nearly double the price of an article on his invoice."

How now, incredulity? There is a Middleman, who does not produce, who often does not even convey, who sometimes is at scarcely any expense himself, save for a small office, and some postage stamps, yet who intervenes superfluously between producer and vendor, artificially raises prices in his own interest, manipulates orders, and cooks invoices, and pockets, for doing nothing but a little adroit jockeying, a far larger per-centage of profit than either the Manufacturer, who produces, or the Vendor, who distributes. Why? That is precisely the question which requires answering. "Why," asks the *P. M. G.*, most pertinently, "do our own Manufacturers tolerate, and even connive at," this state of things? Well, there be wheels within wheels, and selfish power, once

craftily usurped, however manifestly mischievous, and obviously irrational, is not easily shaken off by slaves of routine, and thralls of "the custom of the Trade." If it were, many things—say butchers' meat and felt hats, for example—might be indefinitely cheaper to the thousands of high-rented, heavily-taxed victims of "Trade depression."

Of course there are Middlemen and Middlemen. Against the honest, useful Middleman, who, in the distribution of "goods" performs a needed service, and takes but a fair reward, there is nothing to be said. But the Middleman—and he abounds—who is purely a parasite (we thank thee, *P. M. G.*, for teaching us that word!), by the artful aid of "artificial" and "fraudulent" prices, sucking the life of Trade by depleting the purses both of manufacturer, retailer, and purchaser, *he*, as was once said of another, and more dignified institution, is "useless, mischievous, and ought to be abolished." His removal is the business and interest of all honest men, and fair traders. Germany and America, it would appear, have the start of us in attempting that removal. If the Comparative Table, which the *P. M. G.* suggests could be plainly put before the public here, *Mr. Punch* opines that the days of the Parasite would be about numbered. Speak up, long silent victims of his merciless sucking! *Mr. Punch* has ears to hear, and, at a pinch, a *bâton* to apply.

SEASONABLE.—"Missions" are all the craze now in the fashionable world. Excellent preparation for the Lenten entertainments. Not to be behindhand, we suggest a few Missions: *e.g.*, Mission for Theatres, —Ad-mission. Mission for Army, —Com-mission. Debtors' Mission, —Owe-mission. Mission for all those who require it, —Per-mission. Mission for bad Domestic Servants, —De-mission. Mission for Eton boys about to be "swished," and pleading "first fault," —Remission. And, finally, Mission for Wives (according to Husbands' view, or *vice versa*), —Sub-mission.

"THE UNEMPLOYED."—The groups who, between twelve and one o'clock on Sundays, stand about Public-houses with their hands in their pockets, waiting till the doors open.



WORTH V. ART.

If it be true, as is sometimes suggested nowadays, that domestic virtue and the blamelessness of private life are to be accepted by the playgoing public as substitutes for histrionic talent, then it will



Artistic Merit v. Genuine Worth; or, The Discovery in Screen Scene at the Prince's.

cruelly surprise Mrs. LANGTRY to find herself unable to achieve dramatic success in London by relying solely on "The conscience of her 'Worth,'"—and what her WORTH will have the conscience to charge for those dresses—well, that's no affair of ours, only that, to our thinking, there is not a really becoming one among the lot; and, when her classic head is weighted by a Pelion of hat and feathers on an Ossa of powdered wig, the full-blown Jersey Lily, of PEARS' Soap fame, appears at her very worst. We sum up in playbill form:—

<i>Sir Peter Teazle</i> . . . (excellently played by)	Mr. W. FARREN.
<i>Sir Oliver Surface</i> (well, but unequally played by)	Mr. F. EVERILL.
<i>Sir Benjamin Backbite</i> ("Maccaroni" style perfect. Made up too much like an old French Clown by)	Mr. LIN RAYNE.
<i>Joseph Surface</i> (well-intentioned, but feebly executed, by)	Mr. BEERBOHM TREE.
<i>Charles Surface</i> (occasionally admirable; but on the whole too heavily played by).	Mr. C. F. COGHLIN.
<i>Moses</i> (make-up most characteristic: dress by Nathan, who must have taken a pride in it. Rather an underdone Jew, but "played for safety" by)	Mr. E. D. LYONS.
<i>Maria</i> (about as good as they usually make Marias)	Miss EVA SOTHERN.
<i>Mrs. Candour</i> (conventionally played by)	Mrs. ARTHUR STIRLING.
<i>Lady Sneerwell</i> . . . (mildly played by)	Miss KATE PATTISON.
AND	
<i>Lady Teazle's Costumes</i> . . . (worn by)	Mrs. LANGTRY.

Mrs. LANGTRY's *Lady Teazle* can be summed up epigrammatically, as "*Frocks et præterea nihil.*"

It is only a step to turn from *Worth* to *The Milliner's Bill*, which



As We Like It. The Wood Scene at the Court Theatre.

still holds its place at the Court Theatre, thanks to the talent and

singing of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL's delightful piano-playing and character-acting. It recalls the good old times of the Gallery of Illustration, when Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED and the inimitable JOHN PARRY used to delight us. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL first appears at the piano as JOHN PARRY, and then comes on, just exactly as Mr. GERMAN REED would have done, disguised as a "man in possession." Such a man in possession! and such a simple disguise as would not deceive the most frightened and confiding child! He makes his exit as a youngish gentleman in evening dress, and returns in a wrapper, an old hat, a wig, and an ulster which distinctly shows his "superfine cloth" evening trousers, and his spotless patent leathers; and then the man in possession's hands are white and chubby, and might have been at once recognised by anyone less sharp than Mrs. JOHN WOOD, who knows her business far too well for any such mistake as that to be possible.

The Crisis, originally produced at the Haymarket, is to be revived here under the name of *The Denhams*, unless the title is again changed before this appears. But why not keep it as *The Crisis*? If Messrs. CLAYTON and CECIL were going to revive *Hamlet*, would they call it *The Danish Family*?

UNDER FIRE!

A New Song to an Old Tune.

OH, here is a feat Britons proudly may ponder,
By Lord CHARLEY BERESFORD, late of the *Condor*,
Who at Alexandria waked all our wonder.

Which nobody can deny!

He knew Sir CHARLES WILSON, by treachery sold,
Was left with his handful an island to hold,
So he set out to rescue him, ready and bold.

Which nobody can deny!

Five days they had waited, had watched day and night,
When Lord CHARLES's steamer hove clearly in sight,
And the vision they hailed with a shout of delight.

Which nobody can deny!

But puff! what is that? A dense volume of steam
Bursts forth from the boat beating bravely up stream,
And the sight seems a damper on hope's rising gleam.

Which nobody can deny!

So friends on the island, so foes on the shore,
Conceive, and the Arabs respond with a roar,
And Sir CHARLES and his men think the game is all o'er,

Which nobody can deny!

But no, not a bit of it! True they are stuck
Mid-stream, for a round-shot their boiler has struck,
And knocked a big hole in her; bit of bad luck,

Which nobody can deny!

But Lord CHARLES and his crew are defiant of fear,
They have coolness and pluck and a brave engineer;
So they set to work promptly to patch and to clear.

Which nobody can deny!

Then they anchor all night, and at dawn they slip out,
To the angry surprise of the Arabs about,
Running safely the gauntlet of shot and of shout,

Which nobody can deny!

Sir CHARLES WILSON's party they pick up, and go
Safe off to Gubat in despite of the foe.
Such a deed of sheer pluck sets all bosoms aglow.

Which nobody can deny!

So here's to Lord CHARLES in a bumper, and here
Is the health of his crew in a thunderous cheer,
With one special shout more for that brave engineer.

Which nobody will deny!

ANOTHER ASPECT.—There is a good deal of talk just now about "A Teaching University of London." It would be much more to the purpose if we could be assured of possessing at least one *Learning* University. The average well-educated young man has been to public school and College, and has had plenty of *teaching*: but, as to his learning, that's quite another affair,—but it's the important point, to quote Mr. GOSCHEN, "after all."

LIVING ILLUSTRATION OF THE "CORPUS ECCLESIAE."—Canon BODY.

"AS SURE AS THE CLOCK."—Warranted to keep time, to strike surely, and go well in any climate,—the "Black Watch."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 6.



FOLLOWING THE INSTALLATION OF THE JAPANESE VILLAGE AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, THE CHOCTAW BRAVES SET UP THEIR WIGWAMS IN REGENT STREET.

WHITEWASH ME, AND I'LL WHITEWASH YOU.

(Rising Statesman readeth the Account of the Amicable Settlement of the Aston Affair, and soliloquiseh.)

HUMPH! Here's the end of many a laboured column!
 Mere mutual whitewashing, after all!
 A farce! And yet the farce is something solemn.
 A fall, my JOE, a clown's well-battered fall.
 O Brummagem! Perhaps 'twas well to settle
 The mischief bred of faith in LARRY MACK,
 Kettle tells Pot, and Pot admits to Kettle
 That neither finds the other *very* black.
 And yet, though HOPKINS makes it up with DIXON
 And each avows that neither is much hurt,
 Still, after all, a certain remnant sticks on
 The whitewashed saints that rather *looks* like dirt.
 Whilst for *my* coat—perchance they could not save it
 From showing the least speck or splash of dirt on.
 If I again pin faith on affidavit
 May I be—landed like poor WALTER KIRTON.
 It does not suit, my JOE, to have a stain
 Your shining rising reputation cast on.
 I guess they will not bowl you out again
 With such a "nasty one" as this of Aston.
 To build a speech on "chuckers-out" 's not safe
 However you may swear, and test, and rummage 'em,
 I take that tip, however much I chafe
 From Pot and Kettle's comedy at Brummagem.

The Unemployed.

Shakspeare, in *Egypt*—

—“Oh, that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 Who do no work to-day.”

Henry the Fifth, Act IV. sc. 3.

THE BUTLERS OF GREAT MEN.

(Interviewed by Our Own Back-stairs Representative.)

NO IV.—AT MR. JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER'S.

“WELL, I never did—who would have thought to see you? Well I *am* surprised,” were the words that greeted me as I arrived at the Chelsea residence of Mr. WHISTLER (kitchen entrance, of course).

“Yes, it's me,” was my rather terse reply.

“Wait a bit,” continued he, “the Boss is out, as usual, so I'll let you in the front door.”

In half a minute more I was standing in the peculiarly coloured and particularly bare hall of the great Artist. Having somewhat recovered my surprise at seeing TOM STROPPING, whom I used formerly to know as a hairdresser's assistant in the Old Kent Road, I said, “What are you doing here?” TOM replied, “I'm Mr. WHISTLER'S Butler.” I could have fallen with astonishment into the hall seat, if there had been such an article of furniture present, but there wasn't.

“Then you have given up cutting, shaving, and barbering generally?” I asked.

“Oh, no. I have given it up publicly—not privately. I'm Mr. WHISTLER'S Barber as well as his Butler. It's no *sinecure* appointment either. You would not believe it possible the trouble I have to prevent his white lock getting black and his black hair getting white.”

“Oh! I quite believe you,” I said sympathetically, and then asked, “Is the Butler's work hard?”

“Oh, dear no,” was the answer, “that's the easiest part of the lot. You see—he never has any company. He drinks very little wine. He laid down a bottle of Gilbey the week before last, and it has not been opened yet. He has most of his meals out. He is a great favourite in Society, and is seldom here.”

“But how is it he is not at work on such a beautiful bright sunny day as this? One would think an Artist would give a few years of his life for a day like this to paint by.”

To my inquiry TOM burst into a loud fit of laughter. As soon as he could check himself, he said, “Bless you, he don't want bright lights, or north lights to get his peculiar effects?”

“Then what lights does he want?”

“Rush-lights,” was the response. “He don't want 'em *still*, either. Many a time I have had to stand wagging to and fro a rush-light with a long wick in order to get movements of shadows on the wall. There's no doubt he do get some very jumpy results too.”

I mused awhile, as is my wont, and said to TOM STROPPING, “I'm sorry I never saw his greatest works.”

TOM said, “My boy, better late than never.”

I did not comprehend the application of the remark at all, and was ruminating whether I should say anything or not, when Mr. WHISTLER'S Hairdresser and Butler said,

“Come and see them.”

I was “flabbergasted,” as a vulgar person would say. TOM said—“Don't be surprised. WHISTLER'S *greatest* works have never left his studio, and are not likely to do so.”

I was then escorted to the Studio—a charming place, elaborately decorated with one peacock feather fan, and two LIBERTY'S Japanese plates. I saw several of the great Artist's most celebrated works. I said to TOM, “You must explain these to me. I regret to say I have not been educated up to them.”

“Ah!” the Butler replied, “many people observe that. There is a mystery about them—and I *will* solve the mystery to you. But come and see the kitchen first.” We proceeded to the kitchen, which was elaborately decorated in the same way as the studio, namely, one more fan (cheaper, of course, than the other) and two plates (ordinary) on the kitchen-dresser. There was also a pair of “white ducks” over the back of a chair in front of the fire. I was told that they were being aired, as the “Boss” meditated wearing them a little earlier this Spring than usual. It was getting rather late in the afternoon, and a continuation of double-knocks kept shaking up the front-door. I heard the distant voice of the Butler, after he left me, saying “Not at home” to the Dukes, Duchesses, Bishops, and Tax-Collectors, &c., who were paying fashionable calls. I thought it time to leave, so made my way to the area-steps.

“Tom,” I said, “tell me the mystery about these pictures.”

“Certainly, my boy,” he replied, “Besides being Mr. WHISTLER'S Butler and Hairdresser, I'm his *Model* for everything. I sat for the ‘Portrait of a Lady.’ I have sat for no end of Trunks of Trees under the title of ‘Autumnal Consecutive Fifths.’ I sat for the ‘Harmony in Green’ (a Manchester purchaser); I sat for the Crystal Palace Fireworks (‘Fugue in Smoke’); and, lastly, but not leastly, I always sit for that butterfly-beetle signature in the corner of all his pictures.”

I asked one more question—“Does he make much by these pictures?”

“No,” replied TOM. “He relies entirely upon the sale of his very smart and clever Catalogues. He looks forward to a success from his ‘Ten o’Clocks’; and if they don't answer, he is going to try (so he tells me) a ‘Twenty-two o’Clock.’”

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM writes:—“At my seaside lodgings I couldn't get a wink of sleep, as there were some crumbs in the sheets, so that I might as well have been on the bed of Piercrusty's *himself*.”



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Effie. "WHAT! IS THAT THE BEAUTIFUL MISS JONES? WHY, I ADMIRE YOU MORE THAN HER, MAMMA!" *Mamma.* "OH, MY DEAR!"
Effie. "I THINK SHE'S PERFECTLY HIDEOUS!"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

A MATTER IN CAMERA.

I CONFESS I was not altogether surprised to receive at my Chambers an invitation from a firm of well-known West-End photographers to sit for my portrait as a "legal celebrity." Perhaps I should have been better pleased had the letter not been lithographed with the exception of the word "legal" (which had been filled in with a pen), as then I should have imagined that our forensic notabilities were not quite so numerous as the Circular seemed to suggest. "But," I argued to myself, "the eminent operators no doubt know their business better than I do. They are in touch, so to speak, with the Public pulse, and must catch the celebrity on the hop, or, as in my case, on his legs." I felt that they must have heard of a recent brilliant professional triumph (I had successfully moved for the appointment of a Receiver in the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice), and anxious to meet the immense demand that must, as a consequence, have been created for my portrait, had taken immediate steps to secure a sitting. Thinking that perhaps the Public might prefer to see me in the costume I wear when not engaged in wrestling with those deeply versed in the intricacies of the Division over which Sir JAMES HANNEN so admirably presides, I offered to appear in Mufti. But no, the eminent Firm (doubtless fully aware that the multitude prefer to see their heroes of the hour in uniform) begged of me to bring "my robes." Thus petitioned, I requested my clerk—to speak by the card, my fraction of a clerk—I share his excellent and valuable services with others) to fetch my wig and gown from the neighbourhood of Carey Street, as I had need of them elsewhere. I rather think my fraction of a clerk was impressed, imagining that I had a brief in some distant part of the country, where I was not known.

At 11'30 A.M. I drove up with my goods and chattels (as Mr. PENLEY says in the *Private Secretary*), and mounted to the first-floor. Here I was courteously received by an attendant who, however, informed me that as the Artist was engaged with "someone else," I could go into another room "and get ready." Deprecating hurry for my sake (I felt that perhaps if the Artist knew I was waiting for him he might spoil, in his pardonable agitation, the negative he was then engaged in taking of either the LORD CHANCELLOR or the Master of the Rolls), I carried my blue bag into the apartment indicated. Here I divested myself of my hat and necktie, and assumed a wig, a pair of bands, and a gown.

Leaving my chimney-pot sharing a settee with a lady's bonnet and a sealskin cloak, I returned to the room I had just entered, and engaged in an animated conversation about the very considerable merits of the specimens of photography hanging from the walls with an agreeable female attendant. I fear that the fact that I was "robed" rather frightened my companion, who answered the questions I put in a tone that might have been adopted by a nervous witness anxious by conciliatory submission to end an unusually brutal line of cross-examination. It may be that feeling my wig resting on, not to say tickling my head, I was a little harsh when I asked whether such and such a group "was not an enlarged photograph?" and did they not "nowadays take portraits the full size of life?" That our conversation was mutually embarrassing was unquestionable, and therefore it was a relief when the attendant, having called through a tube that "the gentleman was quite ready, and hadn't much time to spare," begged me to go upstairs to the studio. I may remark that I was at first a little hurt (in my character of a "legal celebrity") at being simply called "the gentleman," but on consideration came to the conclusion that no doubt the anonymous description was intended to suit the views of constitutionally timid Queen's Counsel desirous of preserving as long as possible their *incognito*.

On entering the studio I was desired to wait an instant as the last negative was being taken of the sitter who had preceded me. Hearing this I assumed an air of deferential hauteur so as to meet the "subject" on his retirement (I suspected him to be the LORD CHANCELLOR) with appropriate dignity. My trouble was unnecessary, as the sitter turned out to be not the LORD CHANCELLOR, but a much younger lady, whose bonnet and cloak were no doubt those I had observed in the dressing-room on my arrival.

"Now," said the Artist, after seating me somewhat unsteadily on a chair, drawing up a curtain representing the interior of a palace, and screwing my wig firmly on to a frame, "I want you to look as you do when you are questioning a witness."

This was rather perplexing, as, to tell the truth, my work is chiefly what I may call Chamber practice. However, I put on a scowl of intense malignity, which seemed to me fairly suitable to the given situation.

"No, that will not do at all," exclaimed the Artist. He spoke with a slight accent. "Think of something pleasant."

I did. I thought that, in spite of my considerable Chamber practice, if I ever did have the opportunity of examining a witness, it would be most gratifying.

"Ah, that is better!" And he took off the cover of the camera, and "fixed" one of the broadest grins in which I had indulged for years.

"Thank you," he continued, "I think that very good. And now I want you to get into your ordinary attitude in Court—when you are addressing a Judge."

Smiling gently to myself, I assumed an air of winning candour combined with noble-minded prudence, and leant forward with easy grace—in fact, adopting the very attitude I had used in my celebrated Probate motion.

"Oh, no—not at all!" almost shouted the Artist. "You look as if you were frightened out of your life! Something bolder will be better."

I confess I was disappointed, as I imagined that the Public would have preferred to have seen their hero in his favourite, his only attitude. However, in deference to the suggestion that I should appear "bolder," I rested my left hand upon my hip, raised my right arm threateningly, and put on an expression that I think would have done either for "AJAX defying the Lightning," or "JACK SHEPPARD boldly conducting, at the end of his villainous career, his own defence."

"Capital!" exclaimed the Artist. "But I think you want a brief."

I thought so, too, but kept the reflection to myself.

"Have you a brief?" he asked.

This very direct question rather embarrassed me, and I was about to reply that I really could not say until I had consulted my clerk, when he added that he meant "with me."

"Oh no," I answered, quickly, and much relieved.

"All my briefs are at my Chambers."

"Well, perhaps this will do." And he gave me a song.

I objected that, if I were taken with a ballad in my hand, it would savour of disrespect—that even the



OUR AFGHAN "BOUNDARY COMMISSION." JOHN BULL PUTS UP A NOTICE. (See p. 105.)

celebrated Mr. JAMES MOLLOY, Barrister-at-Law and Composer, had never sung to the Court—at least not in his robes.

"Ah, it is a pity," said the Artist, falling back, and taking in my attitude. "You look as if you wanted a brief."

I secretly agreed that I daresay I did. Then I suggested that, if I were given a few sheets of paper, and a piece of red tape, I might supply him with the article he required.

"What!" he joyfully exclaimed, "can you make a dummy brief?"

I smilingly admitted that I had made such a thing—when I first commenced practice. In a trice, AJAX and JACK SHEPPARD were supplied with a "dummy."

"Glorious!" cried the Artist, in an ecstasy of astonishment, and I was "taken" again.

With this pose my sitting terminated. In conclusion, I can only

hope, for the sake of the great-souled, generous-hearted British Public, that my Portrait will be a good one. I should, indeed, be sorry, were our toiling millions to buy any other.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

To the Croakers.

NAY, shriek not and bellow, as though utter strangers

To perils and prophecies faced in the past!

Our England has lived through much dreadfuller dangers,
And will not die all of a Soudan at last!

PRINCE HASSAN has gone. We should be delighted to be able to reply, "Prince HASSAN hasn't."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday Night, February 19.—Parliament met to-day after Christmas recess. No fuss with Royal Commission or similar nonsense. Rules for admission of Members strictly carried out, but without hitch. Members, having given countersign at gate of Palace Yard, conducted across yard in couples, a policeman on



"Wake up, Sir!" Mr. Punch's Vote of Censure.

either hand. Arriving at Members' entrance, handed over to two other policemen, a third walking behind with loaded revolver in one hand, and a short but serviceable dirk in the other. Police gave up their charge on entering Cloak-Room. Each Member there separately searched in presence of HARCOURT. After this, and having signed, on oath, a declaration that he has no intention to blow up anything but the Government, is free of the House. Usual on leaving Cloak-Room, after being searched, to drop a sixpence, or the less obtrusive three-penny-bit, into box at door labelled "Contributions for Exploded Policemen's Fund."

Members say they like this little preliminary ceremony; but, fear when novelty wears off, it will lead to protest. Meanwhile, HARCOURT hugely pleased with success of first night's experiment.

"An immense amount of responsibility and trouble, TOBY," he said, mechanically dropping his hand into my watch-pocket, which the policeman had already searched. "But duty the first consideration. Laid awake night after night thinking this matter over. Arrived at conclusion that we were on the wrong track. Hunting about after Irish-Americans, watching ports, and the like, all nonsense. Thing is, keep your eye upon Members of the House and Reporters in the Gallery. Unexpected move, eh? So are those of all great Generals. Reporters turn rusty, and get rules abrogated before they're tried. But that only leaves me more time to look after Members."

House naturally fills slowly. Process of thorough examination can't be carried out in five minutes. But Members came in in steady stream, and by half-past four the House was full. Only Strangers' Gallery empty, save for half-a-dozen frightened individuals.

"Yes," said HARCOURT, looking up with a pleased smile when I mentioned this; "we've succeeded there, at any rate. What business Public want to know what's going on in Parliament either through the Papers or Strangers' Gallery? I'm at the Home Office. Let that suffice."

Everything went off quietly. No fireworks or pistol-shots. NORTHCOTE loudly cheered on rising to give notice of Vote of Censure. Everyone glad to hear the dear old LORD MAYOR in good heart and voice. Always stood by NORTHCOTE, and now cheers uproariously when Sir STAFFORD, a little timidly, read his Resolution. Not so much cheering when NORTHCOTE sits down. Got his Resolution a 1 in single sentence. People trying to gather what it means, so forgot to cheer.

GLADSTONE in menacingly mild mood. Hopes he doesn't intrude when he rises to offer few observations. Will not introduce any

controversial matter. WARTON cries, "Oh! oh!" and a look of pained surprise softens the lines in the face of the Good Old Man. TOMLINSON jeers. He looks at him sadly. "*Et tu Brute!*" Nothing shall draw him into retort, nor the use of bad language. If anyone wants to pull his hair, or tweak his nose, or put his pocket-handkerchief up the spout, now's their time. Such an exhibition of meekness and humility never before seen.

"Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth to-night," says GEORGE HAMILTON.

"May be," says GIBSON, shrewdly watching the Mild Old Man. "But I don't like the look of this. He's evidently preparing a rouser when he comes to speak on the actual debate. 'Twas always thus as a preliminary to passionate outburst."

Business done.—Notice of Vote of Censure.

Friday Night.—JOSEPH GILLIS moves softly about decently dressed in black. JOSEPH is like the Ministry. A Vote of Censure is hanging over his devoted head, and JOEY B., like W. E. G., affects a subdued air. But there's a twinkle in his eye, and a twitching about the corners of his mouth that is a little suspicious.

"What are ye smiling at, ye young dog?" says O'SHEA playfully, prodding him in the ribs.

"Well, O'SHAY, between you and me, the fack is I thought the shot had missed fire. I took some trouble to insult SPENCER. But it was at a small meetin' in a little village. It happened six weeks ago, and no notice was taken in the papers. I was that mad with rage you wouldn't have known me. Imagine me joy when I heard CHARLES LEWIS last night giving notice to call attention to the speech, and reading out the very words so that they'd go through every Newspaper in the kingdom! The worst of it is people's sayin' LEWIS and me's in league, and that I promised him something to do this."

Fusillade of questions at Half-past Four. TYLER suddenly wakes up, and takes under his charge Afghanistan, the route between



Mr. McIvor makes everything clear. *Voilà Toots.*

Berber and Khartoum, communications between the Red Sea and the Nile, not to mention the terms of the Vote of Censure. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT begins to grow uneasy. Never expected this of TYLER.

On Motion to go into Committee, Windbag SEXTON turns up. Members flee in affright. Makes no difference to Windbag, which discharges itself in an hour and ten minutes, and at Half-past Ten work begins.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supplementary Estimates.

Responsibility.

Who sends Prince HASSAN?

"Not I," says GLADSTONE,

"The KHEDEVE alone,

And he sent Prince HASSAN."

Who sends Prince HASSAN?

"I," says the KHEDEVE,

"If you choose to believe

'Twas I sent Prince HASSAN."

SHUT UP!—We learn from the *Sussex Daily News* that Dr. HORACE TESTER has just been awarded the prize for a paper delivered before the Students' Society of the London Dental Hospital. The subject of the paper is "Closure of the Jaws." Let us trust this paper will be reprinted. If widely circulated in the House of Commons, it would surely prove to be invaluable.

VERBECKSTORDINARY.

WE love a Conjuror, but dread a Mesmerist. Something delightful about a Conjuror, something uncanny about a Mesmerist. M. VERBECK is a first-rate Professor of Legerdemain, and his



Mephistopheles and Marguerite at the Prince's Hall.

prestidigitation (beautiful word!) belongs to the palmiest days of his art. One of his best tricks is the diminishing pack of cards. How delightful it must be to be able to do this with tradesmen's "little accounts."

Most people would, we feel sure, rather not see the second part of the entertainment, when, like a *Mephistopheles*, he stands in a theatrical attitude before Mlle. DE MARGUERITE—of course she is evidently *Marguerite*, in the absence of *Faust*,—and sends her off into a mesmeric swoon. In appearance, Mlle. MARGUERITE (this must be the name) resembles one of the numerous photographs of Mrs. LANGTRY, though which it is we cannot exactly call to mind. When the temporary representative of the Jersey Lily,—who is Lady-Teazling at the Prince's, and therefore, except by magic, cannot be

at the Prince's Hall at the same time,—is rendered sufficiently cataleptic, M. VERBECK sticks a pin in her arm and makes her throw herself into all sorts of difficult attitudes. We remember having seen Schoolboys, not cataleptic, do much the same thing, until after the Master had caught them attempting to stick pins into him without having previously secured him in a mesmeric trance, and then he became rigid, and they writhed in all sorts of extraordinary attitudes for an hour afterwards.

Nothing of this mesmeric business is particularly new, and if M. VERBECK will take our advice, he will make the whole entertainment consist of conjuring. He has plenty of humour, and as he only speaks French, the requisite lightness is given to the Show by the Interpreter, who is, quite unintentionally, a very comic man. The audience might have understood M. VERBECK's French "patter" fairly enough, if the interpreter had only given them a chance; but he wouldn't. The old-fashioned travelling Conjurors knew the secret of making an entertainment popular when they never went about without a Jack-pudding. That Interpreter was there to distract our attention. Very clever this.

Just a few sensational tricks for the second part, and a laughable experiment or two on the Interpreter, which would send everyone away in high good humour, and M. VERBECK's success would be assured at the Prince's Hall.

MR. WHISTLER'S TEN-AND-SIXPENNY O'CLOCK.

OUR JEMMY'S Ten o'Clock promises to go like one o'clock. The style of his One Hour's Sermon is something between a *Touchstone*

and an inspired Prophet, or, at all events, of a well-versed Scripture-Reader. He is never for one moment a "Dismal JEMMY." He certainly "scored" at the Prince's Hall, and, as Mr. WHISTLER hates being indebted to anyone, he paid off several old scores at the same time. A certain proportion of the crowded audience had evidently come in the expectation of seeing the MCNEIL stand upon his head, but they were disappointed; the historic white lock remained uppermost, and JAMES, firmly planted on his feet, delivered many well-aimed thrusts with the keen rapier of epigrammatic satire. The Lecturer had his MCNEIL fling,—a well-executed *pas seul*,—at the Amateur and the Critics, and finally came down heavily, that is by comparison, on the *Æsthetes*, who, we should have thought, were, by this time, hardly worth the trouble of setting on their feeble legs merely for the fun of knocking them down again. In this Lecturing Mr. JAMES WHISTLER is "Real JAMES" and not The Pretender. His theories on Art and Nature may be debateable, but his power of epigram is undoubted.

WIRE FROM VICTORIA THE COLONY TO VICTORIA THE QUEEN—
'My Service to you, Ma'am!'

NOT "THE TIMID HARE."

IN a plain straightforward speech Mr. HARE, as Chairman of the Dramatic Fund Dinner, gave a very smart rap o' the knuckles to those of his craft who are always seizing on any occasion for parading their exceptional liberality towards any of their professional brethren in distress. "I must say," protested the candid Chairman, "that I am astonished to find that a Society which offers such advantages to its Members should be so very poorly supported." Then he went in to hit the right nail on the head, and that with a powerful thud. "It doubly needs your support," pleaded the Chairman, "in that it (the Dramatic Fund) is quiet and unostentatious, and, I may say, to some extent unfashionable"—excellently put Mr. HARE—"in a word it is sadly in need of funds, and on the principle of that to 'him that hath shall be given'" (the Chairman became a trifle mixed here, but the intention was good) "the way of the world is too often to give not so much where help is most needed, as to that charity which is most successful,"—in fact where there can be some trumpet sounded before the almsgiver. We sincerely hope that the immediate results were most satisfactory, and that these vigorous observations will stir up those who have given and prated of it, to give as much again and to hold their tongues, and those who have given in secret to increase their donations. Mr. HARE's tag about the "greatest of all earthly virtues" being "charity," which he evidently thought was a correct application of a much misunderstood scriptural text to this particular occasion, was not so happily conceived as the earlier part of his oratorical effort, for which, as an example of plain out-speaking, he deserves the praise of all who are enemies of cant and snobbishness.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

TUNE—"The Bay of Biscay."



Ta-Ta!

The shade of threatening clouds
JOHN BULL'S horizon shrouds;

Hear him say,
"Why, what, eh!

Where's the British Navy, O?"

At last a distant morrow
Looms through the hazy
sky,

We mayn't quite come to sorrow
Meanwhile, ere by-and-by,
Deferring to renew,

Our fleets by far too few,

TIME was, with broadside's
thunder,

When once this Isle of ours
On every sea kept under
The whole world's Ocean
Powers.

We many a gallant barque
Maintained above their mark;
Therefore they
All gave way

To the British Navy, O!

But now deep slumber's pillow
My Lords, the truth to
speak,

Have pressed, till on the billow
They've let the strong wax
weak.

As we may,
Any day,
Find the British Navy, O!

In five years hence, however,
With present France, content,
To cope we may endeavour,
Three millions only spent;
Security appears

In sight, for which three cheers!
Shout Hooray!
Let us pay

For the British Navy, O!

"I'll Strike you with a Feather."

THIS song of "the great MACDERMOTT" must have inspired Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE when he rose to give notice of his party's Vote of Censure on the present Government. Anything more mild and feeble was probably never heard on such a serious occasion in the Commons House of Parliament. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's name ought to be changed to SOUTHCOTE—or, more properly, to DOVECOTE. He is too gentle.

A Correspondent sends us this, from the *Irish Times*, Monday, 9th inst. :—

"The last eleven nights date from to-night of the very successful Pantomime of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. The last morning performance—it is well to note—will be on Saturday night, the 14th inst."

Such an Irish Diamond as this is worth the setting.



SUNDAY SCHOOLING.

Teacher. "WHAT DOES ONE MEAN BY 'HEAPING COALS OF FIRE ON SOMEONE'S HEAD,' NOW, HARRY HAWKINS?"
 Harry Hawkins. "GIVIN' IT 'IM 'OT, TEACHER!"

"MY BOYS!"

(A Carol for Our Colonies.)

AIR—"My Queen."

Leo Britannicus loquitur:—

WHEN and how I may have to meet them,
 My banded foes, in a mighty fray,
 Where I shall have to face—and beat—them,
 I know not, but 'twill come some day.
 And what care I whilst I see around me,
 Mustering up with a manifold noise,
 The lads who in love-links fresh have bound me,
 These whom I look on, my Boys, my Boys!

Long I have dreamt of them, growing greatly,
 The lads I love, getting big and bright;
 And the way they have shot up and strengthened lately
 Must fill a father with fond delight.
 And we all are proud, from our Royal Lady
 To the humblest hind who the sight enjoys,
 To see them, loyal, alert, and ready
 To do their *devoir*, my Boys, my Boys!

Croakers chilly and melancholy
 Prophecy ills to the Isle I love,
 But genuine Britons, high-born or lowly,
 Have pluck such a pulsing spirit above.
 And I'll trust my home to their stalwart keeping,
 But, upon my honour, it swells my joys,
 And sets my blood through my veins swift leaping,
 To see you coming, my Boys, my Boys!

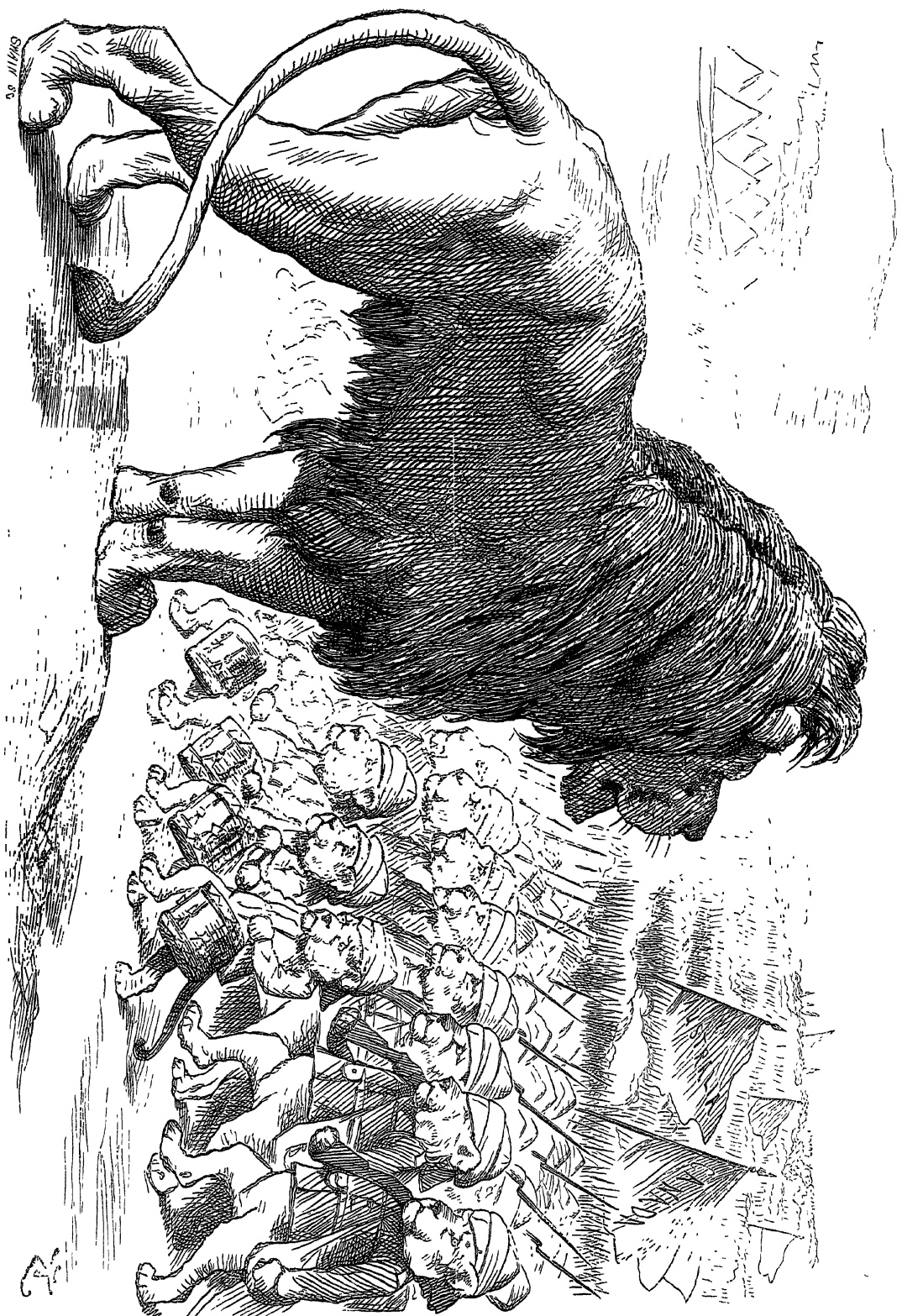
Look at them, look at them gaily trooping
 Up to the Standard, the old, old flag!
 Slips of the stock there is no up-cooping,
 Talking the tongue that no tyrants gag.

Like young lions, to help the old one,
 Swift of footfall, and firm of poise,
 By Jove, that foeman will be a bold one
 Who'll face us banded, my Boys, my Boys!

They fancy, do they? Old England's slingers,
 My claws are cut, and my eyes are dim,
 That he aforetime the first of fighters,
 Is slow of spirit and slack of limb?
 Well, well, they maybe will find their error,
 And needless roaring is empty noise;
 But they'll hardly strike me with abject terror
 When I see you round me, my Boys, my Boys!

Who was it said I was fond of snubbing
 The stalwart slips that should be my pride?
 Duffers! The war-drums rub-a-dubbing
 Soon finds us ranged on the self-same side.
 Here's their answer! Such Volunteering
 As this should shame them. My heart it joys
 To see your muster, to hear your cheering.
 Best thanks, and bless you, my Boys, my Boys!
 I'd trust my honour to your stout keeping,
 I'd—well, on manhood gush quickly cloy;
 But chill in my heart must the blood go creeping
 Ere I cease to love you, my Boys, my Boys!

TAKING THE LAW ON THE MAHDI.—(From a Correspondent.)—
 Sir,—In the report of the departure of the Coldstreams, I see that they were accompanied by "two warrant officers." I am an ignoramus in these matters, but I suppose that these two officials represent the civil power, and hold the necessary warrant for the arrest of the MAHDI as a False Prophet. Being a man of peace, I am delighted at the prospect of so simple a solution, and hope to hear of him before long up at Bow Street before Sir JAMES INGHAM, and the case headed "Another Raid on Betting Men! Capture of the False Prophet!"—Yours truly, McFUDDELE.



“MY BOYS!”



HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT'S HE TO DO?

A BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

John Bull loquitur:—

HERE stands a Post! My Muscovite,

You may be quite straightforward,
But I'll be dashed if you're polite—I'll keep an eye to nor'ward.
I don't quite know what you'd be at,But I've a glimmering notion,
And—may I say it—smell *Herat*.
I'll take a tip from GOSCHEN.

I'm here, you know, to serve your turn,

But you seem hard of pleasing,
Well, I, of course, have not to learn

That Bears are good at "squeezing."

A friendly hug? Oh that, of course,

But then you Bears *do* hug hard,
And your "delimitation" force
Appears to play the sluggard.Mine has been ready a full year,
And, though not bent on wrangling,

I'd ask how long you'd keep me here

Upon your pleasure dangling?
Well, one can fix a boundaryAs clearly as a host, Sir.
I'm tired—have other fish to fry,
And so—here stands a Post, Sir!

LEGISLATION FOR BABIES.

THE Isle of Man should be known henceforth as the Isle of Mannikins. Its leading citizens—a Judge, the Speaker of the House of Keys, the Governor's Secretary, a High Bailiff, and several barristers—have been convicted of the fearful crime of sitting five minutes too long in a licensed building over a dinner-table, and have each been fined the price of a box of lollipops. A few weeks ago a number of gentlemen were dragged into the charming atmosphere of a London Police Court for the crime of drinking a glass of champagne at twenty-five minutes to one on the morning of New Year's Day in a London Restaurant. If these Mannikins had been concocting a murder, or the party of hunted London taxpayers had been active members of the Dynamite Gang, the chances are that the Police and the Authorities would never have known of their existence. When hundreds of "intelligent officers" are wasted in the task of watching drinking-shops and eating-houses, we can hardly wonder at the freedom enjoyed by Cut-throats and Destructives.

FROM OUR OWN NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

YES, Sir, you never more conclusively realised the want of the day, than when you said to me—

"In these hard times, what the young men of the period require, Mr. SPOTTEM, is a good reliable prophet."

"Sir," said I, "you have hit it; and if ever you got hold of the round peg for the round hole, you've got it now, which my terms is twenty-five shillings up to Epsom, and gratuities at discretion."

It's the dull season now, Sir, but when the game begins again, I'm the man to see your clients through a cheering and lucrative season. Why, you've benefited by the notes of the "Mouse in the Manger," also those of the "Cat in the Cornbin" often, don't deny it—you know you have. Those were me. I, Sir, was the Mouse; I, Sir, was the Cat. Now I'm TIPPOO SAHIB, the Dark 'Un! It's dull, and the weather simply beastly—

"I would I were as I have been
In the Stewards' Stand at Ascot Green,
Sweeping my glass down the T. Y. C.,
For that is the life that is meet for me."

As a would-be sporting bard sang in your columns long since. He wasn't much in it. "*Sweeping your Glass down*." I flatter myself I understand that as well as any man in England, but why he introduced T. Y. C., by which I presume he means Thames Yacht Club, into a racing lyric, can only be explained by his being rather beaten

off for a rhyme—otherwise it's a *paradox*. There I go, you see, I'm so full of information that I keep bubbling over, and allow valuable stable secrets to escape me in my *metlin* moments. There I am again. Why, there's two hints for any man who knows "a hawk from a hand-saw," which *Hamlet* didn't, nor I think The Leviathan WILLIAMS when he wrote that line. He understood "sweeping his glass," did Leviathan WILLIAMS.

You see I appreciate SHAKESPEARE by calling him "The Leviathan." Did it ever strike you, Sir, before, to what race the original Leviathan belonged? If there were a Levi in my name, I should consider myself own brother to Sir MOSES. I think the "n" was left out of Leviathan; it should have been Levi-Nathan. Deep sea-fish that!

Now, Sir, to get out of the Mosaics, and back to horse-racing. I hope your readers will understand it's five-and-twenty shillings up to Epsom. Extra for that meeting, because that sets 'em up for the season.

Yours respectfully,
ROBERT SPOTTEM (professionally, "TIPPOO SAHIB,"
the Dark 'Un).

P.S.—Perhaps you wouldn't mind enclosing some of my circulars in your invaluable paper.*

* Of course we don't mean to comply with this modest request, but, if put to it, we'd rather do this than accept any of TIPPOO'S "invaluable paper."—ED.

MR. PIPS IN THE GALLERY.

A *Diary of Two Parliaments*, by HENRY LUCY, is a Diary well worth keeping. For sustained interest a modern novel isn't on the same bookshelf with it. It is "not too dramatic, but just dramatic enough," as Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is perpetually saying in *The Babes*; and though at the very commencement, on meeting with the old familiar names of DISRAELI, ROBERT LOWE, and KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN, we are perfectly well aware that they will respectively turn out to be the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, Lord SHEERBROOKE, and Lord BRAYBROOKE, yet their sayings and doings are as fresh as ever, and the *dénoûment* comes upon the most *blasé* reader with all the effect of an artistically-arranged surprise.

So for the account of the mighty quarrel between Messrs. VERNON HARCOURT and GLADSTONE, when the Pipsian Diarist in the Gallery thought that these two could never speak to one another amicably again, which only whets our curiosity to know how they subsequently determined to "kiss and be friends," and united in one Cabinet to live happily ever afterwards. Such episodes as these, related in the pleasantest possible manner,—though, by the way, the Members immortalised as "stupid" and "failures" will not take the same view of Mr. LUCY'S book as we do,—make us regret that all historical diaries are not as clear, that is as Lucy'd, as this.



"BACKSLIDING."

The Minister (reproachfully). "AH, JAMES! I'M SORRY TO SEE THIS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A STEADFAST TESTOTALLER!"

James. "SHO I AM, SIR. BUT I'M NO A BIGOTED ANE!"

LETTING THEM IN.

A CONTEMPORARY, in the course of a recent notice of Mr. J. H. INGRAM'S new and entertaining Volume on the subject of the "Haunted Houses" of Great Britain, having expressed its conviction that, owing to the prevailing taste for mysticism, this formerly ineligible class of property was now positively coming to be sought for and in much request, the *Society for Psychical Research* has, as might have been anticipated, lost no time in meeting a public demand in a congenial spirit, and have at once opened a temporary Agency at their central offices. Subjoined is a specimen of their Preliminary "List" for the ensuing month.

MESSRS. EDMUND GURNEY & CO., HAUNTED HOUSE and ESTATE AGENTS, respectfully beg to offer to the notice of their various Clients the following desirable Properties, selected from many others at present standing on their books for disposal.

GLAMORGANSHIRE (in the very worst part of), seventeen miles and a half from a station, delightfully situated, overlooking an ancient graveyard, and within two minutes' walk of a subterranean passage of the adjacent ruined church crypt, a thoroughly first-class crumbling old-fashioned English Mansion, in excellent mysterious condition, and furnished with every modern psychical convenience. Contains several handsomely proportioned reception-rooms, all, owing to spiritual manifestations, perfectly intolerable after dusk, a picture-gallery, in which the famous "black hound" of the POYNINGS, the original holders of the estate, appears on the eve and morrow of great dinner parties, or the approach of any grave disaster to the local postmaster, and twenty-five sleeping apartments, in all of which, due to the continued noise as of a large iron beer-barrel filled with bricks, rolling from midnight till half-past five A.M. all over the floors and ceilings, any approach to rest is found to be practically impossible. The House is at present let, but the remainder of the lease would be parted with on the spot for a nominal premium, and immediate possession given in consequence of the desire of the present occupiers to pass the summer months in a lunatic asylum. Drainage perfect. (17,341.)

GALLOWSHURST.—This unique, charming, and agreeably HAUNTED LITTLE HUNTING BOX to be disposed of quickly, by private arrangement. Nine rooms, stabling, capital water supply, and every convenience.

Thirteen Packs, five Spectral, meet in immediate neighbourhood. Handsome carved oak staircase (reign of JAMES THE FIRST), down which, from the top to the bottom (eight flights) a Warrior, in full chain armour, is heard to roll heavily, head-over-heels, at midnight, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, finally disappearing with a series of loud unearthly wails in the wine-cellar. A Tenant with several rich, but nervous relatives, from whom he has expectations, or one desirous of good-humouredly enlivening the country visits of his friends, would find this an eligible investment. Doctor within eighty-five minutes. Price of Freehold, £25. (19,310.)

A CHARMING BIJOU VILLA RESIDENCE, most tastefully decorated and haunted throughout, To BE LET immediately. Newest style of Queen Anne furniture, with exquisitely finished Library and Boudoir to match, in which precisely at a quarter to nine every evening, a little man in the dress of the last century, wearing a blue velvet coat and bag-wig, and with a troubled expression of countenance, holding his head under his arm, appears, and says, in a melancholy voice, "I wish I hadn't forgot it," and then seems to disappear up the chimney. Further particulars on application. (20,191.)

CYPRESS HO! BRIXTON RISE.—This comfortably-appointed and well-constructed Family residence to be Let on Lease. Fifteen rooms. Stabling if required. The Premises present unusual psychical advantages to a Tenant in any pecuniary embarrassment, there being the Spectre of a Female in White, holding a murdered child in one hand and two carving-knives in the other, permanently standing on the mat in the middle of the entrance-hall. The Spectre is so visible, that no Tradesman making application for his account, and purposely admitted, has ever been known either to smile or call again. References can be had from the Local Clergyman, and several highly respectable people living in the immediate neighbourhood, who have been repeatedly frightened into fits. Large Kitchen Garden, well stocked with evil spirits. The entire Premises to be had a bargain, with or without possession. Good opportunity for newly-married couple of position wishing to economise. Ghost and fixtures might be taken at a valuation. (22,134.)

BOGEY PARK MANSIONS.—Portions of these elegantly-fitted modern residences to be let out in any quantity to flats on application. As they have been constructed on scientific psychical principles, more especially to meet the necessities of medium-sized families, they have been roofed with self-writing slates, provided with automatic rapping doors, and telopathic communication with the principal theosophic centres, and placed under the charge of a floating hall-porter entirely independent of the laws of Matter. An Elevator and Depressor on the premises. For Prospectus and terms apply to the Manager. (24,191.)

PORTLAND PLACE, W.—One of the largest of these famous and fashionable town houses to be let furnished for the coming season. It comprises the usual reception and bed rooms, including an excellently-haunted guest-chamber, the occupant of which *having once entered it to dress for dinner is never seen or heard of again.* A County M.P. who is expected to show some civility to a numerous following of influential but cantankerous Constituents, would find the above a highly-desirable residence for his purpose during the progress of the Parliamentary Session. If taken for more than one night, terms moderate. (13,044.)

MIDNIGHT GRANGE.—This snug and charming little thirteen-roomed Country Residence To BE LET, with immediate possession. No occasion to burn gas or candles, the entire residence being illuminated after dark by the fitting spectres of a Quaker, three men in cloaks, a headless woman on horseback followed by an Alderman, who move continually from room to room, uttering loud yells from dusk to daybreak. Would offer advantages as a Private Deaf and Dumb Asylum, or might be turned to excellent account by an invalid and aged couple anxious to enjoy the experience of a little genuine romance and excitement at a comparatively trifling cost. Application to view to be made between the hours of one and two A.M. on the premises. Key with the Ghost. (29,139.)

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 2.



OLD MASTERS' EXHIBITION. VISIT OF YOUNG MASTERS.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

THAT not particularly learned body which rejoices in the name of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London, held a Special Meeting at the Guildhall last week, to discuss the terribly extravagant conduct of the London School Board in adding one penny in the pound to the amount of the rate to be levied in the wealthy City of London for the ensuing year. Much burning eloquence, of the peculiar City type, was used on the occasion, and a statement by one highly excited member that there were no less than 313 Board Schools in the Metropolis in which the great work of education was being successfully carried on, and that the cry was still for more, was received with as terrible a groan of horror as if it had been announced, on authority, that there were to be no more "Cakes and Ale" for the Sewage Commissioners.

In vain was it stated by those who, apparently, love light rather than darkness, that whereas the population of London some ten or twenty years ago was one of the most ignorant of any capital of Europe, it was now, thanks to the School Board, assuming its proper place in this respect, by giving all its children a good education, they were met by a shout of derision by an angry Commissioner, who demanded to know "why they didn't try to teach a cow to win the Derby," which brilliant interrogation elicited great applause.

In vain did one member, who spoke with authority, ridicule the idea of printing the receipts for this particular rate in letters of red, by suggesting, in tones of blighting sarcasm, that they had better "print them with a pen of iron on the adamantine tablets of the universe."

In vain was it suggested that this sudden affectation of sympathy with the poor Rate Payer for having to pay this additional penny for education, was but a blind to screen their own increased rate of double the amount, for a purpose of not one-tenth the importance, and that it was scarcely creditable to the representatives of the wealthiest constituency in the world, to grumble at a rate that was borne ungrudgingly and uncomplainingly by the poor Rate Payers of Bermondsey and Bethnal Green, the Sewage Commissioners listened with impatience, reserving their enthusiastic approbation for the very demonstrative gentleman who addressed them after their own heart; and in language that all could understand and thoroughly sympathise with. He was quite willing, generous soul, that the poor children should have bread, but what he objected to was rumpsteaks! and he concluded his brilliant oration with the following magnificent peroration:—"Everybody should have his meal, but he must have a stomach of the highest class before they could give him turtle soup and port wine!"

Who but a member of the City Corporation could have contrived, when discussing the question of the education of the Poor, to have brought in those two gods of his idolatry, turtle soup and port wine! And in combination, too! Oh, ROBERT, ROBERT, Prince of Waiters! how must thy very soul shudder to read it, and that the awful thought was conceived, too, by one of that body whom you so constantly hold up to public admiration, and public imitation, as the greatest living authority upon that most important of all important subjects—the Art of Dining.

GOVERNMENT POLICY IN EGYPT.—"False Prophet and quick returns."

FEMALE "TRAVELLERS."

(From the German.)

I know a Maiden with a bag, Take care!	Beware! beware! O Dealer daft, She's deceiving thee!
She carries samples in a drag, Beware! beware! O Draper fond, She is fooling thee!	Her eyes are really wondrous black, Take care!
She has the true "Commercial" style, Take care!	They make a shiver run down your back, Beware! beware!
To which she addeth woman's guile, Beware! beware! O Grocer goose, She is plucking thee!	O Shopman soft, She is ogling thee!
And she has quite a flood of talk, Take care!	She sells you a silk of "perfect wear," Take care!
She sells as cheese what's only chalk,	At it your customers will swear, Beware! beware! Trust her not, This Travelling She!

MUCH ADO.

A PROPOS of the Theatrical Dovecot fluttered by the article in last month's *Fortnightly*, the Editor of *The Theatre* has correctly pointed out that the author of that article did not originate the excitement, but that it was commenced by what we at the time called the "Kendal-light" thrown on the Stage by the unlucky Brummagem discourse. To adapt the opening sentence of CHARLES DICKENS'S *Cricket on the Hearth*, we may substitute "Kendal" for "Kettle," and say "Kendal began it,"—not "Mister," but "Missis."

The fact is, there ought to be no more necessity for showing that the Stage is not a profession on the same level with the recognised professions, than there is to demonstrate that two and two make four. The occasion only arises when some ambitious individual claims for two and two a result beyond the limit assigned to those quantities by an inexorable arithmetic.

Every article that we have seen intended as an answer to "Behind the Scenes," in the *Fortnightly* for January, has gone wide of the mark, and has generally "answered" something that the article never stated. Of course it is evident that, constituted as society is, the "profession" of any art, or of journalism, cannot be on an equality with the recognised professions. Were the nobility to invade the Stage, did Dukes take to "utility," if Duchesses became "leading Ladies" and Countesses "singing chambermaids," the question of social position would not be in the least affected, and the Stage would be no more on a level with the recognised Professions, on account of the rank of its individual members, than it is now on the score of the exemplary blamelessness of the Actors' private lives, or of their wealth, or of their perfect courtesy, or of their large-heartedness and unostentatious generosity.

When it was announced that Prince EDWARD of WALES was to be made a Bencher of the Middle Temple, the *Times* congratulated His Royal Highness on associating himself with the Legal Profession, "so indispensable to mankind, and so great in itself," and showed how justly proud England, for hundreds of years, has been of her Bar, and how gratified the young Prince might well feel on becoming a member of so distinguished a Body. Now, if the hypothesis could be granted that the Stage is on an equality with the Bar, then we might hear of one of the youthful Princes announcing his intention of becoming an Actor, and of entering himself as a Member of one of the principal London Theatrical Companies; and further, the *Times*, as representing the popular voice, would congratulate his Royal Highness, on "associating himself with the Histrionic Profession, of which England has for centuries been so justly proud," and so forth. *Quod est absurdum.* Why should histrionic apologists rage, on being brought face to face with facts which the sensible ones of "the profession" are perfectly willing to admit?

By the way, the Stage can boast of one Emperor who went on the boards, and was eminently successful as an Actor, Author, Singer, Composer, and finally Circus performer. He certainly had a pleasant way of disposing of all rivals and of silencing every adverse critic by the simple process of instantaneous decapitation. Don't most of us envy him such a power? The man who hadn't sense enough in his head to applaud his Emperor was evidently unfit to have a head at all, and consequently off it went. This Imperial Histrion's name was NERO. A most accomplished scoundrel; but he did not effect much towards "elevating the Drama," or raising "the social status of the Actor," which social status is, and always will be, just exactly what the Artist, be he Actor, Painter, Composer, or Author, may choose to make it for himself.

BRITISH BABOOS.

It is a notorious fact that, for some mysterious reason or other, the gentleman who represented the *Times* at Calcutta, no less than his Editorial employer, who directs the destinies of that frisky but unfathomable journal in Printing House Square assumed a painfully gloomy, and, on several occasions, a really depressingly ill-tempered attitude towards the late Viceroy of India. This, however, was chiefly noticeable during the period of his able and successful administration of the duties of his office, for, beyond indulging in a little natural yelp now and then at his Lordship's heels, the leading journal has, since Lord RIPON'S return to this country, treated him with a sufficient, if sulky respect. This is, of course, as it should be, for the *Times* is—well, the *Times*. But why should somebody, signing himself "J. M. MACLEAN," have anything to say on the subject? Who is Mr. MACLEAN?

It is true that he informs the public not only that he was once a member of a Club called the "*Northbrook*," but that in a fit of chagrin with some unhappy Committee that had asked Lord RIPON to dinner, he had taken his name off the books. Still this is scarcely Imperial intelligence, and worthy of being set up in type. Even less worthy of publication is the following. Referring to the well-deserved ovation that has greeted Lord RIPON on his return to this country, Mr. MACLEAN is allowed to remark that—

"Day after day and week after week, with a wondrous self-complacency, he sings his own praises as not a statesman merely, but a hero and a saint, while the part of chorus is performed by the well-trained school of Radical politicians whose main business in life appears to be to vilify English rule and destroy English ascendancy in every corner of the earth."

Coming from any influential quarter the above would be almost, if not quite impertinent. As it stands it is both humorous and harmless, being only noticeable at all as an indication of the extreme unfitness for all loyally Imperial legislation that characterises the majority of those retired dyspeptics who are highly respected—at least by each other—under the generic appellation of "Anglo-Indians." Had Mr. *Punch* time and space to spare, he would like to say a strong word or two to these self-sufficient gentlemen concerning the intellectual estimate they have formed of their brother subject of Her Most Gracious Majesty, "The Nigger." If it be "rank radicalism" to civilise, to elevate, and finally to emancipate our fellow-men from all disabilities whatever, then is Mr. *Punch*, in company with the late distinguished Viceroy of India, the very rankest of rank Radicals.

GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART.

Born June 30, 1843; wounded in fight near Metemneh, January 19, 1885; died at Gakdul, February 16, 1885.

YOUNG, gallant, sage in council, swift in fight,
O'er a bright day falls a too early night.
The tears that from his comrades' eyes fast fell,
In that small graveyard by the Gakdul well,
Are such a tribute to a brave man slain
As heroes live to earn, and gladly die to gain.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY addressed a few heart-stirring words to her Grenadier Guards at Windsor on the eve of their departure, and told them how confident she was that they would "ever maintain the honour and reputation of British Soldiers." In the parallel column of the *Daily Chronicle*, in which this report appeared, there was a paragraph headed "Our Warriors' Wives," informing us "that the soldiers' wives and children had been ordered out of barracks," that they had an allowance respectively of 8d. and 2d. ahead a day, and that mostly without friends or relations, they were to all intents and purposes temporarily homeless. Her GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S eyes must have lighted on this report, so that we may hope that this cruel and stupid wrong has been repaired long before these lines appear, for it would be a disgrace to us all, from the highest to the lowest, if while our Soldiers, to quote the QUEEN'S words, are "maintaining the honour and reputation" of our Army abroad, we were doing nothing to maintain their wives and children at home. To know that no care would be taken of the wives, the boys, and "girls they leave behind them," would be a nice thing *pour encourager les autres*.

CRITICAL QUERY.—When Miss ANDERSON produces *The Hunchback* at the Lyceum, what view will the *Times* take of *Master Walter*?

COMPLIMENT ON OUR COLONIES.—With BISMARCK'S best wishes: *Beati possidentes*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



"WISH YOU'D FEED YOUR HORSE BEFORE HE COMES OUT."
 "EH—WHY—HANG IT!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
 "HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO EAT MY BOOTS. HE EVIDENTLY THINKS THERE'S
 SOME CHANCE OF GETTING AT A LITTLE CORN!"

FROM OUR OWN NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

No, Sir! don't, pray, be led away by a man like PICK PERIWINK. The idea of his suggesting that he would serve you better than ME. No, there are prophets and prophets; there are the profitless prophets for instance. PICK has made his living in that line for many years, and disposed of as much unreliable information as any imposter in the profession. A low man, Sir. A man of no education, whose epitaph of "*Hic jacet*," requires no further addition, as Mr. NOWELL says. "Hear lies," is comprehensive, and describes PICK accurately. But enough of such rubbish as PERIWINK; the game is about to begin again, and Sportsmen will have an opportunity of seeing whether there is most wind or wind-mills at Lincoln are many weeks are over. Let them only stick to old BOB and they'll bring grist to their mills anyway.

The acceptances of the Lincoln Handicap are out, and those of the early bettors on that race will be out also by the end of next month. Now, Sir, tell your young friends, if they've never been to Lincoln, never to go. Losing your money in a bitter Nor-Easter isn't good enough, and bless you, this is a bookmakers' race. The Knights of the Pencil, Sir, hold that backers, like pike, are more ravenous in keen weather, and consequently easier to land. No, Sir, easy does it. Take my advice and eschew *the Boulevard* for the present, and remember that an early display of *Energy* has already proved a mistake.

"Wait till the clouds roll by," Sir! Sunshine and champagne is the sort of atmosphere to back winners in. Ha, Sir, what a time we'll have at Ascot! I am looking forward to the lunch which I understand you always provide at the back of the Stand for the Staff of your celebrated weekly. The early strawberries, the Pommery of '74 (blended with '75 isn't bad, and '80 is not to be sneezed at. By the way, ever tried Lanson '74? Well, if you can get it, bring it to Ascot), the *pâtés de foies gras*, the Perigord pies, &c., and our note-cases all stuffed to repletion. Bless you, I see it all. I seem to see you with that wink in your right eye, and your finger on your somewhat-prominent nose, trolling out as we clink glasses:—

"Says the young OBADIAH to the old OBADIAH,
 What will win, OBADIAH, what will win?"

I'll put your readers on good things and manage their little "coms" for

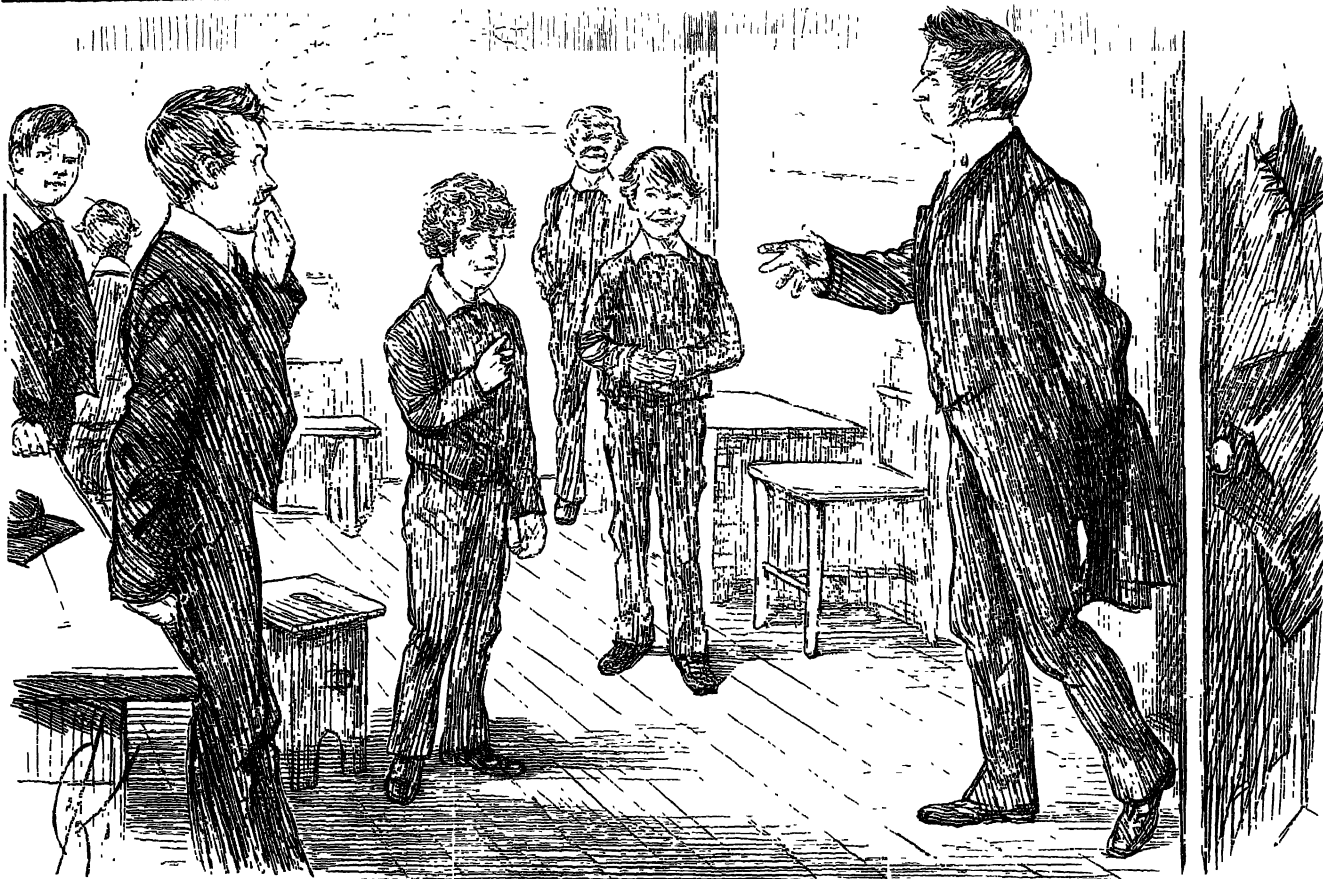
'em with pleasure. Why, Sir, with a view of giving my whole mind to your business, and on the strength of the large subscription list doubtless at present in your hands (it's only five-and-twenty shillings up to Epsom remember,) I was looking for a quiet residence in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park the other day. I saw an untenanted house with a notice on the door referring, as I supposed, to the agents in whose hands the letting was placed. I went through the little garden to see, and found—"VICTORIA, by the Grace, &c.," nailed to the panels.

No, Sir, our profession has its trials personal as well as equine.—Yours moodily,
 ROBERT SPOTTEM.

CHARACTER OF THE UN-HAPPY WARRIOR.

*A Pendant to Wordsworth's lately much-quoted
 "Happy Warrior."*

Who is the Unhappy Warrior? Who is he
 Whom every Party man appears to be?
 —It is the ungenerous spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of national life, hath wrought
 On plans from pigeon-holes parochial brought:
 Whose sole endeavour is in faction's fight
 To prove his faction always in the right;
 Who, with no natural instinct to discern
 The noble, is not diligent to learn;
 Abides by Party needs, and stops not there,
 But makes its pettiest dodges his prime care;
 Who, doomed his conscience cruelly to strain
 With faction's followers—miserable train!—
 Turns its necessities to private gain?
 —'Tis he whose law's unreason, who depends
 On sophistry as on the best of friends;
 Whence, in a State where men are tempted still
 By wordy flux that hides molluscous will,
 Where muddled notions rule the worst and best,
 And all things on a sand-foundation rest,
 He fixes good on self alone which shows
 No other guide to follow save its nose.
 —Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by servile means; and there will stand
 Like a Prætorian Cæsar, whose desire
 In power finds its sole inspiring fire.
 Who worships Number One, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with pure singleness of aim;
 And therefore stoops, and creeps, and lies in wait
 For wealth, and honours, and high worldly state.
 The guerdons which, like showers of manna fall
 On those whose knees are callous, and can crawl,
 Whose powers shed round him in hot Party strife
 Or the concerns of Parliamentary life,
 Bellicose *blague* no snubbings can abase;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some crisis, awful to the base or blind,
 Calling for lofty heart or spacious mind,
 Is helpless as an oyster, fogged and mired,
 By peril dazed, by duty uninspired;
 Who, through the heat of conflict, can but "jaw"
 Of what he dares not front, and ne'er foresaw.
 —He who, though dowered with a double sense,
 For twaddling tame, and rowdy turbulence,
 Lacks the cool sense on which high policy leans.
 And splutter lends, not strength, to Party "scenes."
 Sheer windbag! vain and void, where'er he be,
 Of manners and of magnanimity,
 His darling joy to rail at and reprove
 The generous souls mean malice may not love:
 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,—
 He could tell how, but no one can tell why—
 Or hotly fuming in obscurity,
 Plays, 'midst the many games of life, that one
 Whose leading rule is "Do, and don't be done;"
 Whom neither thoughts of "Dirty Tricks" dismay,
 Nor promptings high to chivalry betray,
 Who not content to see great worth stand fast,
 Will snatch a mean advantage just to cast
 Opprobrium on the foe he'd brand or blast.
 Who, howsoever long he stalk the earth,
 Never to noble thought or deed gives birth,
 And so goes down to dust without fair fame
 Leaving a dead unprofitable name;
 Not having helped one high or holy cause,
 Or earned man's gratitude or Heaven's applause.
 This is the Unhappy Warrior; this is he
 Whom every honest man should scorn to be.



"OLD SCORES."

The Rector (furious). "SOMEONE HAS BEEN PUTTING SOOT AND GREASE ON THE STAIR-RAIL! NOW, WHO HAS BEEN GUILTY OF THIS UNGENTLEMANLY——"

Master Godfrey (favourite but cheeky Pupil). "I SHOULD SAY YOU HAVE EVIDENTLY HAD A HAND IN IT YOURSELF, SIR!"

[Result—Five Hundred Marks to the bad.]

A DERBY PROPHECY.

DOES LORD DERBY, after all, mean to meet the patriotic enthusiasm of our Colonies with the chilly *douche* of unsympathetic dawdling ending in a practical "declined with thanks?" If so, his characteristic administration of cold water to "My Boys" will get him into hot water with *Mr. Punch*, who is proud, and the English People, who are fond of them.

Always the same, DERBY my own,
Always the same, and as cold as a stone!

But if he offers a stone, of official callousness, instead of the bread of sympathetic thanks to Our Boys in Australia and elsewhere, *Mr. Punch* prophesies that we shall soon "lose the Derby," which, though a prodigious misfortune of course, would be a far less one than failing to win the blue riband—in other words the affection and confidence—of the British Race beyond Seas.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

THE Poet Laureate, speaking of

"The grand old name of gentleman,"

indignantly describes it as being

"Soiled with all ignoble use."

Another noble name—that of the heroic and devoted Gordon—is at the present moment being used ignobly and to ignoble ends by the all-corrupting spirit of Party. Mean it was to use it as the scapegoat of a discredited Policy. Equally mean is it to use it as a weapon of party malice. "Ignoble uses" both, and though they cannot soil the name so traded on, they soil the reputation of the paltry traders on that name. The hero of Khartoum did not leave that name to trick out a tale of calculated "indignation," or to point an interested party moral, but to inspire us with the spirit his hysterical eulogists seem unable to rise to—the spirit of unselfish chivalry and patriotic devotion.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

(After Moore.)

[It is announced that the Prince and Princess of WALES are to visit Ireland in April]

HIBERNIA sings—

THOUGH dark be our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
For sunlight will come with the Season of Showers.
There never were hearts, would our rulers but let them,
More inclined to be loyal and jolly than ours.
The old galling chain
Has not yet ceased to pain,
But new shackles of love will be light, wreathed with flowers.
There comes a new link,
And our hearts will not shrink,
When they cross the wide water between us that rolls.
Sure we'll welcome their advent, and lengthen their stay.
And if loyalty's spark have burned down in our souls,
Let us light it up fresh on our Prince's Day!

They are less than half right who declare us disloyal!
Though fierce to our foes, to our friends we are true,—
Free tribute we'll pay to a pair rightly royal
The tribute of love that is liberty too.

Cruel cowards who blight
Erin's fame are not right
When they paint her a-blaze for the battle array.

The Island of Green
In Spring's sun shall be seen
An Arcadia of peace when our Princess steps in it.
To cast every bitter remembrance away
Is work for long years, and not done in a minute,—
But at least let's begin on our Prince's Day!

He'll love our Green Isle! Can his Crown have afforded
Its emerald jewel so long to forget?



A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

H.R.H. the Prince of W-l-s. "NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN, MAVOURNEEN; THOUGH IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE DANCE AS THE BROGUE THAT BOTHERS ME."

H.R.H. the Princess of W-l-s. "PUT YOUR HEART IN IT, THEN, ACU-HIA! SURE, YE'VE GOT TWO MONTHS TO WORK AT 'EM BOTH BEFORE YE START."

[Plays harp, and the Prince recommences practising the Irish jig.]

He'll find that love's sunshine will soon be rewarded,
And Erin's gay beauty will sparkle out yet.
The gem they once broke
By cold cruelty's stroke,
Preserves still unclouded its clear native ray.

Each fragment will cast
A light to the last—
And thus Erin, dear country, though tarnished thou art,
There's a lustre within that time shall not decay,
The light of thine eyes, and the love of thine heart,
Shall shine o'er the pair on our Prince's Day!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 23.—Another Vote of Censure. Forget how many this makes, but performance doesn't seem to lose attractiveness with public. House filled to-night for first time since Session resumed. Strangers' Gallery, and Speakers' too, crowded. Proceedings not very lively. Poor Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE sacrificed himself, as he's always willing to do, and delivered dreary speech an hour long.

"I'm sick to death, TOBY," he said, when it was over, "at this dreary round of moving Votes of Censure. I wish I could change places with GLADSTONE and be censured instead of censuring. They seem to thrive upon it, and we to decay."

GLADSTONE quite cheery, and as usual righteously angry with Sir STAFFORD. Spoke through dinner-hour, upsetting many social



Agile O. M. (to himself). "Very nearly 'too late' again! Just my luck!" (See p. 113.)

arrangements. Pretty to see Members distraught between dinner and duty; majority manfully sat it out. When GLADSTONE sat down, universal rush for dining-room. DE WORMS (who carries about with him his own Diet), came next, and addressed the Benches with great animation. Later, Colonel DAWNAY took up his parable, warning the Government not to send an army to Khartoum, where, with the hot season approaching, they will surely perish.

"Why, bless me, DAWNAY," I said, "I remember a speech you made early in May last denouncing the Government for not dispatching an expedition to Khartoum at the end of March, when they first heard the town was invested, and accusing them of abandoning the gallant GORDON. Now in February, a month earlier, when they are on the spot, within a fortnight's march of Khartoum, you warn the Government not to order the troops forward on pain of absolute destruction! What do you mean?"

"TOBY," said the Colonel, "you're a nice dog, but you weren't born to shine in politics."

Materials for a row gathered together below Gangway. Ulster Members quarrelled with their leaders, and gone to sit below the Gangway amongst the Parnellites. Peaceable inhabitants of that part of the House, like HUBBARD, cleared out and watch the results from afar. CHARLES LEWIS proposes some Wednesday afternoon to have rehearsal of celebration of closing of gates at Derry. Shillelagh practice nightly going on, in view of contingencies.

"Thought you'd volunteered for the Soudan, NOLAN," said HENRY HAVELOCK, revisiting old familiar scenes. "Heard you were getting tired of home service."

"Meant to go," said NOLAN. "Yearn to depart; but Party have asked me to conduct operations here, and, however unwillingly, must stay."

Business done.—Vote of Censure moved.

Tuesday Night.—A pretty row to-night. Proposed in high quarters to continue debate on Vote of Censure. GOSCHEN to resume discussion as soon after five as possible. House filled, and expectant of utterances of Oracle. Oracle carefully dressed, seated in usual place, waiting opportunity. Questions over, GLADSTONE furtively rose, and, with nod and wink at SPEAKER, mumbled a few words. As matter of fact, this was a Motion that Resumed Debate on Vote of Censure should take precedence over Notices of Motion. But if Willy Old Man thought this would pass without notice, mistaken. JOHN REDMOND had placed on paper notice to call attention to case of Inspector MURPHY, of Irish Constabulary Force. What was

Vote of Censure to this? What the fate of the Government, or the course of Imperial policy?

SPEAKER evidently on the alert; not going to stand any nonsense. Pulled up REDMOND as soon as he strayed from paths of order. REDMOND boldly strayed again. Again pulled up. Offended third time, and received third warning. Quite safe thus far, but after third warning business begins. Valour had had its turn. Discretion claimed attention, and REDMOND shut up.

Nevertheless speech-making went forward. Parnellite to Parnellite succeeded. JUNIUS BRUTUS REDMOND (for Heaven has been bounteous to the House of Commons, and there are two REDMONDS) strutted on to stage with careless grace and 'aughty air. Extinguished with swift and comical effect.

"I am glad—ha! ha!—Mr. SPEAKER," he said, in deep chest notes, and sweeping back with blood-curdling gesture his free-born locks, "that—ho! ho!—Dublin Castle is irrelevant."

"I must ask the Hon. Member to discontinue his speech," said the SPEAKER quietly, and JUNIUS BRUTUS dropped limply into his seat as *Sim Tappertit* used to subside when the eye of the burly Locksmith fell upon him.

Speechifying still going on. SPEAKER played trump card.

"I consider this subject," he said, "has been adequately discussed, and that it is the evident sense of the House that the question should be put."

A moment's pause at this unexpected bolt out of the blue; then a roar of impotent rage from Parnellites. O'BRIEN, bounding on seat like india-rubber ball, bellowed out—"We'll remember this in Ireland!" SPEAKER down on him like a shot.

"I name you, Mr. O'BRIEN, for disregarding the authority of the Chair."

GLADSTONE on Treasury Bench, fumbling over Orders in search of terms of Resolution on *Clôture*; now off on fresh tack; must move that O'BRIEN be suspended. Howls incessant from Irish camp; Strangers in Gallery standing on feet, craning their necks to look over at turbulent scene; white-necktied attendants wildly waving arms; GLADSTONE at table, trying to move Resolution; SEXTON bellowing out something inaudible above the din; JUNIUS BRUTUS arranging his hair in fresh style, suitable for the occasion; SPEAKER on his feet, vainly crying, "Order! order!" At length Division taken, and, out of chaos, O'BRIEN delivered into Lobby.

Row broke out afresh on Motion for *Clôture*. SPEAKER put question in wrong way; House cleared for Division; bells ringing far and near; Members tumbling in through Lobby. House being cleared for Division, no one must address the SPEAKER except seated and with hat on. GORST remembers this; comes up to empty front Opposition Bench, and, pressing hat over brows, orates at length.



Gorstus Chathamus and Wolffus Portsmouthus (together). "Oh for one hour of Randolph!"

ARTHUR O'CONNOR, taking the cue, seats himself, puts on hat, and begins a speech. PARNELL does the same. In all parts of the House hats are wagging towards the Chair, and everybody is making a speech at the hapless SPEAKER.

This also put right, and Division called. GLADSTONE, deploring waste of time, takes opportunity to go off to his room to write letter.

Reckons will take seven minutes to clear House. House cleared within the time. Messengers just bolting doors, when suddenly Agile Old Man darts from behind Speaker's Chair, runs down the House at full speed, with coat-tails extended and collar-tips trembling in the breeze. Just reaches door in time, and so into Division Lobby. *Business done.*—*Clôture* carried by 207 Votes against 46.

Wednesday.—Interesting debate in House on Private Bill Legislation. Go to Library to think it over. Nobody there. Stroll through the Corridor; come suddenly upon BURT, with red handkerchief tied round his head, doing a dance that looks like the cut-and-shuffle.

"What's the matter, BURT? Gone out of your mind?"

"No," says he, pausing to take breath. "Thought no one was about. Just practising the Carmagnole step. Saw it at meeting in Paris last Sunday night, you know. Think it would rather take in House during some dull debate. FARQUHARSON goes about with remains of calcined cow in waistcoat pocket, LYON PLATFAIR illustrates his lectures with pots of oleomargarine, and BROADHURST brings down bits of machinery, which he fishes up from under the seat when the proper time comes. Next time debate on Lords comes on, mean to borrow DILLWYN's seat, so as to have the floor handy. Twist NEWDEGATE's red handkerchief round my head, and dance Carmagnole. Come, and I'll show you the step.—*Ça ira! Ça ira!*" and off he went heel-and-toe, cut-and-shuffle.

"No, thank you, Mr. BURT," I said, cautiously retreating. "Much pressed to-day. Fancy M'CULLAGH TORRENS going to speak on Private Bill Legislation. Wouldn't miss him for anything."

"*Ça ira!*" sang BURT.

So will I. BURT evidently off his chump.

Business done.—Private Bill Legislation Bill thrown out.

Thursday.—House of Lords crammed to-night. Evidently something up.

"Burnham Wood has come to Dunsinane," said Lord GRANVILLE, smiling upon crowd of Commoners, who struggled for places in the galleries over the Bar, and on the space before the Throne.

Ladies thronged the galleries on either side; Strangers' Galleries chock full; in fact, only place where there was sitting room was on the Benches allotted to supporters of Her Majesty's Government. All this because Markiss going to move Vote of Censure. This done in speech of great vigour, hugely cheered. NORTHBROOK enabled House to imagine what MAHDI would be like when he's smashed. So depressed as to be sometimes inaudible. Made one good point about HICKS PASHA's troops.

"If they'd only stood attack of Soudanese," he said, "they'd have had the victory," a way of putting it that greatly tickled Noble Lords.

BRABOURNE (whose face, WATERFORD says, always reminds him of a weasel) more than ever melancholy at necessity conscience imposed upon him of voting against the Minister who, yielding to his solicitations, made him a Peer. But conscience first, natural feelings after. Having wiped away a tear, BRABOURNE savagely went for his old colleagues, excelling all others in imputing to them meanness, treachery, cowardice, and general stupidity.

"I don't think it will do," said Lord CORK, meditatively shaking his head; "we made KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN a Baron, and having got all that seemed possible, he turned and bit the hand that befriended him. If they make him a Viscount, he'll turn on them. Besides, the Markiss, whatever we may say of him, is a man capable of infinite scorn."

Business done.—Both Houses pegging away at Vote of Censure.

Saturday, 2:30 A.M.—Divisions just over. Government saved by skin of their teeth. Everybody cheering. Victors and vanquished. Parnellites, by exception, a little quiet.

"Thought we had them this time," said TIM HEALY. "It's hard to be so near and yet so far."

JOSEPH GILLIS going to his locker for his muffler previous to walking home, met black-bearded stranger.

"JOSEPH GILLIS, I presume?" said the Stranger, à la STANLEY and Dr. LIVINGSTONE.

"I believe so," said JOEY B, cautious to the last.

"And to think," said Black Beard, "that with fifteen more votes like yours, GLADSTONE would have fallen, and I would have been in power!"

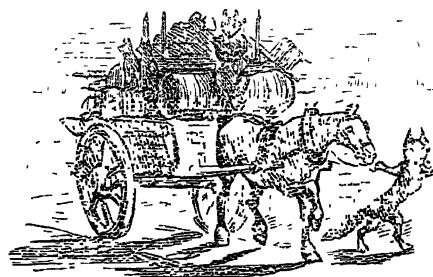
Stranger strode away, and JOSEPH, hastily feeling in his pockets and finding his watch and purse safe, wrapped his muffler round his neck, and so home.

Business done.—Vote of Censure defeated by 302 votes to 288.

"IGNORAMUS ANTIQUUS" writes to say that there are all sorts of new words come into existence since he was a boy. What is, he wants to know, a "Jerrymander"? Is it the masculine of "Sallymander"?

RACING AND SPORTING NOTES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



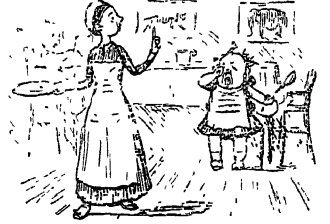
A Fox was seen moving.



A sharp burst across the vale.



Weight Told.



Carrying off the Nursery Plate.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. V.—OMNIBUSES.

SIR,—If one were to strive to imagine the most awful combination of horrors that could be inflicted upon a sensitive man of unblemished descent and highly-cultivated taste, it would be being compelled to enter one of these instruments of torture, on a very wet day, when ten passengers, of full average proportions, are seated, five on each side, not one of whom seems to have the slightest idea that you are looking wildly for a seat, where seat, apparently, there is none. I am, Sir, rather short than tall, and have to make frantic efforts to save myself from falling into somebody's lap, by endeavouring to grasp the loose strap that hangs suspended from on high. In doing so, my streaming umbrella deposits its superfluous moisture on some one who naturally resents its unwelcome addition to his already sufficiently saturated trousers, and in turning round to apologise, my weeping umbrella encounters another passenger, who possibly uses profane language, and I at length find myself deposited, by a sudden start of the Omnibus, right on to the lap of a stout lady, who resents my intrusion by placing her saturated umbrella between us, the damp from which I shortly feel to be penetrating my trousers with such a deadly chill as promises a splendid specimen of cough, or catarrh, or both, to

Yours &c.,

MAXIMILIAN PIERREPOINT.

SIR,—I am compelled by circumstances to travel daily by public conveyances—Omnibuses generally. Try to fancy what I, a nervous man, have to endure. For some wonderful reason I have never been able to fathom, the ultimate destination of the wondrous vehicle is a puzzle to find, and I hail the wrong one many a time and oft. No sooner do I place my right foot on the first step, than the Conductor gives the signal to start, and I stagger into the Omnibus amid a number of frowning travellers who evidently regard me as a nuisance, instead of receiving me with welcome as a man and a brother. My one depressing thought during the whole of the weary journey is, will the driver condescend to stop while I alight? The silent maniacs who travel with me seem to delight in shattering my nerves by leaping out backwards while the driver is urging on his wild career, and when my turn comes at last—for even a journey from Bayswater to the City must come to an end—I make an earnest appeal to the gentleman called the Conductor—probably because he conducts nothing—to kindly stop while I descend the slippery steps. To this he growlingly assents; but often and often, especially if we are a little late, he gives the fatal signal before I am quite safe, and then seizes my arm in his herculean grasp to save me from the fatal consequences of his cruel precipitancy, and I reach my office with shattered nerves and trembling limbs.

T. M.

A Book is advertised entitled *Deafness, and How to Treat it*. The shortest way is to treat it as you would a horse, and give it a bawl.



TACT.

Lady Constance Ormslu "BUT WHERE DO YOU MANAGE TO GET SUCH EXQUISITELY LOVELY TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY FOR YOUR PICTURES, MR. SOPELEY?"

Mr. Sopeley (putting up his Eyeglass, and gallantly fixing his Eye on her Ladyship). "I KEEP MY EYES OPEN, AND LOOK ABOUT ME!"

SHERIDAN AT ST. STEPHEN'S;

OR, "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" GLADSTONISED.

Joseph Surface. Sir PETER—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir Peter (stiffly). If you please, Sir.

Joseph Surface. Want of courage there may have been, want of judgment there may also have been, for it is not for me to arrogate to myself infallibility . . . but as to honesty of purpose, painful as the course I have had to pursue has been to me, I felt that I had no alternative. . . . I almost think I shall carry with me your sympathy in uttering that sentiment—

Sir Peter. Oh, d—n your sentiment!

[Exit.

AN EARNEST INQUIRER.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Calling when you were absent, I saw the Cartoon for the week on your table. Since then I have been up all night, with a wet towel round my head, and I can't understand it. Why is it entitled "SHERIDAN at St. Stephen's?" Where is SHERIDAN?

Yours truly, JOHN BUSKIN.

P.S.—Your Cartoon last week was entitled "My Boys!" but they were all *Lions*!! What did it mean? The Editor of the *Pall-Mall Gazette* says he understood it, and liked it immensely. Wish I were the Editor of the *P. M. G.*

P.S. No. 2.—I reopen this to say "Bah!"

P.S. No. 3.—I reopen it once more to say I meant "But."

FROM AN UNSELFISH TAX-PAYER.

"We shall not have long to wait for a Nile Conference to distribute advantages which are now in our hands."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ADVANTAGES! The right to groan
Beneath a trebled Income-tax,
To build a line we must not own,
To bring all Europe on our backs.
To fight the world, and not know why,
Advantages worth standing by!

Advantages! The Arab rage,
The endless leagues of sultry air,
The Soudan like a burning cage
About our armies everywhere.
These privileges I'd resign
Much liefer than I'd call them mine!

But if delights like these can move,
I would not selfishly refuse
To Turks or French the joy to prove
Our most uncomfortable shoes.
The luck on such a path to tread.
I wish it were "distributed"!

TYRTÆUS.

No ADDRESS.—This appeared on an Advertisement Card:—

"Medicines required after business hours can be obtained by ringing bell at Hall Door, a competent Assistant being always in attendance for that purpose."

The competent Assistant evidently has to sit outside after business hours to help in ringing the bell. Not a bad idea.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO "THE LADY."—Advertisement for the *Journal for Gentlewomen*—"Cherchez la Femme."

"MEM" BY MESSRS. O'BRIEN, REDMOND & Co. (Tuesday Feb. 24).—"The point of this here *Clôture* lies in the application of it."



SHERIDAN AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

JOSEPH SURFACE (MR. GLADSTONE). "BUT AS TO HONESTY OF PURPOSE, PAINFUL AS THE COURSE I HAVE HAD TO PURSUE HAS BEEN TO ME, I FELT I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE." . . . "I ALMOST THINK I SHALL CARRY WITH ME YOUR SYMPATHY IN UTTERING THAT SENTIMENT."

SIR PETER (MR. JOHN BULL). "OH, D—N YOUR SENTIMENT!"—[*Sheridan Gladstonised. Extracts from latest version.*]

HARD ON THE LADIES.

[Mr. GLADSTONE has written to Mr. WOODALL regarding the Manchester Meeting on Woman's Suffrage, saying that Parliament has no time to discuss the question.]

THE Ladies we know have been asking for votes,
And straining unduly their eloquent throats;
Not content with Home-Rule, each dear creature agrees
She should aid, if she likes, in selecting M.P.'s:
While one day, when Man listens as still as a mouse,
She looks forward, no doubt, to addressing the House.

But alas! for her hopes, though she speaks 'mid applause,
She must wait for some time ere she tries to make laws;
Though the Manchester speeches were simply sublime,
GLADSTONE writes Mr. WOODALL, and says there's no time
To give ear to his pleading; this Session it seems
That Womanhood Suffrage remains among dreams.

O Man, how tyrannic to act in this way
When MULLER scorns taxes, and lets her friends pay;
When BECKER makes speeches, when Ladies show fight,
In aid of a cause that's all "sweetness and light!"
Don't talk of the Franchise, and new Bills unfold,
While Woman's left cruelly out in the cold!

ROBERT AT SHADWELL.

WELL, I spose if hever a rather pore looking plaice, like Shadwell undowdtedly is, had a regler rowing up, and a site as wood satisfisy any reasonable peeple, it was had and seen last Wensday. Jest for a few things, fansy the most richest Dook in the land and the most bootifullest Dutcheess in the land, and the most charytablest Barownness in the land, with her hansum looking husband, and the most tallest and Poplarest Member of the house of Commons, among others of grate selebrity, either in a small or a large way, includin even one or too of my old frends of the Copperashun, all a going down to Shadswell to see the werry fust beginnin of a Noo Fish Market, as, when finished, will make Triumfant Billingsgate creak in its shoes. Fust cum the work and then the fun.

It was quite surprisin to me to see the grate strength of the hiest branches of the Herrystockracy. The fust thing to be dun was to drive too piles to billyd the Market on, and up steps the Dook of WESTMINSTER for to do it. Well, as one of the Contracter's men told me privately as it wayed about 3 Tuns, which BROWN says is about equal to 6 Butts of Sherry, I natrally thort as ewen a Dook wood want a little asistence from a duzzen or two of the men as was a standing about all reddy. But nothink of the sort, the Dook jest takes hold of a sort of rudder, and pulls at it like a man, and down the 3 tunner cums with sitch a buster as made me spill ever so mutch of a glass of old Sherry as I was a poring out, and guv me sitch a turn as I was obligated to drink it up and another one arter it jest to stedy my nerves. Well, that was summut of a staggerer, but wuss remained to follow, for the grashus Lady BURDET COOTS, as everybody loves and respects, determind not to be outdone by any Dook alive, boldly stepped gracefully forward, and seizin the capstan bar, sent sitch a 3 tunner on to the hed of the second pile as seemed to drive him amost out of my site, and required another bumper of sherry to set me rite again.

Then they set to bizziness, and the Baroness begun it, and she said as anythink as they wanted they coud have, then the Dook follerd sute and said double my steak, and then Mr. SAMILLION MORLEY, M.P. said as *Barkis* was willing and they mite draw upon him at site, and so the little matter of money was soon settled, and then ewerybody, espeshally the werry gentlemanly-looking Directers, being all in werry good sperrits, they all set to work a speech-making. And werry good speeches they was considering as they were all made before they hadn't had not no lunch, altho it was all wisably in site. The Baroness, bless her warm art, carried off the Parm Tree from all on 'em, in speaking kindly and pitytingly about the pore poor. But the speech of the arternoon by a werry long ways was made by a Professing Hem Pea by the name of BRYCE. Oh, didn't he jest make us all larf; waiters and all. He sed as Shadwell Market would be so werry superiour in ewery respect to Billingsgate, that if he was a Fish swimming in the North Seas—tho' he sartainly didn't look a bit like one—and was a going for to be oort, he shoosay to the Fishmonger as was a going to catch him, "Where are you a going for to take me to?" and if the Fishmonger said "Billingsgate," he shoosay, "Oh no, not if I nose it, I ain't a going to be sent to that scrouged uncomfortable place." But if he said "to smiling Shadwell," he should say to him "open your net, my noble swell, and in I goes with plezzur!" Ah, that's the sort of Professor for me, as can make sitch a speech afore lunch as sends all the company into the wine and wittles smiling and hungry.

I must say, tho sometimes inclined to be critticle wen I gets far east of London Bridge, that everythink was purwided nice and cumberfable. We had a reel Bishop to ask a blessing, and a reel Wicker to say grace, and there was plenty of Shampain for all the swells, and enuff left to satisfy all of us. And all I can say is, that if the same interesting ceremony, with the same egstordinary display of muskerler power, and the same capital speeches, all short and sharp, and earnest and witty, and the same sort of Luncheon, and the werry same brand of Shampain, and the werry same abundance thereof, is to take place at every pile as is to be druv at Shadwell Market, I hopes as the Market will be big enuff to require a lot on 'em, and that I may always be there to assist in the ceremony.

ROBERT.

WITH ALL HIS ART.

As the appearance of the recent *Blue Book*, professing to set forth in full detail the progress of the negotiations ending in the proposed purchase by the Government of the two famous "Blenheim" pictures, has, owing to the freshness, vigour, astuteness and general downright humour of all concerned in the transaction excited considerable amusement and surprise in political and artistic circles, the following supplementary telegraphic "items" of the correspondence, not hitherto published, will be read with interest.

I.

The Pr-m-r, Downing Street, to Sir F. B-rt-n, National Gallery.

Yours to hand, stating you set value of £263,500 on the lot. As this is about half the figure of the *Soudan* business, can't well entertain it at present. Do you think a portion in a new Egyptian fifteen per cent. stock, the rest in champagne, and £50 cash down, would be a fair offer?

II.

Sir F. B-rt-n, National Gallery, to The Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

Very. Often done excellent business in that way. Why not try him?

III.

The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris, to the Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

Well, you are a nice one! Wonder you don't ask me to toss you for them next. "What's my lowest figure?" £3,000,000, and not a penny under. Why, the frames are worth all the money. Ask EASTLAKE.

IV.

The Pr-m-r, Downing Street, to the Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris.

Mr. EASTLAKE advises me: "Judging from my experience, I should regard £3,000,000 for the frames as distinctly excessive." The sum is, therefore, out of all consideration. You seem unaware that it is nearly half the amount of this *Soudan* business. Must decline.

V.

The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris, to the Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

All a mistake. £3,000,000 ought to have been £300,000. Send a cheque, and the matter is settled. How will you have them? By Parcels' Post? Only say the word.

VI.

The Pr-m-r, Downing Street, to the Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris.

Cannot say the word. Never could. Still, after mature consideration, am prepared to offer for the two best, including frames, £85,000. I make a point of this. Reply promptly, as the sum is large, and represents nearly the half cost of this *Soudan* business.

VII.

The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris, to the Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

Won't you make it £185,000? Can't take a penny less. Lots of offers. Better look sharp. Come,—we'll say £150,000! Yes or no?

VIII.

The Pr-m-r, Downing Street, to the Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris.

No. Must be £85,000—and mind—with the frames!

IX.

The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris, to the Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

All right. Take 'em!

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.—(From a Constant, but hitherto rejected, Contributor.)—None of the Critics have alluded to Mr. HERBERT STANDING's impersonation in *The Hunchback* at the Lyceum as his *Modus operandi*! [Ha! ha!—ED.]

A HINT TO THE PEOPLE'S WILLIAM ON EGYPTIAN MATTERS.—What JOHN BULL is not just now inclined to take—"The WILL for the deed."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 3.



A WELL-KNOWN CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

"HERE is something for you, Sir," said a sharp-looking youth, suddenly thrusting into my hand a document.

I quietly put the paper into my pocket without comment (I had no wish to bandy words with the process-server), and reflected that some half-forgotten tailor, or too-long-neglected hatter, was a person of no real delicacy of feeling.

"And will you see to the matter at once?" continued the sharp-looking youth, "as they can't wait."

"Certainly," I replied, with a dignity which I intended should suggest that I had a perfectly fabulous account at COURT'S. My account at the celebrated banking firm referred to is perfectly fabulous.

"All right, Sir. I suppose we shall see you in the morning." The youth disappeared, and I journeyed home. As I walked along the Thames Embankment I pondered over the alterations made in our law by the Judicature Acts.

"When I was a younger man," I murmured to myself, "a copy of a writ, when considered entirely without prejudice, was rather a handsome instrument than otherwise. The direct message from the Sovereign, for instance, used to be very far from ungratifying, although perhaps it would have been better had the greeting been joined to a matter a little less embarrassing, say, than an unsatisfied claim for the value of certain shirts. But nowadays the neat crisp document of the olden time seems to be abandoned for a far more bulky paper—for the packet I have in my pocket!"

However, I threw off my cares, and thought no more of the affair until the next morning, when, putting on my overcoat, I discovered,

to my intense astonishment, to my overwhelming joy, that what I had believed to be a writ was actually a Brief! I had to sit down on the hall-chair for five minutes to compose myself. My emotion was perfectly painful—it was my first, my Maiden Brief! The news spread like wildfire through the household, and the distant strains of "*Rule, Britannia!*" were heard coming from the nursery.

There was but one thing to be done, and I did it. I hurriedly collected all the law-books I possess (*Shearwood's Abridgment of Real Property*, an odd volume of *Stephen's Commentaries*, and an early edition of *The Comic Blackstone*), jumped into a Hansom, and rattled down to Pump-Handle Court. Arrived there, I handed my brief to my Clerk (the sharp-looking youth who had given me the paper turned out to be my Clerk), and instructed him to put it in a prominent position in his own room, so that my client, when he arrived, might see it, and conclude that I had so many matters just then in hand that I had not had as yet time to look into his case, which was waiting its turn for consideration with numerous others. I was ashamed to give these instructions, but reflected that it was important, having regard to my professional prospects, that my expected visitor should be kept as long as possible in ignorance of the fact that he was my solitary employer.

"All right, Sir," said my Clerk, with a facial gesture which I regret to say savoured of a wink. "He will be here by eleven."

I now entered my own room. It was rather in disorder. I share my chambers with an intimate friend, and as I am very often away, he sometimes uses my *sanctum* (entirely with my consent) as a receptacle for empty packing-cases, old cigar-boxes, superfluous window-curtains, and worn-out boots. With the assistance of my Clerk, who followed me in, I soon set things to-rights, putting on the Month-indicator from October to March, filling the inkstand with



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mother. "Now, VAI, COME AND SAY YOUR CATECHISM. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
Val. "DON'T KNOW."

Mother. "OH YES, YOU DO! YOU KNOW WHAT MOTHER CALLS YOU."

Val. "OH YES, I KNOW. YOU CALLS ME UGLY DUCKLING!"

copying fluid, and removing somebody's pot-hat from the brows of my bust of the late Lord Chancellor BROUGHAM.

"There, Sir, I think that will do now," said my Clerk, with a look of satisfaction, and he left me seated at my desk turning over some dusty brief paper which I had found knocking about in one of its drawers.

My room is a semi-subterranean apartment in a circular tower. I have two small casements looking out upon some gardens, but as I occupy the basement, I can only see the ankles of the passers-by, and am myself free from observation save when some more than usually unruly urchin brings his head level with mine, and makes faces at me through the window.

I repeat I was turning over the dusty brief-paper, and toying with Mr. SHEARWOOD's very excellent "Abridgment," when the door was thrown open and my Clerk announced "Someone to see you, Sir."

"You will pardon me," I said, without looking up, consulting in the meantime the handbook before me with knitted brows, "but I am engaged for a few moments. I will attend to you directly."

"Oh, certainly, Sir," replied the new-comer, in the most deferential tone possible, and he took a seat.

I jotted down the incidents of Borough English, frowned as if engaged in deep thought, and then smilingly turned to my visitor, and asked him how I could be of service to him.

"I want you to look into this case, Sir," he began, with a timidity that was as unexpected as it was gratifying—his nervousness gave me confidence.

"By all means," I responded heartily, dipping a pen into the ink, and putting a fresh sheet of brief-paper over the page I had already used for the incidents of Borough English and a freehand sketch of a British Grenadier, "I shall be glad to hear all about it."

"I must apologise for intruding upon you, knowing how busy you are, but I thought you would be interested in what I have to place before you."

"Pray do not apologise," I hastened to say; and then added, with a little laugh, "I certainly have taken you out of your turn, but then this is our first transaction. I hope it will not be the last."

"I hope so, too," replied my client, fervently. "If you will allow me, I will often place things like this before you. I should have come to you earlier, only so many Gentlemen object to seeing me."

"Dear me!" I replied, a little surprised. "I suppose some men don't care to jeopardise their professional reputation by failure. And now, with your permission, I will look into your case."

"It is here, Sir," he answered, opening a rather large portfolio. "You will notice that these are very beautiful engravings."

"Certainly," I returned, making a note on the paper before me, "as you say, most beautiful. No doubt of very considerable value."

"I am glad you like them, Sir. They are forced to be got rid of at an enormous sacrifice."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, continuing my notes.

"Yes, Sir. They are being sold at something less than cost-price."

"Really!" And again I jotted down the particulars. Then I said, to show that I comprehended the affair at a glance, "I suppose there has been a dispute about the copyright?"

"No, Sir, that's all right."

"Ah, to be sure—then there has been a breach of contract?" But finding that this also was not the case, I said, with hearty *bonhomie*, "Well, my dear Sir, as I have made two bad guesses, perhaps you had better tell me what I can do for you."

My client coughed deferentially, and then produced a paper.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but would you mind signing this?"

I read the document—it ran as follows:—

"TO MESSRS. SCAMP AND VAMP.—I hereby agree to purchase one copy of your '*Pillars of the Law, from the Earliest Ages, profusely Illustrated, in One hundred and fifty-seven Monthly Parts, at seven shillings and sixpence a part. I further agree to pay for this Work annually, at the rate of twelve Parts in advance.*'"

There was a solemn and awful pause. Then I drew myself up to my full height, and in a voice of thunder ordered him out! I know not how he disappeared—in a moment he had vanished, portfolio and all!

Rather fatigued after my late exertions, I called to my Clerk, and with weary haughtiness desired him to bring me my Brief, as I wished "to glance through the papers."

"Your Brief, Sir?" he returned. "Oh, I should have told you, Sir, that, while you were talking to the man with the engravings, they called to see you. They said they were in a hurry, and, as you were engaged, they would take it to some one else."

"Take it to some one else!" My Maiden Brief!

At this point I must pause—for the moment, I can write no more!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

A PLEA FOR PORT.

[Two quite disinterested Wine-merchants have pointed out in the *Standard* that gout is unknown in Portugal, where the inhabitants drink a lighter kind of port than that usually imbibed in this country.]

Now, merry *bon-rivants*, come draw up your chairs,

From John o' Groat's house down to Truro,

For SAGE has asserted and PANDEMAN swears

That gout's never known on the Douro.

At home or abroad, in New York or Japan,

In Constantinople or Agra,

Go tippie port wine, boys, as hard as you can,

And ne'er be afraid of *Podagra*.

But SAGE and his partner will say, if you ask,

The port that should moisten your throttle,

Must be the light wine that comes out of the cask,

Not that you've matured in the bottle.

It is not the ancient and fearsome "black-strap,"

A potion in sooth diabolic,

For this is a lighter and pleasanter tap,

And hardly at all alcoholic.

'Tis warranted never to colour your nose,

Dyspepsia's terrible warning;

It won't bring the gout to your fingers and toes,

Or give you a "head" in the morning.

In short it's a truly delectable wine,

The sort from the cellar you'd fish up,

To offer your guest if a Duke came to dine,

And fit for the gills of a Bishop!

"ET TU BRUTE!"

BRUTUS is a play by Lord LYTTON in five Acts and a headache. Of the characters in it let us first take *Lucretia*, played by Miss EASTLAKE. A mild dose of burlesque treatment has evidently done this lady a considerable amount of good. It has almost cured her of those St.-Vitus-like nervous clutchings and palsied movement of the head which, at one time, threatened to become chronic. On the first night she knew her lines perfectly, but stuck once,—with a trick-dagger. There is nothing grand in it, but a nice quiet little bit of classical domestic suicide.

There is an Egyptian Slave who talks a good deal about the rebels, and is evidently the Mahdi of that period. He has "no connection" with the plot, "except on business," when he is useful for a picturesque tableau or two in conjunction with *Brutus*. There is also a *Sybil* who might be the weaker half of the *Holy Clement* in *Claudian*.



Brutus Cauliflowerus.

The wicked *Tarquin* is perpetually throwing up his eyes to the "sky-borders," and expressing a strong interest in the movements of *Venus*. From this it might be gathered that he is on the Transit of *Venus* Commission. This, however, is not so. He is accompanied by some gay Roman dogs—not "the Household Dogs"—who sprawl about in a room of the Pompeian House at the Crystal Palace, make melancholy attempts at conviviality, and cry "To horse! To horse!" when, considering their costume, "To clothes-horse! To clothes-horse!" would have been far more appropriate. They were a hardy race, those ancient sons of the Latin Grammar and Classical Dictionaries.

The character of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, the Roman, has nothing to do with the *Romany Rye*, though, by the way, he is a sort of classical Silver King, as, to be revenged on his enemies, the *Silver King*,—we forget his name,—pretended to be a Silly Billy—and so does *Brutus*. The *Silver King* thus gains his object—so does *Brutus*. There is no difference, apparently, between *Brutus* foolish and *Brutus* wise; at least Mr. BARRETT made none. There is a touch of a Claudianesque situation in it, too, when the Mahdi tries to stab him, and can't, and when *Tarquin* repeats the attempt, and fails in the stupidest manner possible. Mr. BARRETT is, throughout, oppressed by the consciousness of his intense classicality, and never has his eye off the imaginary Photographer, or allows the future pictorial mural advertisement to be lost to the view of his mind's eye.



Smashing the Mahdi.

Of the play itself, the subject is—"not to put too fine a point upon it"—revolting. But, having selected it, the noble Author has treated it as delicately as possible. The dialogue may be very good, but we could catch so little of it that we must defer any opinion until an opportunity has been afforded to us of reading it. When we have done this, we shall be better able to say whether the Actors have faithfully carried out the Author's ideas; and the receipts will show whether the Author's ideas were worth the trouble.

Such situations as there are, are of the old familiar dramatic pattern, and pretty safe.

Between the Acts were handed round, by way of refreshment, printed lists of the distinguished audience then present, and a paper of elegant extracts from the play for the benefit of those who couldn't hear what was said on the stage. The distinguished people who were present, but whose names were not in the above-mentioned list, thought the proceeding most snobbish. Perhaps they were right.

The last Scene will be more effective as a "set" when the two pillars of state on each side of the tinselly throne look less shaky.

On the first night we found the play wearisome. But it might have been worse if the Comic Roman, who laughed loudly at his own jokes, had not suddenly disappeared after the Second Act. We fancy we saw him wandering about, living on his past reputation as an amusing rattle, but never—thank heaven and Lord LYTTON!—getting



Tarquin. "My unlimited Loo-cretia!"

Lucretia. "Sir! Who are you a Tarquin to?"

an opportunity of airing any of his ill-timed *Antiquos Josephos*. There was no original dramatic situation, there were no striking characters,—except the people who used their daggers,—no ghosts, no marvellous changes of scene, no curse worth mentioning, and no earthquake. The summary of the play, therefore, as a spectacle, would be "No Effects."

CONTRIBUTION FROM WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

TO THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

Telephonic message from W. S., Poets' Corner, Elysium, to Mr. Punch's Office, 85, Fleet Street.—"See my *Henry the Fourth*, Pt. II., Act II., Sc. 3. Scene between Northumberland (Gladstone) and Lady Percy (Britannia). Substitute 'Gordon' for 'Hotspur.' Will telephone further instructions."

Lady Percy (Britannia). There were two honours lost; yours and his.

For yours—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his (GORDON'S)—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven; and, by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.....
To seem like him; so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him,—Oh, wondrous him,
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you),
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of GORDON'S name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The General and his Staff are strong:
Had my sweet GORDON had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on the hero's neck,
Have talked of the MAHDI'S grave.

Northumberland (Gladstone). Beshrew your heart,

Fair Empress, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But we must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek us in another place,
And find us worse provided.

Lady P.

Fly to Midlothian!
(Scene to close here.)

"HOW NOW, HONESTY?"

THE PREMIER claims "honesty of purpose" as the inspiring motive of a course which, he admits, may not have been guided by judgment or conducted with courage. In this case surely it may—without derogation to morality—be said that "honesty—such honesty—is not the best policy."



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"SEND HER AT IT! YOU MUST GO OVER!"

[And so he did.]

EAR! EAR!

It is pleasing to note that those who will be held responsible for the success or the reverse of the forthcoming "Inventions Exhibition" at South Kensington, are evidently already thoroughly on their mettle. Indeed, several features of the undertaking—notably in the department devoted to Music—appear to have been conceived with a dash and daring as surprising as they are original. To begin with, there is to be a Grand Hall of refuge, to which any visitor who has been suddenly struck by the outward appearance of an exhibited Instrument—an Ophicleide, for instance—will be able to hurry off together with the Inventor and a friend to blow it, and test its capabilities to the fullest extent, without being stopped by the Police, and, but for the presence of rival purchasers, in comparative seclusion.

"Some provision of the kind," says the report, "was necessary, since the Council have drawn up a regulation intended to save the Public from the din and discord of a continuous attack from the whole line of Pianos, Trumpets, Drums, Concertinas, Cymbals, Gongs, Bassi, and harmonised Fog Signals, with which the Central Gallery will be almost inconveniently crowded."

But that there may be no mistake at least about the physical effects of the "power of sound," the Council have, with much quaint humour, determined "on one day in each week to relax this rule," conceiving, as they put it, "that on that day persons of sensitive organisations will hardly approach the Central Gallery, unless,"—and here is the quiet and subtle fun of the regulation,—"*they do so quite by inadvertence.*"

It is not astonishing, after this, to hear that not only will this same Central Gallery contain, in addition, "six great pipe-organs," but that the Council, by way of making sure that their *petite ruse de bruit* shall not fail, intend also to scatter "at least half-a-dozen other large and heavily-piped organs" freely about the building in

"LAUGHTER IN COURT."

"Mr. Pickwick envied the facility with which Mr. Peter Magnus' friends were amused."—DICKENS.

SCENE—Any Court. TIME—Any Trial.

Q. C. What sort of a night was it?

Witness. It was dark. (Laughter.)

Judge. My learned friend hardly expected the night to be light, I should think. (Laughter.)

Junior. Perhaps m' Lud, the learned Counsel was thinking of a nightlight. (Roars of laughter.)

Q. C. Well, we'll take it that it was a dark night. You went out for a stroll?

Witness. No, I went for a walk.

Judge. At any rate the witness was walking about.

Witness. No, my Lord, I wasn't walking a "bout." I was walking fast. (Great laughter.)

Q. C. You were walking fast. Now did you see anything?

Witness. I saw the prisoner.

Q. C. Well, tell us what he was doing.

Witness. He was doing nothing. (Laughter.)

Judge. How did he do it? (Renewed laughter.)

Witness. Very busily, my Lord. (Laughter.)

Junior. Like a briefless Barrister, m' Lud. (Roars of laughter.)

Q. C. Did he continue to do nothing long?

Witness. No; he soon seemed to get tired of it.

Q. C. What did he do then?

Witness. He went into a public-house.

Q. C. What for?

Judge. What does my learned friend go into a public-house for? (Great laughter.)

Q. C. Will you answer my question?

Witness. He went for some rum-shrub.

Q. C. (proud of his acquaintance with slang, and with a knowing look towards the Junior Bar). It was a very "rum plant" the Prisoner was engaged on.

[Shrieks of laughter, during which the Court rose, being too convulsed to transact any further business.]

REALLY.

"WHO'S the new Governor of Bombay?"—"Lord REAY." "Who?"—"REAY." Both (delighted). Hoo-ray!
[Exeunt on the road to Colney Hatch.]

QUESTION OF DEGREE.—Is the Russian Envoy, M. DE LESSAAR, a "persona grata?"

its most unsuspected quarters. The details of the Deaf and probably Dumb Asylum that must inevitably be called into requisition by this portion of the programme of the Council, are not yet publicly announced, but that there will be erected somewhere in the grounds a handsome and well-endowed Institution of the kind provided with an efficient staff of distinguished aurists, goes without saying. But we shall hope later literally to "hear" something more of this practical, spirited, and thoroughly jocose enterprise.

"BLESS YOU,—YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN."—The case of *Lusby's Music Hall v. Mr. Charrington*,—not a Mr. Cheeringstone, to judge by the way he used to speak of the unfortunate Lusby's,—was heard before Mr. Justice CHITTY. The Defendant had circulated a leaflet headed, "This way to the Pit of—"—well, a word never mentioned in polite society, but synonymous with Tartarus. Would he have been within his right if, instead of relying on his imagination, he had simply headed his pamphlet, "This way to the Pit"—as a sort of advertisement for Lusby's Music Hall? This question was not put to the learned Judge, who gave a sort of six-of-one-and-half-a-dozen-of-t'other decision, which, however, will have the effect of checking the enthusiasm of Mr. CHARRINGTON.

SCOTT v. SPICER.—Something peculiarly spicey being expected, the Court was crowded with fashionable persons, and after all—there was no trial. How provoking—for that audience! Worse than SIMS REEVES disappointing a hall full of admirers at the last moment. Yet it was appropriate that a case which arose out of courting should be settled "out of Court."

THE Russians have been advancing gradually, but now, they've got to Akrobat, they may come on with a leap and a bound.

LECTURING A LECTURER.—A FRIENDLY TIP TO THE TEUTON TITAN.



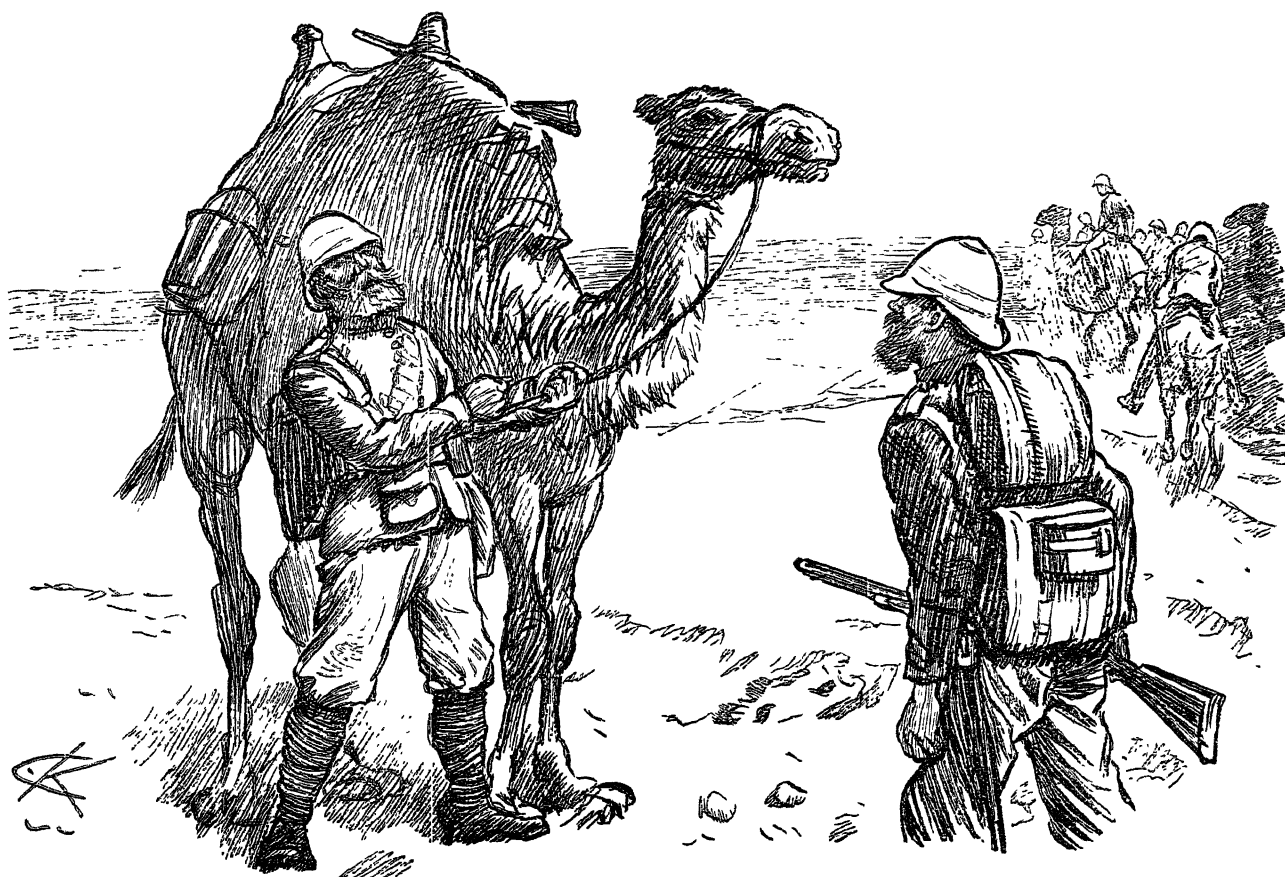
Mr. Punch (pleasantly, to Professor Bismarck). "'SCUSE ME, BUT YOU'RE NOT EVERYBODY. HADN'T YOU BETTER 'LOOK AT HOME' A BIT?"

Mr. Punch loquitor :—

POOH! POOH! Herr Professor! It's all very well;
You're a Big 'un, no doubt, and no end of a swell,
But you're not *All the World*! You're surprised? Oh, no
doubt!

To take a pea-bladder and windily flout
The Creation all round is so tempting a job
To a man of your powers of biceps and nob,
That your trying it on hardly moves me to wonder;
But he who'd be down on Creation like thunder,
Must be very Jove, with his bolts well in hand,
Whilst you—well, your attitude's striking and grand,
There is force in your pseudo-Olympian nod,
You've not half a bad notion of playing the god;

But, though you may threateningly thunder and lighten us,
You fail in one Jovian knack—you don't frighten us!
Why should you? We know you're *not* one of the quorum,
Although a terrestrial High Cockalorum,
Or Triton 'mid minnows, who's had his own way
To so great an extent for so many a day,
That he thinks there's no other worth naming below,
Nor a Yes worth a cuss if he choose to say No!
Tilly vally, my Teuton! You'll not scare or pose_{us}
By playing the Pompous *Orbius plagosus*.
BRITANNIA is not to be frightened from her rule
By wag of the birch or by shake of the ferule.
No, no,—and *Punch* says it in perfect good-nature—
Not even a Pedagogue-Prince of *your* stature



CAMEL-SHIP!

Tommy Atkins (to Mate, who had been told off to the same refractory Animal). "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL, HERE'S THIS CUSS'D BEAST HAS BEEN PLAYING 'CUP AND BALL' WITH ME FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS! MISSED ME EVER SO MANY TIMES!"
(Vide Special Correspondence from the Soudan.)

May ape the omniscient and lecture all round,
Without being laughed at. Perhaps you have ground
For occasional lessoning. Geese, Sir, are many,
And court-lace *may* cover the soul of a zany;
But chivied too much e'en a finical GRANVILLE
May get you at last between hammer and anvil.
Yes *you*, notwithstanding your Jovian looks,
And your bouncing Black Board and your piles of White Books.
Lord bless you, old boy, we've been lectured before,
And the subacid sneer, and the pedagogue roar,
Our tympanum tickle but do not disturb.
NAPOLEON would bridle, and NICHOLAS curb,
The slow, sometimes stumbling, good-natured old brute,
Each thought might be driven to crouch at his foot.
But LEO, though not always rampant, won't grovel,—
Not even to you. The attempt is not novel.
Poor LOUIS, puffed into an Oracle, tricked
Half the world into awe, till the bubble you pricked;
And though *Punch* won't suggest you're a Windbag in turn,
Yet perhaps even you an apt lesson might learn
From past flatulent failures. Orbilian Colossus
You'd chide us, and spank us, and goad us, and toss us,
But when Polyphemus world-wiggling, would try,
He *may*—pardon the *argot*—get "one in the eye."
And *Punch*, Herr Professor, whose point seldom misses,
Is ready, if needful, to play the Ulysses.
Verb. sap.,—you are wise, though Minerva's own owl,
That exceedingly knowing and gogglesome fowl,
Couldn't look half so sage as you fancy you are.
But your pompous *de-haut-en-bas* lecturings jar
On the proud, and the wise move to tolerant smiles,
When addressed, "Everywhere and the neighbouring Isles."
Pooh! pooh! Let not OSCAR WILDE's style be your study,
For—as he would say—you are not "Evrabuddy."
And then, *look at home!* There is many a mull, for
The like of which *here* you'd condemn us to—sulphur.

But Wisdom won't holloa in old *Giant Grim's* tone,
Nor is the sole cure for earth's botherments brimstone!
Best put down your ferule and drop your black looks,
Your Black Board won't scare us, nor yet your White Books.
O'er a bock and tobacco, as equal with equal,
Let's take friendly counsel. I'll warrant the sequel
Of peace and firm friendship will yield a more sure hope
Than any amount of tart Lectures to Europe!

MEM. FOR MUD-SALAD MARKET.

IN *Andrews v. Mansfield*—a case heard last week—Plaintiff brought an action against Defendant for a nuisance of muck and rubbish in a field, which, it seems, to put it politely, scented him away from his house and home. Corroborative evidence on the Nose side was brought. For the defence, on the No-nose side, Experts were called. Dr. TIDY's evidence against the probability of such a *smell* having existed was as strong as the Noses had pronounced the odour itself to have been. If there were any smell at all, the Noses were, said the Doctor (and how neatly Dr. TIDY might have put it!) on the wrong scent. The Jury, however, found for the Noses, with £110 damages, and Defendant was restrained from continuing the nuisance.

In this beautiful spring Cabbagian, Turnip-topian, and Sprouting early vegetable season, need the moral of this, in a kindly and considerate way, be pointed out to the Nosey neighbourhood, and to the Noble, but Noseless Management of Mud-Salad Market? By the way, considering the prominent and characteristic feature of the ancient tribes to which so many of the fruit and flower dealers in and about Mud-salad Market belong, there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining the evidence of the very best Noses in the world on this matter, when required.

SUPERFLUOUS.—Mr. STORY-MASKELYNE, M.P., has introduced a Bill for "preserving" the Thames above Teddington Lock. *Preserve*, indeed! Why, it is already a perfect *jam*—on Bank Holidays.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 2.—House met to-day, as if nothing particular had happened on Saturday morning. Strange to say, Government, with a nominal majority of 14, and an actual majority of 58, on Vote of Censure, not going to resign! GLADSTONE's seat on Treasury Bench vacant. HARTINGTON presently rises to explain that the PREMIER is indisposed; whereat WARTON cheers, and is promptly rolled over, amid howls of disgust from Liberals.

"Why should they howl at WARTON?" LABBY asks. "I think his cheer was creditable to him. He has the courage, or the insensibility, to give open expression to feelings you hear privately uttered whenever two or three Tories meet together. WARTON should be encouraged, instead of being put down."

HENRY the Tyler more than ever coming to the front on Foreign Affairs. Coolness growing between him and ASHMEAD BARTLETT.

"Why doesn't he mind his Railways," says A. B., snappishly. "Canada is quite sufficient of a foreign country for him. Here I've been looking after this Government for four years in Afghanistan, in South Africa, in Egypt, and lately in New Guinea; and now TYLER's going to set up in opposition."

TYLER not to be denied; has been telegraphing to Suakim to inquire about the fate of Kassala. "Would Italian interference be of any use?" he added, as if, DILKE says, he held Italy in the palm of his hand, and could dispose of her military and naval forces. House not yet quite used to TYLER in this new character; clings with affectionate regard to older claims of ASHMEAD BARTLETT. But TYLER evidently means business, and the Universe has a fresh protector.

After storm of questions, LUBBOCK opened up Proportional Representation, with COURTNEY to follow. Whereupon pressing business called Members elsewhere. Towards midnight, Motion for Adjournment. BROADHURST angrily declared that he was "not going to be induced to stay here till all the respectable publichouses in London were closed." But bar's open in the Lobby till the House rises, and BROADHURST needn't have been so petulant.

Business done.—Royal Messages on Reserves and Militia agreed to.

Tuesday.—WARTON rises to explain. It seems that his cheer yesterday has been "misunderstood." From the "malicious comments of a partizan Press," he gathers that it was accepted as sign of satisfaction at illness of PREMIER. WARTON says it was not so, but discreetly refrains from explaining what it *did* mean.

House crowded in anticipation of engagement between Parnellites and SPEAKER. ROWLAND WINN got his forty men in hand to back



"The Chair" making its Authority respected.

up Parnellites, if necessary, in obtaining leave to move Adjournment. But SPEAKER spoiled little game. Ruled it out of order, and made way for business. This turned out to be, once more, Proportional Representation, introduced by Professor COURTNEY, and ably seconded by Professor LUBBOCK. Entertainment rather a failure. COURTNEY's most lucid explanation disturbed by row at door. Several people

insisting upon having their money back. Strangers in Gallery went out to think the matter over in retirement. So did majority of Members. GLADSTONE, who came back to-night looking wan and weary, sat it out with chin resting on stick. On the whole, a pleasant, instructive evening. Hear we're to have series of them. Next is arranged for with the Gentleman who has come over from the other side with particulars of new American Whist. Means to explain this on Motion to go into Committee of Supply. HARCOURT back to-night, after brief visit to the country. "Then you've not resigned?" I said, coming up behind him, and playfully giving a sudden bark. HARCOURT jumped to other side of the Corridor.

"Don't do that, TOBY," he said, querulously. "It's humorous, but out of place. If you had my berth for a day, you'd know what it is to have your nerves unstrung. Never open my letters in the morning without finding warning, 'Prepare for death.' Have quite a collection of sketches of coffins, mysterious parcels delivered at my house containing all kinds of things, from the bodies of unburied babes to cases containing infernal machines, which turn out to be only portions of broken works of watches. I'm sick to death of sight of policemen, whether in uniform or plain clothes. The shadow of a policeman follows me everywhere, and yet I can't dispense with the reality. Indeed I want more. I start at my own shadow, and suspect the designs of the street-boy who offers me matches two boxes a penny. I dare say, if I bought them, they'd explode in my pocket. Wish I was *Robinson Crusoe*. But then I'd want Scotland Yard to shadow *Friday*. Went down to the Forest on Saturday, but couldn't stand threatening look of the tree-branches. Come back to town, and you frighten life out of me with your inconsiderate joking. I'm not the man I was, TOBY. But as for resigning, they won't let me." A tear stole down his manly cheek. It recalled him to a sense of his official position. He had it immediately arrested, and went his way, furtively looking round to see if he was followed.

BRADLAUGH back to-night after long absence. LABBY went and sat near him under Gallery. Heads so close together seemed to be embracing.

"Peace and Truth have kissed each other," said JIMMY LOWTHER, regarding with dim eyes the affecting scene.

Business done.—Debate on Seats Bill.

Thursday.—Honours of Sitting divided between Sir F. MILNER and that noted connoisseur and patron of Fine Arts, Le Chevalier JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR. Sir FREDERICK does not often speak.

"Curious similitude to a lady namesake in a certain trial," says SOLICITOR-GENERAL, fresh from Probate Court. "Politically shy. Rarely goes beyond 'Yes' or 'No' in debate."

One subject unseals Sir FREDERICK's lips. Doesn't exactly make him voluble, but he becomes articulate. That is CHAMBERLAIN, and the affidavits of the lamented LARRY MACK.

"Give me," says Sir FREDERICK in moment of confidence, "a couple of days to think it over, a quiet room, a good quill, and plenty of paper, and I'll draw you up, in form of question, a stunner for CHAMBERLAIN. Don't hurry me. That's all I ask."

More than a fortnight since MILNER last spoke on this subject. By dint of taking regular exercise, going to bed early, getting up late, powerfully concentrating his mind on the subject, has worked himself up to pitch of producing another "stunner." CHAMBERLAIN disposes of it with affected lightness. But Sir FREDERICK knows the dart has gone home. Elated with success, he half rises to retort on CHAMBERLAIN. But it doesn't do to flog a willing horse. Almost had something to say, but not quite, so sat down again; and, whilst questions proceeded through another hour, drew up fresh "stunner." Didn't go off very well. SPEAKER rather sat on it. But Sir FREDERICK not disheartened.

"I'll take a rest now," he says. "Won't think any more till Monday. Daresay in a fortnight or so shall have worked out another question."

As for JOSEPH GILLIS, what moved him was proposal to vote £70,000 for one of the Blenheim pictures. JOSEPH earnestly desires to encourage Art, but demurs to the price.

"I'm fond of pictures myself," he whispered to WOLFF, sitting on bench below him. "There's a friend of mine in Belfast, in the porkbutcher-line, who's got in his shop a lovely thing—a man driving a pig; twisting its tail; tail comes off; pig runs on; so natral, ye think ye hear him squeal. Never pass the shop without dropping in to look at this. And what d'ye think he paid for it?"

"A considerable sum, I should think," says Sir HENRY, deeply interested.

"Eighteen-and-six and a pound of sassafras," says JOEY B., triumphantly.

JOSEPH listened critically to the debate, smiling scornfully at WILLIS, Q. C., when he announced, with convincing wave of the hand, that he had "visited the Louvre." J. B. remembers, with a smile of varied emotion, that he had not only been all over the Louvre, but had also visited the Bon Marché. In fact it was at the latter establishment he bought the hose that figured so prominently in a certain breach of promise case.

JOSEPH's interposition in debate hailed with loud cheers. He was brief, but to the point. "Let the vote be postponed," he suggested; "bring the picture down and hang it in the tea-room, so that we may have an opportunity of seeing the article."

"Not at all a bad idea," says GIBSON, "we should then have two priceless pictures in the tea-room. RAPHAEL's masterpiece hung on the wall, and before it JOSEPH GILLIS with a thumb in either arm-hole of his waistcoat, critically regarding the Madonna, and appraising 'the article.'"

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates agreed to.

Friday.—"What's going on in Lords?" I asked T. B. POTTER, who was successfully getting through narrow Corridor.

"Pussy GRANVILLE is purring at Bulldog BISMARCK," said the genial Member for Rochdale.

Looked in; pretty full House; GRANVILLE at the table, smiling sweetly, declaring, with rounded sentences, how much he loved BISMARCK, but leaving final conclusion in mind of listener that, wherein German Chancellor had contradicted what he (GRANVILLE) had said, G. C. entirely wrong. *Business done.*—In Commons. House got into Committee on Seats Bill.

RACING AND SPORTING NOTES.

By Dumb Crambo Junior.



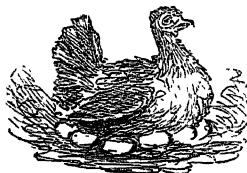
A Small Field.



Training a Pointer to Quarter.



Headed at the Post.



An Eggs-pert Setter.

HIGHER AND HIGHER!

THE brief announcement made last week to the effect that the popular Lessee of the Lyceum had telegraphed from New York to the distinguished Author of *Becket*, in the hope of securing to himself the acting right of that historic drama, having created no little stir in literary and artistic circles, the subjoined full and complete text of the correspondence, conducted, necessarily, at some slight disadvantage by cable, will probably be read with interest:—

I.

H-nry Irv-ng, New York, to Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater.

Would like much to put up at once our old friend *Becket*. Have been looking at him again. Capital. Will you entertain offer? Terms no object. Anything you like, or can suggest, for your own name in posters. Will double any bid made as to size of type by any other pretentious Manager. Shall have a full-length portrait of yourself with your coronet on, in three colours, on every hoarding in London, if you like. Success assured. Mean to make it a great High-Art upholstery effort. Few slight changes in text requisite, but of no great importance. Cable reply by return. My heart goes out to you over the idea.

II.

Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater, to H-nry Irv-ng, New York.

Thank you for your heart. With regard to your proposal, I am disposed to entertain it. I take much to the suggestion of the portrait, but am advised that *three* colours will not insure anything very striking. Wish to come out well on the hoardings. This is essential. Great object of production at all is "dramatic" reputation. By the way, what are "few slight changes in text of no great importance" to which you refer? I would like to be informed on this point.

III.

H-nry Irv-ng, New York, to Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater.

"Few slight changes" are mere trifles. Here they are. Cut down half of Acts I., II., IV. and V., about seventy-five pages in all, and let action of Act III. take place on board ship in a hurricane. Take out *French King*, say three Bishops, *De Broc*, *Lord Leicester*, *Philip de Eleemosyna*, two Knights Templars, *John of Oxford*, and somehow manage to double *Becket* and *Henry*. Must play them both as they stand. If object to this, give all *Henry's* good bits to *Becket*. Will strengthen it immensely. This is chief point. Comic Beggars of course come out. Also *Walter Map*. His heavy tragedy won't go down. Better make him a dumb acrobat. Why not black? One more suggestion. Good rollicking drinking song for four Knights, and bring them in on horseback. Eh?

IV.

Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater, to H-nry Irv-ng, New York.

Lyrics for Knights entering on horseback—yes, but absolutely decline to cut out seventy-five pages, or seventy-five lines, or even seventy-five words, anywhere. Put it all into *Becket's* part if you like, but let the public have it in some shape or other. "Comic beggars" must stand—the whole lot of them. Are, I am told, by intimate and impartial friends who are excellent judges, "fresh, original, and quite killing," and will bring the house down nightly. You mistake *Walter Map*. He is meant to be a Shakspearian clown—but a great deal better read. As to doubling *Henry* and *Becket*, it is impossible on account of the chess. How could you manage it?

V.

H-nry Irv-ng, New York, to Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater.

Have managed it. They will play football in turns with a dummy. Never on the Stage together. Please re-write up to this. Leave *Walter Map*, Comic Beggars, Bishops, and rest to me. Will get them on if I can. Anyhow, it will be all right. Never fear. You won't know your own piece.

VI.

Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater, to H-nry Irv-ng, New York.

Your last to hand. It has much confused and disheartened me. What do you mean by "not knowing my own piece"? As to playing football with a dummy, please write to FREEMAN, and get authorities for this in the twelfth century. I do not take to or understand this "toady truckling to a tricky stage." If the costumes and posters are ordered, I can only say, "Produce the garbled version if you will, but without my name."

VII.

H-nry Irv-ng, New York, to L-rd T-nnys-n, Freshwater.

Impossible. Not the slightest good. Your name is the only thing I want!

VIII.

Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater, to H-nry Irv-ng, New York.

Negotiations had better close. Besides I have this morning received a letter posted in Oxford Street. You understand. I am quite decided now. Every line must stand.

IX.

H-nry Irv-ng, New York, to Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater.

Every line shall stand. Only my fun. May write in seventy-five pages more, if you like. Will that please you? Cable back at once. Settled?

X.

Lord T-nnys-n, Freshwater, to H-nry Irv-ng, New York.

It does please me—much. Settled.

Rhyme for the Time.

(Advice to the University Crews.)

AIR—"London Bridge is Broken Down."

HAMMERSMITH Bridge is breaking down.

Sell, rather, each 'Varsitee!

Hammersmith Bridge is breaking down.

And no race may be.

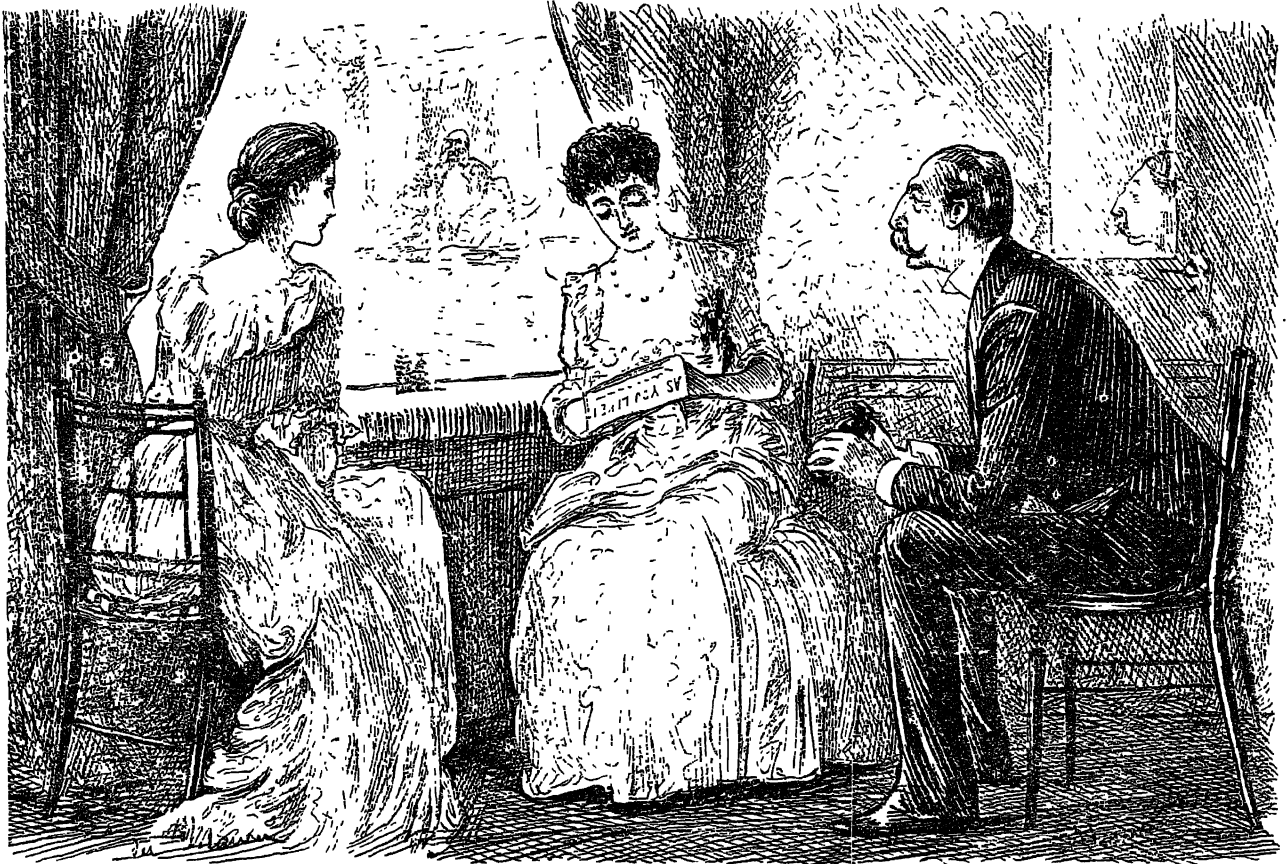
If this bridge has scaffolding up,—

Consider, each 'Varsitee,—

If this bridge has scaffolding up,

Make the race Henley.

SUBJECT FOR THE VIGILANCE ASSOCIATION FOR THE DEFENCE OF "PERSONAL" RIGHTS.—The Parliamentary—or unparliamentary—personalities of Messrs. BIGGAR, HEALY, REDMOND, O'BRIEN, & Co.



THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Dora consulting a Playbill. "ONLY FANCY! 'AS YOU LIKE IT' IS BY SHAKESPEARE!"

"NO YOU DON'T!"

LEO loquitur :-

HOLD hard, Master BRUIN!
You really will ruin
All chances of chumship fraternal, fraternal,
By "playing the double,"
Which gives lots of trouble.
I must say your cheek is infernal, infernal.
It's *always* the same, Sir.
Still at the old game, Sir,
Your weakness for which seems incurable—curable.
Can't stick to a bargain,
But, tempted by far gain,
Break faith! It is quite unendurable—durable.
You know our agreement,
Which with *you*, I see, meant
A blind for a bit of sharp practice, sharp practice.
Eh! *Delimitation*?
That's all obfuscation,
Deliberate trespass, the fact is, the fact is.
You'd "burgle" your chum's den!
You know my friend LUMSDEN
Is by the Murghab as per order, per order,
Whilst here you come thieving,
His company leaving
To cool their tired heels on the border, the border!
No, no, *Ursa Major*,
'Tis not the first page or
Last leaf in your book of chicane, Sir, chicane, Sir!
I'm fly to your ruses,
Your vows, your excuses.
You're here, but you must not remain, Sir, remain, Sir!
A joke? 'Tis not funny!
Your fondness for honey
You'd sate with my purblind assistance—assistance.

On Turcoman ground you
May sniff all around you
For sweetness, but not Afghanistan's—ghanistan's.
'Tis little that *she* hives,
But *yonder* are bee-hives
That gladly you'd get your black muzzle in, muzzle in.
No? Then your attitude,
Just in this latitude,
Leaves one a bit of a puzzle in, puzzle in.
You slobber, you gurgle:
You've no wish to burgle?
Well, with you I don't want to quarrel, to quarrel,
Most innocent *Ursa*,
No, quite *vice versa*.
But if you mean all that's most moral, most moral,
Be pleased to go "back again!"
Tread not this rock again
With gait that is furtive and feline, and feline;
Nor with mild pretences
Of fixing fair fences,
For my private hives strike a bee-line, a bee-line!

LAST Wednesday a man tried to force his way into Probate Court I., went off with a key, assaulted an official, got into Bench Court IX., climbed over the Judge's Seat, and thence arrived at the Probate Court. He was removed by the police, charged at Bow Street, and let out on bail. He was said to be a Student of the Inner Temple, who "generally appears," so the *Times* reported, "with his hair tied in a knot behind, either with riband or gold cord, wears large buckles on his shoes, and generally affects an æsthetic style of costume." Ah! "Again he urges on his Wilde career!"

THE WRONG PEOPLE.—In all criminal cases of a desperate character Messrs. "Search" and "Inquiries" are immediately "prosecuted." But the delinquents too often escape.



“NO YOU DON’T!”

A TRANSMITTED CHARACTERISTIC.

Of the evolution process I'm a singular example,
Without exaggeration I may say, a splendid sample;
For present to my memory are all the various stages
Through which my microcosm passed in prehistoric ages.
From monad down to monkey, all the creatures I have been
Were tormented by an appetite-unusually keen:
What I liked, or what disliked, I don't remember in the least;
But I know that I was always an extremely greedy beast!



When a shapeless blob of jelly—my digestion, though, was strong—
I persistently assimilated something all day long.
Æons later (I was then an oyster lying on my bed)
From rosy morn to dewy eve incessantly I fed.
My career as a crustacean was cut short, I grieve to state,
By a surfeit of a dear departed eel, just thrice my weight:—
And that even as a crab I could not moderately feast,
Is a proof that I was always an extremely greedy beast.

I recollect how, when a fish, I spent my time quite gaily
In swallowing some dozens of my fellow-fishes daily.
This practice in my character may seem a cruel feature,
But don't forget that I was then a mere cold-blooded creature.
And when—now was it ten, or was it forty cycles later?—
In course of due promotion I became an alligator,
My relatives I never fed on, even when deceased,
Although they all considered me a very greedy beast.

Through subsequent developments of zoologic station
I managed, as a glutton, to maintain my reputation.
'Twas mine through ev'ry class of ornithology to wander,
From the unobtrusive dodo to the enterprising condor.
I fear that, when a crow, I was regarded as a sinner,
For I used to steal my neighbours' eggs and eat them up for dinner;
With every stage of progress my voracity increased,
And—though a bird—I still, alas! remained a greedy beast.

As time went on I steadily advanced towards perfection,
Obedient to the standing laws of Natural Selection.
To survive, and be the fittest, instinct taught me was my duty;
So I did my best by feeding to keep up my strength and beauty.
As badger, rat, or tiger—as rhinoceros or sheep—
I seldom left off eating, day or night, unless to sleep.
Carnivorous or otherwise, my hunger never ceased;
I often changed my form, but still remained a greedy beast.

'Twas in a virgin-forest of the tropical Gaboon
I led a truly comfortable life as a baboon.

I dwelt among the tree-tops, where the atmosphere was pure,
And what a lot of bread-fruit I devoured, to be sure!
There, there I learnt a solemn truth—deny it he who can!—
'Tis this: the monkey, not the child, is father to the man.
He is, indeed, what man would be, from social bonds released,
Impulsive, vengeful, whimsical—a savage, greedy beast.

And now 'mong creatures animate I hold the foremost station,
A biped without feathers, *alias* Lord of the Creation:
Articulate my speech is—I can logically reason—
But where's the tail I dangled with, the branches of the trees on?
My eyesight's weak, my swimming's poor; I've lost the knack of
flying;
My daily life's embittered by the constant fear of dying:
My appetite alone is undiminished, nay increased,
And the Heir to all the Ages still remains—a greedy beast!

THE MIDDLEMAN ONCE MORE.

In medio tutissimus ibis evidently does not mean there is safety in the Middleman—not, at least, in the opinion of the *British Trade Journal*. In its March number that Journal tells those who do not already know it,—and who in many cases seem strangely unwilling to learn it,—“More about the Middleman.” And the more we know of him the less we like him. The *B. T. J.*, which ought to know one would think, calls him “an unnecessary go-between.” And that too often, though of course not always, he assuredly is. But not that alone. A fifth wheel of a coach may be “unnecessary,” but is not inevitably an expensive and pace-hindering nuisance. If you can conceive a “fifth wheel” that costs as much as all the other four put together, does hardly any of the work, and tends ultimately to upset the coach, you may get a fair parallel to what the Middleman often is in trade matters in this trading community of ours.

The *B. T. J.* says that in the Fish Trade he is still rampant, whilst in the Meat Trade his species is paramount:—

“Between the starving farmer at one end of the line, and the starving workman at the other, there is a row of jovial and rotund Middlemen, who, as cattle-dealers, drovers, salesmen, slaughterers, meat-carriers, and butchers, form a happy family unaffected by the straits of the producer, and banded together at the expense of the purchasing Public.”

Pleasant, eh! my poor purblind “purchasing Public?” Pretty well for a myth? No! Some wag has said that the prevailing tendency of the day is to resolve everything into a Sun-myth. Perhaps. But the most ardent and ingenious comparative mythologist will hardly be able to deal so with the Middleman.

In the Export Trade he appears to be even more active:—

“But few branches of manufacture do not admit of direct contact with the wholesale importer abroad. At present we have, very frequently, first the manufacturer, then the wholesale house abroad, then the retailer or shop-keeper, and then the consumer out of whose pockets this file of distributors, with the maker at its head, must be supported. Is it a matter for surprise that foreign competitors with a more direct and intelligent system of distribution can undersell us?”

These ingenious divisions and subdivisions, as the *B. T. J.* points out, and as *Mr. Punch* has previously intimated, furnish abundant chances for speculation and sharp practices, and for trading without sufficient capital or knowledge of business, to the detriment of the article, and the ruin of our reputation for commercial honesty. *How*, *Mr. Punch* hopes to explain in fuller detail on future occasion. The Commission Agents, who know—nay, wish, and take care to know nothing about the “goods” they deal—or rather juggle with—whose only aim is, with the least possible outlay for rent, and other trade expenses, to pick the largest possible profits out of “transactions” in which bad “goods” are sold at high prices to duped purchasers, this is a species of Middleman—widely distributed, alas!—whom it were base flattery to call a pestilent mischief, destructive as his cunning system is of fair profits to producers, fair prices to purchasers, and fair fame to the nation in the markets of the world. “Fair Trade,” quotha? This is the sort of negation of “Fairness” which, as *Mr. Punch* has before declared, demands dealing summarily with. And if the DUNRAVENS, and LOWTHERS, and CHAPLINS directed their efforts against such Unfair Trade as the Middleman conducts, and fattens on, instead of flying in the face of fact, and fighting against economic law, *Mr. Punch* would proclaim himself a Fair Trader to-morrow.

“RIGHT ABOUT PRE-FACE!”—Yes, we must write about Preface. It is getting serious; for, speaking of the Inventions Exhibition, the *Daily News* informs us that “the Catalogue will contain twenty-three prefaces.” We have generally found one preface too much for us, but fancy twenty-three! Let us hope the number has been altogether exaggerated, and that the Committee will pause before carrying out their prefacious project.



AT LADY CLARA ROBINSON'S (NÉE VERE DE VERE).

Todeson. "HONESTLY, NOW, MRS. VAN TROMP, DON'T YOU AMERICANS RATHER ENVY US SUCH PEOPLE AS OUR ARISTOCRACY, FOR INSTANCE?"

Mrs. van Tromp. "WELL, I DON'T QUITE KNOW ABOUT THAT, MR. TODESON; BUT WE CERTAINLY ENVY YOUR ARISTOCRACY SUCH PEOPLE AS YOU!"

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. VI.—CABS.

SIR,—The immense experience you must be rapidly gaining in regard to our many grievances should enable you to answer any question "there anent," as the Scotch say, right off the reel. So please inform the wide-awake, go-ahead men of London why our London Gondolas, as DIZZY christened our Hansoms, if he could christen anything, are not made more comfortable than they are. As it is simply impossible to conceive any condition of weather so atrocious as to tempt anyone of us to even think of entering a stuffy, crawling, noisy, dirty Growler, Hansoms are our sole resource, and anything more awfully atrocious than the complicated machinery that it seems it is necessary to put in motion to keep out the effects of a drenching downpour of rain, I, for one, decline to believe in. Let me state my experience of Wednesday, as a case in point. I had been asked to dine with the family of my affianced bride, in order to be introduced to her maternal Aunt, from whom, in case of a certain highly probable contingency, certain beneficial results would possibly ensue to the wife of my bosom. I need scarcely say that I arrayed myself with special care in my very choicest apparel, and, with Youth at the prow and Cabby at the helm, as GRAY says, I set off on my pleasant trip. It came on to rain, but not ferociously, and, Cabby taking the wrong turning, I shouted to him convulsively, and he set out to correct his blunder, when, mistaking my meaning, he let down the whole complicated machinery for excluding the gentle rain, full upon my upturned face. I almost screamed with agony, and quite swore with rage, and on driving back headlong to my bachelor home, I rushed to the looking-glass, "and there my eyes beheld, all that my heart believed not, yet foretold." I may describe myself, shortly, as being the wild possessor of two black eyes and an ensanguined nose, and the sad results of my misfortune

were freely distributed over my hitherto spotless shirt-front. I draw a veil over the sad results, with the full conviction, that the most vivid imagination will fail to exaggerate their importance to me, and all arising from the dense stupidity of using a complicated machine to accomplish a simple object, like the attempt to open oysters by electricity.

E. D.

SIR,—My life is made a misery to me by my one grand virtue, combined with an atrocious grievance. My one grand virtue is indomitable resolve never to be imposed upon. My atrocious grievance is "Growlers." My experience of last night is but a repetition of many similar exasperating occurrences. I was invited to a grand West-End reception. The distance from house to house is exactly one mile and three-quarters. I hired a damp, rattling, stuffy, crawling Growler. At my journey's end I tendered the slovenly-looking driver a shilling, that being his strictly legal fare. It was pouring in torrents; so I rushed up the steps, and knocked loudly. Would you believe it, Sir, the awful-looking, saturated, and, I verily believe, semi-intoxicated driver, actually followed me into the grand house, loudly demanding an additional sixpence, to the intense amusement of the grinning flunkies, and the undisguised astonishment and disgust of the arriving guests. True to my indomitable resolve, I firmly refused his exorbitant demand, when he actually tried to follow me up the noble staircase, and, when stopped by the attendants, loudly demanded my card, which I gave him, to quiet him, when, to my horror, he shouted out my name at the very top of his husky voice, and denounced me as the very shabbiest man he ever drove, just as the Master of the House, astonished at the unusual noise, came down the stairs to inquire into its cause. Who can say that I was not right in my heroic resolve, and that I did not display an amount of moral courage worthy of an ancient Stoic? Then, why was I doomed to a martyrdom, unconsciously terrible to bear, by a licensed ruffian, to whom I had done no wrong? Abolish this grievance, Sir, and receive the thanks of mankind.

J. M.

"STAGE, WHISPERS."

QUERY.—What position do "the Canons of Dramatic Art" hold in the Church and Stage Guild?

TRUTH, in a notice of *The Hunchback* last week, recommends Mr. STANDING to "turn his attention to Banting." Quite a new part this, and one, in theatrical slang, with "no fat in it." On the next revival of *Romeo and Juliet*, we shall expect to see Mr. STANDING as *The Apothecary*, or, if *Julius Cæsar* is resuscitated, he might figure as the "lean and hungry Cassius."

SAID our 'ARRY, "I call the Criterion Theatre"—he termed it "the Cri."—"a regular Lake District sort of a place, 'cos it's all WYNDHAM 'ere."

PLEASANT ALL ROUND.

THE Actors are men, sure,
Whom Critics must censure
Sometimes, or as gods must enthroned 'um.
Mr. Punch said, and wunk'd,
"Treat 'em all as defunct:
De mortuis nil nisi bonum!"

WE believe we are correct in saying that the Managers of the Court Theatre wish it to be generally understood that the title of their present highly successful play is *The Denhams*, not *The Durhams*. They would be deeply grieved were there, in Town or Country, any misunderstanding on this point. They take this opportunity of announcing, that they think an excellent advertisement for their Theatre would be, "The Court! y Allez!"

To Mrs. Anna Longshore Potts, M.D.

(By Our Own Old Nurse)

WERE JANES and ANNES
All Potts, not pans,
There 'd be no work
For the Doctors' hands.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 4.



THE GAINSBOROUGH SHOW AT THE GROSVENOR.—OUR OWN PRIVATE VIEW.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

PEBBLEBEACH.—The news of the resignation of the Hon. STONEY DE BROKE has caused the greatest excitement in this town, where the Hon. Member has not been seen for over six months. On the receipt of his letter, announcing his intention of retiring from Parliamentary life, and devoting himself to travelling in America, the lawyers' offices were at once besieged by their late Member's tradesmen, and next Thursday is expected to be the heaviest day in the County Court that has been known for a long time.

DULLSLEY.—Lord SLEEPTON, the Tory Member, in answer to his constituents, has declared that although he does not approve of the Sabbath closing of public-houses, yet he is strongly in favour of marching with the times, and thinks that Museums ought to be thrown open on Sunday. As Dullsley contains sixty-three public-houses, and no Museum, his Lordship's answer has aroused the greatest excitement and interest.

RORROWN.—A leading inhabitant of this town having written to the senior Member as to when he fancies the war in the East will be at an end, has received a reply in which the Hon. Gentleman states that he doesn't know. A meeting has been convened by the Mayor, to discuss the political aspect which this letter throws open.

BALLYTRIM.—As the eyes of Europe are now fixed on the Election which will take place in this flourishing Irish town next Tuesday, a few atoms of the political gossip floating about cannot fail to be of interest to our readers. Mr. MOLLONEY's party, it is currently reported, have undermined the Town Hall with gunpowder, which will be ignited should the Mayor declare an adverse poll, while Mr.

SLOONEY has made every preparation to blow Mr. MOLLONEY's shop and dwelling-house off the face of the earth with dynamite, in case it goes against him. Both sides are very confident, and well armed with revolvers. The registered number of Voters is 597; but, owing to Mr. MOLLONEY's side having cut the gas off last night at a Meeting held by SLOONEY's party at the "Shamrock and Traitor," and afterwards applied a torch to the escape, the number now only musters 583.

A NURSERY RHYME.

Arranged for Children—at the Admiralty.

"Not one of these forty-eight new ships has yet even been begun."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

SING a song of millions
Voted then and there,
Eight-and-forty war-ships
Promised in a scare.
Now the scare is over,
Not a plank is laid.
Isn't that a precious way
To see a trust betrayed?

BRASSEY's nightly in the House,
Smearing facts with honey;
NORTHBROOK's, in "another place,"
Equally as funny.
But if England comes to grief,
Sure as panic spreads,
Why,—up will jump the headsman,
And chop off both their heads!

PRIVY COUNCILLOR PUNCH'S ADVICE TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ANENT THE IRISH VISIT.—Don't be a party to a "Too Late" Policy, which would put off till next year what can and ought to be done this. Name the happy day, and stick to it; or HIBERNIA might bring an action for breach of promise.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

THE SUSPICIOUS BRIEF BAG.

WHEN business is slack at Chambers, as sometimes happens, I do not visit the Temple for days together. On these occasions the intimate and excellent friend with whom I share my rooms undertakes to telegraph to me if anything turns up of a gratifying character, such as a brief endorsed "with you the Attorney-General," or a request to attend professionally before a Committee of the House of Commons. My friend, with a kindness I cannot sufficiently acknowledge, personally assumes the duty of communicating with me, thus relieving my Clerk of a very heavy responsibility. I, on the other hand, am careful to leave at home a list of my movements for the day, so that any telegraphic message that may arrive from Pump-Handle Court may be transmitted to me with the least possible delay, thus guarding against any loss of time on the part of Sir HENRY JAMES or the Parliamentary Committee, should the first wish instantly to consult with me on a difficult point of law, or the last desire to hear me immediately on the merits of a Railway Bill. It is a matter of some regret to me having attained this perfect organisation, that as yet no circumstances have occurred enabling me to put its merits to the test. But although I am not unfrequently away from my Chambers, I am scarcely ever separated from my Brief Bag. This useful article is constantly with me, and, as now and then it is not quite full of professional legal documents, I use it for carrying other things.

One afternoon I was walking through the Strand on my way home with my usual companion (on this occasion it was concealing from view a small barrel of Blue Point Oysters—it was my birthday), when I was confronted by a young man who stared at me with a fixedness which attracted my attention. I fancied I had seen his face somewhere before, but could not remember the place or the occasion. In like manner he appeared to half recognise me. Suddenly his eyes rested upon my Brief Bag, when a gleam of intense intelligence appeared to illumine his face, and he stepped back with a sort of deferential proprietorship in my movements which augmented my curiosity.

No doubt I should have thought little of this incident had not I met the same young man a day or two afterwards, when he again appeared to recognise me as one having direct claims upon his careful attention. I happened to be talking at the time to a very old friend of my father's (the venerable Mr. DUNUP, who, it will be remembered, gave up his profession as a Barrister to realise a considerable fortune as the lucky inventor and patentee of "the Save-all Sausage Machine"), and he, too, noticed that the person seemed to be watching me.

"You know, my boy," said Mr. DUNUP, "that, years and years ago, I used to practise at the Old Bailey?"

I bowed. I remembered that there was a tradition that my old friend *had* once held a brief in that august assembly—as somebody's "devil," and in that character had addressed a jury in impassioned accents for the defence. The legend went on to say, that his flow of eloquence was suddenly interrupted on that occasion by a boot ungratefully hurled at him by his own client.

"Well," continued Mr. DUNUP, confidentially, "as a retired Old Bailey Counsel, I should call that man a Detective."

A Detective! Of course! I saw the whole thing at a glance. At this very moment the Royal Courts were surrounded by the Police, on account of recent occurrences at Westminster and the Tower; but surely there was no reason why I should be suspected! And then I guiltily remembered my Brief Bag, in which even then were resting certain household commissions, purchased at the Co-operative Stores.

I determined that the next time I met my watcher I would address him, telling him that his labour was in vain. The opportunity soon offered. I had been to Covent Garden Market (where I had picked up at a low figure a very fine water melon), and was making for the Strand. He touched his hat as I stopped him.

"Sir," said he, in a tone of polite authority, "you must let me take that bag from you."

This confirmed my suspicions—the fellow *was* a Detective.

"No doubt you know what it contains?" I observed, with withering sarcasm.

"Of course, Sir—briefs," he answered. He was quite serious. Had he mocked me at that moment with a smile, I believe I should have felled him to the ground.

"Look here, my man," I cried, "very likely you mean well, and are performing what you consider to be your duty, but you are labouring under a mistake. As for the bag, it is my property, not yours, and any attempt you may make to seize it I shall oppose—with force!" And turning on my heel, I left him, seemingly transfixed with astonishment.

After this outburst, when the person next saw me he seemed to shrink away at my approach. No doubt he considered me a dangerous character, who could not be arrested single-handed. Either

by accident or design we were continually meeting. I attempted to avoid him, visiting unusual haunts, such as my Robing Room at the Royal Courts, but without success. I even paid a visit to my Chambers, and found that no doubt having ascertained that I was coming, he had contrived to gain admittance to my Clerk's room. When I was once safely caged, he disappeared. I had made up my mind to consult my friend and fellow-tenant in common about the best course to be pursued, but learned, to my great regret, that he was away on Circuit. His Clerk (and indeed mine, for we share one between us, although I must confess I do not require his services very frequently) had left the Chambers, so I was told, a few minutes after I had entered them. So, unable to advise with those best qualified to consult with me, I determined to act on my own undivided responsibility. I put myself in communication with the Police, and found of course that they knew nothing of the matter. However I received a hint that sometimes Dublin acted without regard to London.

Having thus paved the way for a settlement, I determined to bring things to a crisis. One evening I was walking in the neighbourhood of my Chambers, and came suddenly upon the man I had now learned to regard as my persecutor, in a passage ending in a *cul de sac*.

"Be good enough to listen to me calmly," I said, composedly. "Now I may as well tell you at once that I have made inquiries in Scotland Yard, and you are not known there."

"I should hope not!" he exclaimed, in a tone apparently of extreme astonishment. Then he cried, almost appealingly, "But, please, Sir, what made you ask about me at Scotland Yard?"

"I was determined to sever the painful connection that has existed between us now for some time as speedily as possible, and I called in the Police—the London Police," I repeated, with emphasis, "to assist me."

"I am sure I have always done my duty," he expostulated, with emotion.

"From your point of view no doubt you have," I replied, in a judicial tone that was pleasing to me—I could not help reflecting that I had within me the materials of a really very passable Judge. "Not improbably your purpose is praiseworthy enough. And feeling this, I am going to treat you with perfect candour. I am going to make a statement, and then ask you a question. My statement is this: I am a highly respectable Barrister, enjoying considerable practice—I repeat, considerable practice."

Here I paused to watch the effect of this assertion, which I do not think I should have ventured to have made to a Londoner who knew me. The man seemed surprised.

"And now, Sir, for my question. I have told you frankly my *status*. I must trouble you, in your turn, to be good enough to inform me what position *you* happen to occupy."

I said this with much dignity. The answer I received was so unexpected that with it I must bring this paper to a conclusion, merely remarking that the reply, I subsequently discovered, was perfectly accurate.

"Why, please, Sir," cried my companion, thus interrogated, "don't you know me? I am your own Clerk!"

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

WAITING ANSWER.

(A few Previous Questions—selected.)

IF Mr. GLADSTONE does not, as he put it to Mr. SEXTON, continue "to be responsible for the direction of public affairs"—

Will Lord SALISBURY step into his shoes on the spot, and give Europe all round "a bit of his mind"?

Will Europe, in its present temper, do anything but smile pleasantly if he does?

Will he, noting this, think twice of the Estimates, and, like many worthier men before him, quietly, but finally, eat his own words?

Will he, however, whatever happens in this direction, as a precautionary measure, make Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE "Permanent Governor-General" of the Society Islands?

Will he also offer, as a fitting reward to "the Party" for recent service, the Irish Viceroyship to Mr. REDMOND?

Will he ask Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to stop on his way home at Snakim, and see what he can do, *till further notice*, with the "Civil Governorship of Kordofan"?

Will he have Lord NORTHBROOK, as a warning to future unimaginative Lords of the Admiralty, really beheaded with some ceremony on Tower Hill?

Will he, with a business-like eye to conciliating powerful minorities, joyfully make Mr. BRADLAUGH his Lord Chancellor?

Will he, when he gets into power, if he continue to talk so much about the destinies of this great Empire, prove such a "thing of joy" to the trusting British taxpayer?

And, finally, will he, take him all in all, turn out to be at such a crisis, a bit better for the place than Mr. GLADSTONE?



ARTISTIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

She. "AND DID YOU PAINT MUCH WHEN YOU WERE IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN?"
He. "A—NO! THERE WAS ANOTHER PAINTAH THERE!"

FORGETFULNESS AND SUCCESS.

THE LOSE-IT-IAN SYSTEM.

"WHO will teach me to forget?" said THEMISTOCLES.
Professor LOSEIT will.

"WE forget because we will,
And not because we must."—Matthew Arnold.
(Slightly altered.)

A BAD MEMORY the Conditions of
Political Success! | Literary Success!
Social Success! | Commercial Success!

A DAY-CLASS in the ART OF NEVER REMEMBERING
ANYTHING, and for Cure of Inconvenient Recollection, every
alternate Sunday and Saturday.

Lectures to the Families of the Nobility, Gentry, and Middle
Classes.

TRY PROFESSOR LOSEIT'S NEW SYSTEM.

Professor LOSEIT employs none of the "Pega," "Narcotics," nor
other mechanical aids to Obliviousness.

The Best Memories eradicated without pain, or the use of Gas or
Ether.

Any Letter, Despatch, or Memorandum forgotten in One Lesson!

EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS.

From Lord Gr-nv-ll-e.—"Thanks to your Infallible System, I
have absolutely forgotten the German despatch of May 5th, as if it
had never existed. Indeed, I doubt if it ever did exist."

From Mr. Gl-ast-ne.—"Owing entirely to your excellent Method,
my Midlothian Speeches have been wholly erased from my Recollection.
The names of Majuba, GORDON, TEWFIK, STEWART, have no
longer any associations for me whatever."

From the Czar.—"The Divine White Figure from the North pre-

AN INDIAN EXHIBIT.

[His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad intends visiting
England in state during the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at
South Kensington in 1886.—*Daily Paper.*]

He is coming, our own Nizam,
With no end of a gorgeous suite,
From palatial Hyderabad,
To lodge in a London Street!
He'll come next year, when the Opening's near,
And Inventions have had their day;
South Kensington waits, at her area-gates,
Knowing he'll pass her way!

Oh, first of our Indian nob's
That has come to this Northern isle,
We hope for splendour and hanker for show
In the Oriental style.
Be sure to bring with you some lacs of rupees,
And of diamonds and pearls a pile!

He is coming, the great Nizam,
From his city of Hyderabad,
To inspect with his Royal eyes
This Exhibitional fad.
He's heard such stories of Healthery glories,
That he has the profoundest zeal
To taste the delights of Half-a-crown Nights,
And try the Sixpenny meal?

With a bevy of beauteous girls
Will he voyage from the gorgeous East?
Sit in coat of purple and waistcoat of gold
At the Vegetarian feast?
Will his dress be all spangles of gewgaws and bangles,
Each worth a fortune at least?

He'll come in the Spring-time warm;
And in Autumn they'll all "make tracks;"
A hearty cheer awaits them here,
For they've stood at our soldiers' backs.
We allow a Prince to have "followers,"
And we're quite accustomed to Blacks!

"WHO CALLS SO LOUD?"

MR. HAMILTON AIDÉ has written on "The Actor's
Calling" in *The Nineteenth Century*. With every
respect to this accomplished writer, we would venture
to suggest that the Call-Boy is a better authority on this
subject than anyone else.

sents its Compliments and a Diamond Snuff-Box to Professor LOSEIT.
The D. W. F. assures Professor LOSEIT that, by pursuing the Pro-
fessor's directions, it has clean lost memory of all its "assurances,"
démontis, and other inconvenient symptoms."

From Lady Birkenhead.—"I have made use of your Method, and
find that my inconvenient invitations and acceptances no longer give
me the faintest trouble or annoyance. I cut acquaintances, now,
without an effort."

From 'Arry Slop Nottidge.—"Having tried the famous Loseitian
System, I am able to take my davy that I don't remember nothing
about no promises to marry nobody, bar none. You may use my
name among the toffs."

From Sir Thomas Dedbeet.—"My promises to pay, since I
was induced by your advertisements to adopt your plan, have quite
ceased to haunt my memory, and no longer cause me the slightest
mental anguish."

From Mr. Caudle.—"Sir, I have made experiments, according to
your famous Method, on Mrs. Caudle, who was a martyr to a highly
inconvenient memory for things I had said and done. She is now
completely cured, and unites with me in best wishes for your health
and happiness."

Many more Testimonials, equally gratifying, may be seen on
application.

Our celebrated Water of Lethe, in gallon, quart, or pint bottles, or
in the wood.

Professor LOSEIT, Blind Alley, White Friars, W.C.

DE LUNATICO.—A poor man was charged, the other day at the
Mansion House, "with being of unsound mind, and wandering at
large." Wandering, whether at large or otherwise, is no uncommon
evidence of insanity.

THE SAME OLD GAME.



Samuel Pepys (late Secretary to the Admiralty). "NEVER MIND, MY LORD! JUST THE SAME IN MY TIME! NOT A SHIP THAT COULD SWIM. 'SO HOME TO BED!'" [Disappears.]

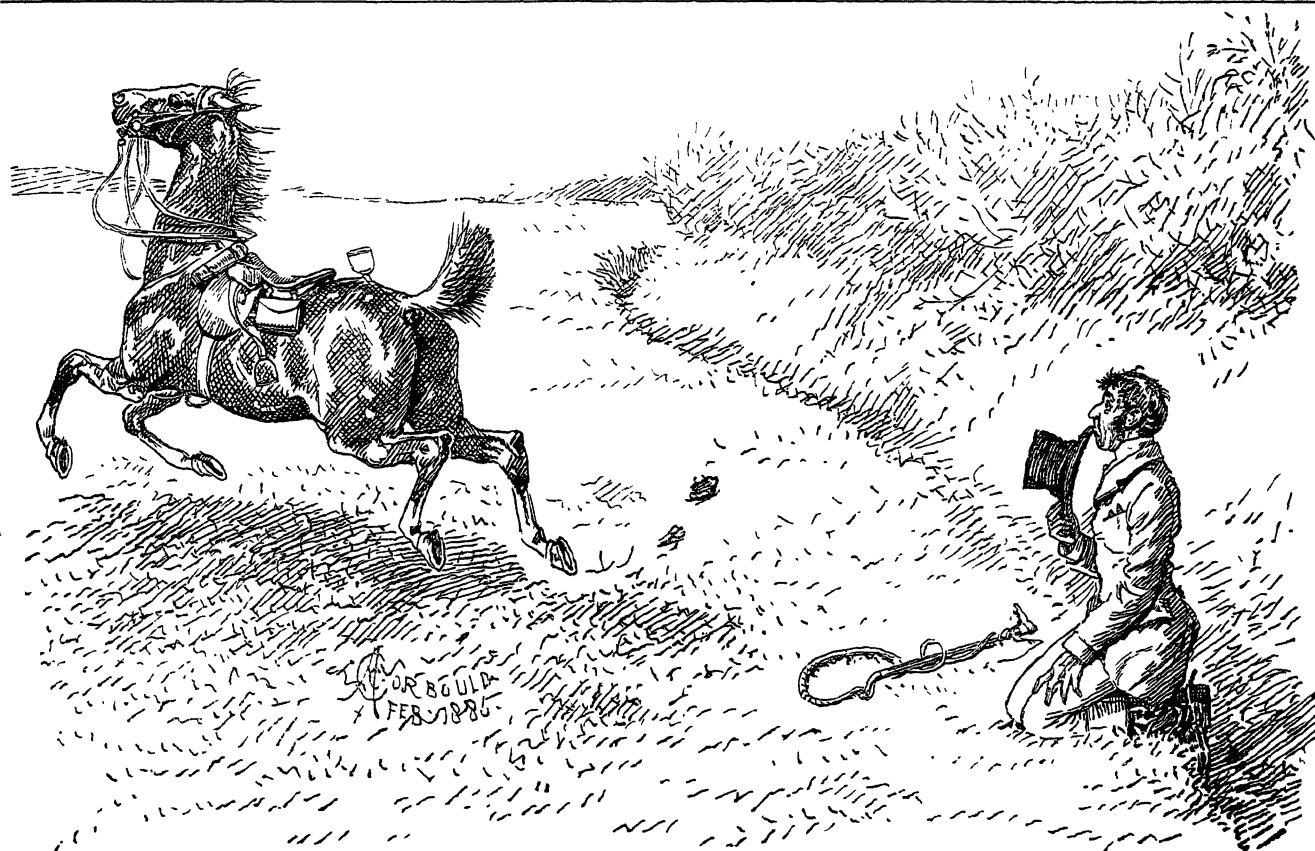
John Bull to the Shade of Samuel Pepys:—

ALWAYS the same? Shade of sleek SAMUEL, yes,
With PEPYS or BRASSEY as Chief Secretary,
Naval affairs seem *always* in a mess;
At least the critics' stories never vary,
In this brave bellicose much blundering land, which
Muddles on still as in the days of SANDWICH.

Your Memoirs on the Navy, honest ghost,
By REED and ROBINSON might well be edited.
Still croakers croak, official optimists boast,
The cry of "Wolf!" oft heard is but half credited.
The one thing *not* in doubt, a fact that's funny,
Is that our Navy—costs a lot of money.

'Twas just the same in your time? Very like!
There's little comfort, though, in that reflection.
I want to know that I can safely strike,
And that the "silver streak" lacks not protection;
And—NORTHBROOK sniffs with mild superiority,
And "sets authority against authority"!

BRASSEY *may* be a perfect prodigy,
And REED a very broken reed to lean upon;
My Fleet *may* be a phantom one, or be
The very finest ocean ever seen upon:
But what it *is* seems most Sphinx-like of riddles,
Who'll solve it for me without taradiddles?



HUNTING PUZZLE.

HAVING BEEN THROWN, HOW TO CATCH THAT HORSE, AND HOW TO GET ANY LUNCHEON, AS THE HORSE IS OFF WITH THE SANDWICH-CASE AND SHERRY-FLASK, AND IT'S JUST 1'30!

Is it all coffins with unarmoured ends?

And have I no torpedoes or swift cruisers?

Oracle *In* smiles on, and spends and spends,

Oracle *Out* turns angriest of accusers.

Would I could go back to canoes and coracles,
And save my cash, and kick out both the Oracles!

But that can't be, my PEPYS. And now I'm told
They won't build ships e'en when the cash is voted;
And all the high Experts (out in the cold)
Say I've the feeblest Fleet that ever floated,
And when poor BARNABY protests, cry "Fudge!
You are as mad as your cracked namesake, RUDGE!"

How these Officials love each other! Shame,
Isn't it, PEPYS, that I should be their buffer?
Yes, as you say, it is the same old game,
But I shall *have* to make the players suffer.
They're either traitors, or devoid of skill,
And merit Colney Hatch or Tower Hill!

REDISTRIBUTION OF TAXES.

(In view of the Approaching Requirement of Raising the Wind.)

As existing circumstances in Egypt, if not also on the frontiers of Afghanistan, necessitate for the present, if not indefinitely, the abeyance of a policy of Peace, the idea of Retrenchment and Reform must, until the return of better times, altogether yield to the question of Ways and Means. Of course that may be solved simply by another turn of the screw on that portion of the community already subject to Indirect Taxation. But this expedient entails a certain disadvantage. It costs people of ordinary morality a somewhat painful effort of conscientiousness to pay even their just debts unless they know they must, and any Tax imposed upon them which they think partial or otherwise inequitable they are too apt to be unscrupulous enough to try and evade if they dare. Sad, very sad, but so it is. Hence it may be desirable to supplement Indirect Taxation, as it stands, by some new Taxes of which the evasion will

be impossible, or at least very difficult. As for example, there may be proposed for consideration to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER:—

A MARRIAGE TAX. Why not? Already there exist Death Taxes—the Probate and Succession Duties. MURAL ADVERTISEMENTS TAX, RAILWAY STATION ADVERTISEMENT TAX,—very heavy.

A PERAMBULATOR TAX. To which might conveniently be added:—A RATTLE TAX, as, likewise, a DOLL TAX, a TOP TAX, a HOOP TAX, and a NOISY TOY TAX. A ROCKING-HORSE TAX, and Taxes upon all sorts and kinds of children's nursery carriages, so as to educate the children up to payment for luxuries.

A Tax on PHOTOGRAPHS of CELEBRITIES—*cela va sans dire*.

THE MANIFESTO.

[Mr. PARNELL has addressed his People on the subject of the Royal Visit.]

LET Erin remember each craze of old,
Now her foremost foes invade her,
America send the dollar of gold
In the sacred task to aid her;
To aid her see all her banners are furled—
Let who will not look out for danger:—
Turn the emerald gem to a brick to be hurled
At the helpless head of the Stranger.

When far from the revels the Home-Ruler strays,
Whiskey hot, whiskey cold, declining,
He'll dream of the glories of other days,
And scorn the low joys of dining!
Thus shall Saxons be taught by a pose sublime
That their pride and their prestige are over,
And the Prince and the Princess will know next time
What thick heads a few caubeens do cover!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM hears that Canterbury Cathedral is to be lighted by eccentricity.

NEEDFUL EXPLANATION.—The "National Mammalian Collection" is *not* an Exhibition of British Matrons.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

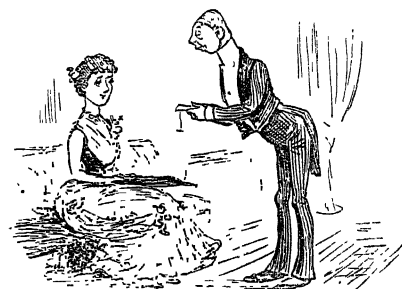
CASE OF USEFUL INVENTIONS, EXHIBITED BY MR. PUNCH.



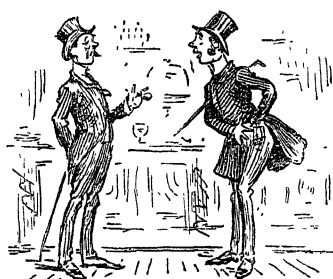
"Moshe 'important Meetin', 'shure you, m' love!"



"Not at 'ome, Sir!"



"Thanks so much! but I'm engaged for every dance."



"I'd lend you one with pleasure, but I find I've left my purse at home!"



Theatrical Announcements.



(Suitable for use on June 3rd.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 9.—Important business awaiting House. Policy in the Soudan coming up again on Votes in Supplementary Estimates. Seats Bill blocking the way of innumerable important Bills. Till this has passed House, no other subject can, PREMIER says, be considered.

Yes, there is one other. It's the great Boot Question raised by SEXTON, Army Estimates, Seats Bill, and all other business standing aside. SEXTON asks CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN whether it is true that Dr. FLEMING has recently advised the Omagh Board of Guardians that, so far as health is concerned, children are quite as well, if not better, without shoes or stockings? CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN reads long statement in reply. Always *does* read prodigious epistles in answer to questions from Parnellites. Motive amiable, but result undesirable. Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE, replying to questions on matters of Imperial interest never takes half the time CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN appropriates for explaining to JOSEPH GILLIS or KENNY the circumstances under which TIM DOOLAN had his head broken, or those attending refusal of the application of BRIDGET MURPHY, Charwoman at the Ballyforran workhouse, for an increase in her salary. No use complaining of Irish Members wasting public time with frivolous questions, if Irish Secretary assists them with verbose answers.

But about the Boots. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN explained at some length that Local Government Board do not agree with Dr. FLEMING, though at present they have no intention of hanging him. Then MACARTNEY interposes, and, with high sarcasm, asks, in connection with this question of pauper children going barefooted, whether children of vast number of Irish ratepayers don't go barefooted? "Yah! yah!" bawls CALLAN. "Aren't the majority of the Guardians in favour of keeping children barefooted constituents of MACARTNEY?"

"Whirroo!" cries SEXTON. "If the children of ratepayers go barefooted, isn't it because their parents have to pay rack-rent?"

Then from the other side of the House rises MITCHELL-HENRY, and, with excruciatingly grave air, asks whether it is not usual for grown-up people in Irish country districts to carry their shoes and stockings in their hands, and put them on when they get near a town?

All this *à propos des bottes*, and permitted to take place unchecked in a business assembly that protests it hasn't time to deal with serious business of the Nation!

Business done.—Great Boot Question disposed of. House in Committee of Supply voted Supplementary Estimates.

Tuesday.—Not heard anything of HERBERT MAXWELL lately. Attention absorbed

by advances of HENRY the Tyler to position of Universal Provider (of wisdom and counsel). Rather forgotten our young friend. Turns up unexpectedly, but effectively, to-night. Suddenly awakened to iniquity of Bengal Tenancy Bill. A real Maharajah has telegraphed to him to save India. Misfortune is, MAXWELL never before heard of Bengal Tenancy Bill. Knows nothing of facts. This would deter ordinary man; but HERBERT young, and high-spirited. Perhaps House wouldn't know any more, and he might get along. So ran down, gave hurried notice to J. K. CROSS that storm was coming; passed the word amongst delighted Conservatives that forty of them would presently be wanted to support motion for Adjournment, and then took breath. When time came, asked leave to move Adjournment, "in order to discuss matter of urgent public importance."

"Has ALI BABA got his Forty Companions?" asked the SPEAKER, entering into fun of the thing. Whereupon sixty or seventy Members rose, including Parnellites, which made the matter more than ever mixed. Bengal Tenancy Bill dimly understood to be kind of Irish Land Act. Parnellites now acting with Conservatives to oppose Bill.

MAXWELL got on admirably, to start with. "It may," he said, opening his speech, "appear presumptuous on my part"—at which uproarious cheer came from Liberal side, which rather abashed the Baronet. Effect only temporary, though later began to wish he'd stopped at home, and gone on with his Treatise exposing the ignorance and general untrustworthiness of ADAM SMITH. Astonished to hear from GEORGE CAMPBELL and MACFARLANE that the Bill he understood introduced only three weeks ago been incessantly before the country for five or six years. Remorse deepened at drawing the blameless JAMES LOWTHER into the mire.

"Disgraceful," cried that champion of popular rights, "to attempt to pass such a Bill before it has been translated into the vernacular."

"Which vernacular?" MACFARLANE asked; and JAMES began to think that possibly India was not like England, with one common language.

On the whole, a bad three-quarters of an hour for MAXWELL. Climax reached when Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL came down on him.

"House knows nothing of the question," said the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, "least of all the Member who introduces it. Why," cried Sir GEORGE, uplifting his tuneful voice, "I don't understand it myself!" At which Liberals and Conservatives, momentarily sinking party feeling, deprecatingly shook their heads, and murmured, "Oh yes! oh yes!"

Excuse	absence	from	Office	to-day
obliged	leave	town	serious	illness
of	great	Aunt	Return	to-morrow

MAXWELL humbly asked leave to withdraw Motion for Adjournment. House wouldn't let him, so it was negatived.

"Not sure, after all," said MAXWELL, meditatively, "that it isn't almost as well to know something about a question before taking extreme course of interfering with public business in order to make a speech upon it."

Business done.—Sir H. MAXWELL snubbed. Progress with Seats Bill.

Wednesday.—In Committee on the Seats Bill. Ulster Members want Bill amended in their interest. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in lamentable quandary. Can't support his friends without breaking compact with the Government, so sits on Bench making as little of himself as possible, and occasionally turning sympathetic face upon MULHOLLAND and the rest. MACARTNEY declared himself "discouraged, disappointed, and disgusted," with his leaders. But nothing came of it, or of other Amendments submitted.

"What a farce all this is," says WILLIAM AGNEW. "Here's Bill settled in every particular. No Amendment can possibly be accepted; yet we sit here hour after hour talking, and sometimes voting. Might as well have a holiday and go and see the pictures."

Thrilling speech from ORR EWING; something to do with burghs in Scotland. But real excitement of afternoon out in the Lobby. Telegram arrives announcing Liberal victory in West Gloucestershire. Liberals throw up their hats and cheer. Conservatives look contemptuous.

"Not much of a place, West Gloucestershire. You had the seat before, and may as well keep it."

Ten minutes later another telegram. First one all a mistake. AKERS, your friend, not MARLING. Then Conservatives cheer. Liberals, for their part, always knew AKERS would get in. Quite safe thing for him from the first. Telegram Number Three. "MARLING's the man, not AKERS." Neither side give themselves up to demonstration this time. Observe attitude of being equal to either fate. Telegram Number Four. "It's certainly AKERS. MARLING's spiked."

"Now really, don't you know, this is very distressing," said CHRISTOPHER SYKES. "Almost ruffles a man. Now which is in, doncha?"

"Both," says THORNHILL. "It's a case of Double Gloucester."

Business done.—Seats Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—HERBERT MAXWELL rises to explain. J. K. CROSS been reading telegram from Viceroy, which makes MAXWELL's feat of Tuesday more ridiculous than ever. Young man has evidently been the victim of a wily native, who has played upon his ingenuousness. That is hard to bear. But MAXWELL most distressed at reference to the telegram. CROSS said he asked him for it on Tuesday, and was answered that he'd left it at home.

What does Under-Secretary mean by this? Does he insinuate that there never was a telegram, and that it's MAXWELL, not the Maharajah, who's been inventing things? This will never do, so MAXWELL rises, and begs leave to make personal statement. House instantly quiet. Perhaps he's going to confess he knew nothing about the Bengal Tenancy Bill, and to apologise for taking up time of House. Possibly he's going to "blow" on the Maharajah, who got him into mess. But it's only about the telegram he's going to speak. Graver in aspect than ever, and with a tear in his curious throat-voice, the Baronet explains:

"The Hon. Gentleman," he said, more in sorrow than in anger, "did not ask me for the telegram till after dinner."

Ribald House went off into convulsions of laughter.

"Why didn't he ask me before dinner?" the Scotch Baronet adds, wanting to argue the matter with this incomprehensibly laughing crowd. House, for its part, saw it all. CROSS coming up to ordinarily staid Baronet at Eleven o'clock at night:

"Let's have a look at the telegram from the Maharajah," says he.

"What Mahawajah, ole fellah? Don't know her. Shtelegram? Watdyemean? CROSS, ole man, you've been drinking."

But it was nothing of the kind. Sir HERBERT only meant to indicate that he'd gone home, dressed for dinner, and left the telegram in the pocket of his morning coat. But never since explanations began was so simple a process brought to knowledge of the House in so mysterious and portentous a manner.

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates voted.

Friday.—GRANVILLE's smile always soothing—quite beatific to-night. The Markiss has been beaten—absolutely routed! Brought in a Bill to authorise body of Capitalists to advance money on growing crops, with preferential rights as creditors. Dead silence on Conservative benches. Opposition from Liberals. REDESDALE pays off old scores by going for Markiss's little Bill. Markiss throws little Bill to the wolves, and displays great anxiety to get on with the next business.

"Thorough in everything," says CRANBROOK, gazing devotedly on his scowling chief. "If he's beaten, it's done thoroughly."

Business done.—The Markiss mauled in the Lords. In the Commons, good progress with Seats Bill.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 7.



WASH AND BRUSH-UP OF THE STATUES EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE PASSIONATE STATISTICIAN TO HIS LOVE.

(Modelled upon Marlowe.)

"For my part, I am a passionate Statistician . . . Go with me into the study of statistics, and I will make you all enthusiasts in statistics."

Mr. Goschen at Whitechapel.

COME live with me and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That facts and figures can supply Unto the Statist's ravished eye.	The annual range of heat and cold, The death-rate, and the price of gold.
And we will sit 'midst faction's shocks And calculate the price of Stocks, The music of whose rise and fall Beats most melodious madrigal.	Per-centages shall stir our blood Analyses as clear as mud. Oh, if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me, and be my love.
We'll learn how the last Census closes, And the art of counting noses; And taste the pleasures, sweetly solemn, Of abstract brief, and lengthy column.	The marriage rate, the price of meat, Shall yield us raptures calm and sweet; And analytic "Tables" be Prepared each day to give us glee.
We'll tot the figures fair and full Relating to the price of wool,	Economists our praise shall sing, The Statesman's eloquence we'll wing If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me, and be my love.

A VERY UNCOMMON COUNCILMAN!

ONE of that wondrous race the Common Council of the City of London has written to the *Times*—and, wonderful to relate, the *Times* has inserted the marvellous specimen of inflated vanity—stating that unless the name of the Prime Minister be erased from the list of the Committee that has been formed for the purpose of providing a National Memorial to General GORDON, he will do—what do our amused readers imagine?—actually refuse to vote for a contribution for any such purpose from the funds of the Corporation! Only think!

There are, we believe, some two hundred Common Councilmen, and perhaps it is hardly fair to take this hunter after notoriety as a fair specimen. Let us rather hope that he is a solitary exception; in other words, the BIGGAR of the Corporation.

With his Scotch name he possibly possesses Scotch proclivities, and will be glad of the opportunity of withholding his own small contribution; but it would be an insult to the Corporation to fancy that such mere twaddle would prevent them from showing their wonted liberality.

Strange to say, we have not heard that the LORD MAYOR has yielded to the threat of the irate Common Counsellor, who probably by this time thoroughly repents of his almost incredible folly.



EMBARRASSING.

Mrs. Colonel Smythe (of the Poonah Hussars) explains in fluent Hindostanee to her Sister, Mrs. Major Browne 'dillo, that the same article can be got at the Army and Navy Stores for two-thirds of the money.

Draper. "AH—I BEG PARDON, LADIES, BUT I THINK IT ONLY FAIR TO ACQUAINT YOU THAT I UNDERSTAND THE FRENCH LANGUAGE!"

"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER!"

SHOULDER to shoulder! That's loyal, that's rational!
 Strange were it otherwise, strange as inglorious.
 No. in a cause that is common, is national,
 Union is prelude to battle victorious.
 This is no moment for partisan rivalry,
 Englishmen know what is due to the day.
 Comradeship true in the spirit of chivalry,
 Shoulder to shoulder, at bay.

Out on the firebrands of faction who'd fulminate
 Each against each when the storm-clouds seem gathering.
 Peace! or the wrath of the nation will culminate,
 Dealing swift doom to your pitiful blathering.
 Patriot now will forget to be partisan
 Where or in what garb soever he stand,
 Noble or citizen, rustic or artisan,
 Each has his place in the band.

Band, for unless we are phalanxed unitedly
 How shall we prove the old Flag still untakeable?
 How shall we fare with the foe who delightedly
 Looks on a rift where our walls may be shakeable?
 Valour may keep them inviolate verily,
 Ay, but lest valour alone should be vain,
 Close up the ranks, Britons, bravely and cheerily,
 Shoulder to shoulder again!

And if our leaders, who serry the ranks of us,
 Honour the post and would not be kicked out of it,
 Wish not the fame-killing scorn but the thanks of us,
 They,—let them harbour no ghost of a doubt of it—
 They too must stand in the vanguard fraternally,
 Under the flag, sinking feuds of the past;
 Stand—'tis our watchword in war-time eternally—
 Shoulder to shoulder at last!

"TOT SENTENTIÆ!"

If England goes to war with Russia, will it be, as some people say, because—Either Mr. GLADSTONE has at last got rather irritable?

Or Sir PETER LUMSDEN has been conversing in very indifferent Turkoman to a local diplomatist without a dictionary?

Or the AMEER has just learnt the "Confidence Trick" from an expert, and wants to try it on Lord DUFFERIN?

Or Prince BISMARCK still means "to give one" to Lord GRANVILLE?

Or Lord GRANVILLE is anxious to show "he's not afraid of Prince BISMARCK?"

Or the SULTAN has, by the advice of his Ministers, taken to absinthe?

Or there is no reliable geography to the neighbourhood of Akrobat?

Or Lord NORTHBROOK wishes to prove how, "if worst comes to worst, and he is on his mettle, he'll have ten new torpedo boats nearly ready by the summer of 1891?"

Or lastly, will it be because two great and powerful nations that are each, in their own wide sphere, helping to civilise the world, have, instead of cementing a firm and honourable friendship, temporarily given way to a terrible access of delirium, the disastrous consequences of which, if unchecked, it is impossible to foretell?

REAL PLUCK.

THIS report appeared in last Sunday's *Observer* :—

"THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—Yesterday morning, as the Duke of EDINBURGH, in company with one of the Equerries, was proceeding to the Mansion House to take part in the Gordon Memorial Meeting, one of the horses of his carriage slipped upon the asphalt in Queen Victoria Street and fell. His Royal Highness at once alighted and walked the remainder of the distance, some fifty yards, passing in unrecognised by the crowd. The horse did not sustain any injury, and was soon on his feet again."

What marvellous presence of mind! His Royal Highness alighted and walked a distance of, actually, some fifty yards! Well, blood and breeding tell. And the horse was all right too. But, by the way, what became of the Equerry? Sat shivering in the carriage? Ah, well, it doesn't matter.



“SHOULDER TO SHOULDER!”

OR, AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

A STAGE WHISPER.

No playgoer should miss the present opportunity of seeing *Masks and Faces* at the Haymarket. I saw the Play years ago, with Mrs. STIRLING as *Peg*, and a Miss JULIA BENNETT as *Mabel Vane*.

When first I saw sweet PEGGY,
T'was at the Market (Hay);

and very distinctly do I remember Mrs. STIRLING in the part. I recollect her sparkling laugh, the action of her hand, her dance, and how she played the Actress to the life, at the expense—at least

this is my impression now—of the Woman. Yet, after a study of the vivacious *Peggy's* history, I am inclined to think that she was a born Actress, and that what might have been genuine woman in her had very little chance. "The shal-low pot is soon hot," and of deep feeling she seems to have been incapable. With her, each love had a short life, and a merry one, till some catastrophe came, bringing with it rage, recrimination—a sharp storm, and quickly over. A

sprightly, witty woman, impulsive for good or for evil,—a tender-hearted, kindly-natured, uneducated Bohemian,—such was the real *Peg Woffington*; and Messrs. CHARLES READE and TOM TAYLOR as Novelist and Dramatist, dealt, on the whole, very fairly with her, and have not credited her with more good qualities than just suited their purpose.

Mrs. BANCROFT's *Peg* is the *Woffington* to the life in the green-room of the First Act, and is the *Woffington*, again to the life, in the airs she gives herself when doing the honours of *Ernest Vane's* house, and cutting out her sharp-tongued rival, *Kitty Clive*. When her lover's wife appears, and *Peg* discovers that the "young man from the country" has succeeded in obtaining from her a return of his passion,—to use such a word as "love" is to profane it in such a case,—on false pretences, nothing could be better, except that the action here is unnecessarily delayed, than the manner of Mrs. BANCROFT's *La Woffington* wounded in her *amour propre*, and duped in the presence of her dear friends, who she knew would be only too delighted to tell the story against her everywhere. Had they been alone, *Peg* would have given full vent to her anger, but in a second she grasps the situation, skilfully turns the laugh against her lover, and converts her defeat as a Woman into a triumph for the Actress. If her affair with GARRICK had taken place before this, what an occasion for little DAVY to express contemptuous pity for his discarded mistress. Be this as it may, *Peg* was as heart-whole at the end of the *Vane* intrigue as ever she was before it, and if she shed any tears at all, they were the effect of chagrin and disappointment. At the end of the Act she gives way to sentimental emotion, most natural in *Peg*, when the injured *Mabel Vane* informs her that for the rest of her days she shall look upon the woman who has stolen her husband from her, and restored him to her again, damaged goods, and with the freshness off, as "her sister." This is theatrical claptrap, and was probably introduced as giving a touch of goody-goodness to *Peg's* character, by way of concession to the weakness of a British audience.

Mrs. BANCROFT at the last so enlists our sympathies for *Peggy* as the wronged woman, that we are angry with *Mabel*, the lawful wife, for being so unkind and inconsiderate as to take her husband away from so delightful, so charming, so perfect a companion. For we have seen *Peggy* at her best; doing works of mercy, feeding the hungry, darning the clothes

of the threadbare poet,—really very bad taste in the presence of Mr. *Triplet's* wife,—and cheering an unhappy family. It is just what a *Peg Woffington* or a *Nell Gwyn* would have done. Only, the better Mrs. BANCROFT plays, the more credit she induces the audience to give *Peg* for goodness—and—and, I may add, virtue, so much the more regrettable does the conduct of that spotless ninny *Mabel* appear in coming up from the country so inopportunistly, in upsetting people who were getting on so well without her, and in taking away her husband in the most selfish manner possible from the only woman whom he has ever loved. The finer the acting of Mrs. BANCROFT, according to the light in which the authors wished their *Peg* to be regarded, the worse must it be for the moral of the play.

In the old piece, all this mock-sentiment was, if I remember rightly, inartistically knocked on the head by a rhyming epilogue. It is not so now; we leave, admitting that *Ernest Vane* was a weak fool, feeling no sort of sympathy for his wife *Mabel*, but really pitying their poor ill-used victim, *Peg Woffington*! Indeed, some of the audience go so far as to hope that she will soon be consoled by accepting Sir Charles Poman-der's offer, until, or unless, she gets a better.

As *Triplet*, Mr. BANCROFT, in all the pathetic scenes, is admirable; and if he wouldn't laugh in a manner suggestive of a gentleman who has cracked his voice in trying to imitate Lieutenant COLE, the Ventriloquist, and who has only succeeded in getting the right pitch for "Tommy" on the roof, but can't get him down again, he would be perfect. The writing of the *Triplet* scenes is the best part of the excellent dialogue of this Comedy, which, from beginning to end, seems to have been most carefully considered, and Mr. BANCROFT's rendering of the part is one of the best things we have seen for a considerable time.

Snarl and *Soaper* are overdone, and might just as well do a burlesque dance together whenever they *exeunt* as go through such eccentric pantomimic action as they now do. It is, of course, funny, but it is out of place in a comedy of real life. I thought *Colley Cibber* very good. If he was at all overdone, the answer seems to me to be that *Colley Cibber* was overdone. The weak part of the Comedy is that portion of its dialogue which is intended to represent the repartee and sarcasm of the period. It lacks the polish which is characteristic of the *School for Scandal*, and is simply rudeness. As it is "positively for the last time," I strongly advise all playgoers to see Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT as *Triplet* and *Peg Woffington*, or they will repent having missed a real treat.

NIBBS.

THE CHARGE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED.

THE Treasurer of the Kyrle Society, writing to the *Times*, says that "A landowner in South-East London is on the point of handing over to the Kyrle Society two acres of freehold land, to be held in trust for the public, and kept open and unbuilt on for ever. The land is at Deptford, in the midst of a poor and populous neighbourhood, inhabited mainly by those employed in riverside work." In the gift, it seems, is included a building containing a large concert-hall, with class and lecture rooms, and arrangements for providing refreshment.

Here is a chance! To make the best use of it, the Kyrle Society estimates a fund of £500 will be required. It ought to be forthcoming. That admirable lady, OCTAVIA HILL, will gladly receive donations at 14, Nottingham Place, W. Who will "tip" this particular *Hill* with gold, or even silver? Five hundred donors at a pound apiece would do it. Now, then, "Noble Five Hundred," here is a "charge" for you worth undertaking, and, duly done, perhaps as well worth celebrating in Tennysonian numbers as many themes to which the Poet-Laureate has put his silver pen.

Conciliation.

"In my most conciliatory manner."—Prince BISMARCK.

PRECISELY, my Prince! and at conciliation.
What can beat a pungent Bismarckian oration?
You're a rose without thorns; and, in fact, *Punch* proposes
To call you, in future, Prince OTTO of Roses!



Surring a Peg.



A Bent Beau.
"Back'd like a camel."—Hamlet.



"Fusbos" from Bombastes Furioso.



MRS. LYON HUNTER AT HOME.

Tommy Hunter (who ought to be in bed—to his Friend, ditto). "I SAY—LET'S CHANGE ALL THE NUMBERS!" [They do it!]

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. VII.—MUSIC, THAT HATH NO CHARMS.

PERHAPS the most surprising fact that I have learnt during my three months' experiences of the grievances under which the Public labour in the Metropolis, is, that one of the most irritating, if not maddening, of them is caused by a superabundance in quantity, or a feebleness in quality, or an enforced endurance, of the beautiful art of Music. From almost every condition of life, the cry is the same, "Save, oh save us from this awful infliction!" To most of the other grievances of life the weary soul seems to become somewhat reconciled by constant iteration, but in this particular instance the increase of torture seems to grow by what it feeds on.

I subjoin a few selected specimens:—

SIR,—I read your reports with much interest, but smile bitterly at what your correspondents consider grievances when compared to mine. I am a man of quiet and regular habits, somewhat addicted to study, and an occasional contributor to some of our scientific periodicals. Ten years ago I bought myself a house, which, I venture to say, is as perfect a specimen of a single gentleman's residence as can be found anywhere. My next-door neighbour, for all that time, was a very old friend, with similar tastes to my own, and, our houses being semi-detached, we were enabled to live in a perfect rapture of repose. My poor friend passed to his peaceful rest six months ago, and his house was almost immediately taken possession of by a large, a robust, a gushing, musical family. What I have had to endure since then I can never fully describe. The three sitting-rooms have each an instrument of torture in the shape of a Piano Forte, in all three cases I should say a Forte rather than a Piano—and one or other is always thundering out some fearful specimen of what is called the Music of the Future—oh! would it were!—something chaotic, without form and void, and apparently without end, for I hear the heavy fat fingers pounding away from an early hour of the morning, when what I believe is called "practice" begins, till

quite a late hour at night, by which time some two or three brother or sister lunatics have dropped in to join in the merciless infliction on their half-maddened neighbour. Then begin the Gleees that bring no glee to me, the Part Songs with all parts bad alike, and Choruses that seem to shake the very thin walls of my sober dwelling, till I rush to my lonely couch to try to find in sleep that peace denied to me in my waking hours.

C. P. B.

SIR,—I umblly beg pardon if I am thort for to be intruding, but, as we all knows as Waiters rushes in where Pleacemen fears to tread, so possberly, wot many of our Paytrons thinks as great a greevance as we does, none on 'em has the pluck for to menshun. I eludes to the singing at our grand City Bankwets. One would natrally fancy that arter having dewoured a jolly good gratooitus dinner, with nothing to pay, *except the Waiters*, and drunk as much fine old gine-rous Wine as prudence dictates, sumtimes jest a leetle more, and on the same liberal terms, that, as a kind of indoor releaf to the hawful speeches—as seems a sort of purgatory to go thro' as necessary for to condone the hoeffence of having so artily injoyed oneself—that the Songs, and setterer, as was sung, would be of a nice cheerful karacter, such as would raze your sperrits and send you home smilin and appy. But what do we find, or rayther, what do we hear? Why, the werry saddest, and meloncollyest, and art-breakingest songs as can possberly be found outside a lunatick Asylum, such as "The children a dying in the garden," and "the Hash Grove," where sumboddy's Hashes is laid, and "the lost Cord," as will never be found 'till we goes to Evans's, and "the 3 Fishmongers" as goes to the West End and gits drowned, and the young woman as says as it's all along of her Mother as she married the wrong man, and "the Hart bowed down," poor thing! and such like gloomy drawlin dismal things, 'till the Company all looks as meloncolly as if they'd got a Bill guming dew to-morrow, and me and the other Gents in attendance is obligated to take 2 or 3 hextra glasses of summut strong jest to keep up our Sperrits. BROWN says as the Chairmen won't allow no cheerful songs, coz the contrast to the speeches wood be too great. But that's jest like BROWN. Be that as it may, all I can say is as it spoiles the whole baking, and the gests fleas away, as if they was took suddenly hill, in the middle of everything, leaving the

H.M.S. "STAGNATION."

ADMIRALTY DUET.

Sung Nightly, with the greatest enthusiasm, by the present First Lord and his Chief Secretary.

Do ye want to know what's a first-class craft
For a home or a foreign station?
Why then, come give a look, Mates, fore and aft,
At Her Majesty's Ship *Stagnation*.

Every inch of her hull's our own design:
Her plates are as thick as a wafer;
While her belt, just down to the water-line,
Makes her cheaper, my Mates,—and safer!

Then her bow and stern are planned with a skill
That should rouse an enemy's wonder;
For as soon as they're hit they'll quietly fill,
Come off in a lump, and go under.

No matter:—the moment peril she spots,
She can heap on her coals in plenty,
And make, at high pressure, her thirteen knots,
While the foe that's in chase makes twenty.

And if through her boilers a shell goes clean,
And she's forced to offer resistance,
She'll run out her guns,—when the fact she'll glean
That they won't carry half the distance.

What's the odds? Old-fashioned, useless, condemned
On inquiry, searching, judicial,
Let them burst! Why not? Don't they serve their friend,
The permanent Woolwich Official!

"With ships and with guns,—not as these, of yore
Did NELSON make all Europe caper?"
That's true; and these here, by which we set store,
Exist only yet, Mates—on paper!

But contracts are placed; and, fifty years hence,
If work goes on fairly steady,
Should ten be required for sudden defence,
It's possible one may be ready!

And she'll be, my Mates, quite a first-class craft,
And a credit to this here nation;
So let the salt breezes three stout cheers waft
For "Her Majesty's Ship *Stagnation*!"



ENCOURAGING !

The Rector. "GOOD MORNING, MR. SMITHERS, AND WHAT DO THEY SAY OF OUR ENTERTAINMENT LAST NIGHT?" ("Penny Reading," and Part-Songs by the Church Choir.) "AND MY SHAKESPEARIAN RECITATION, DID THEY LIKE IT?"

Farmer Smithers (Churchwarden). "O—H, YES, SIR—SEEMIN'LY. I HAVEN'T HEARD NO COMPLAINTS, SIR!"

Chairman, and a few pussional frends as don't dare to leave, to make their long windy speeches to Hus! as suttlenly don't want to ear 'em, and all becos the songs is so dull and depressing insted of being jolly and atractiv.

ROBERT.

SIR,—I live in a London Square, a nice quiet Square, with beautiful trees, mossy turf, and flowering shrubs, and delightful gates at each entrance to keep out everything that is noisy, and low, and vulgar. There is a rumour looming in the distance—if I may be allowed the metaphor—that a Society of Semi-lunatics are contemplating the removal of our gates of Eden; but this is, of course, too absurd even for these terribly levelling times. No, Sir—level down, if you will, our gracious, and noble, and right honourable Aristocracy, the pride of every true-born Briton, to the level of the mere professors of Law, Physic, and Divinity, and level up, if you will, our mere working-classes to the level of our patrons of the Turf, or the Stock Exchange, but restrain the unhallowed hand that would level down our quiet-preserving gates. But to return to my subject.

It goes without saying—as we say in Paris—that all those offensive sounds that are produced by Organs, Brass Bands, Negroes, and similar instruments of torture, are rigidly excluded from our haven of rest, and up to last Midsummer we were all quiet, contented, and happy. How can I fully describe our subsequent torture? A Lady who, apparently, had no evil designs upon our much-prized tranquillity—for she was fairly good-looking, and apparently good-natured—took the large house of our quiet Square, and actually opened it as a Singing School for Young Ladies! The weather being warm, and the Pupils numerous, the windows were constantly open, and "from morn to dewy eve, a summer day," as MILTON says, scream succeeded scream, shriek succeeded shriek, and Discord, dire sister, reigned supreme. When welcome Winter brought frost and cold, the windows were closed, and our lives became endurable again; but on an unusually warm day last week we had another foretaste of the coming joy (!) which we may expect to have to endure when it recommences in earnest, for six or seven months. As you, Sir, doubtless, know everything, will you kindly inform me if I should be within my legal rights if I were to engage a particu-

larly brassy brass band to play opposite my house, which is next door to the squalling Academy, say for some four hours daily, when I am away on my professional avocations, or can I prosecute the Lady Professor as a public nuisance for poisoning our pure atmosphere "with piercing shrieks and screams, and sounds unholy?"

F. B.

AN ELEGY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

AIR—"Tom Bowling."

HERE, on the floor stands famed TOM BRASSEY, The darling of his friends, He built the <i>Arethusa</i> saucy, But did not plate her ends!	And doubtless they would do their duty, But ah, their ends are soft! Yet still, comparatively little They cost, as REED admits; Unlucky that they are so brittle, They'll get blown into bits!
For TOM was faithful to his Party, (His virtues were so rare!) So economical and hearty, He seemed upon the square!	And when the shot the foe dis- patches Has raked them, oft and oft, The sea will pour beneath their hatches, Because—their ends are soft.
His ships we took for things of beauty (Though REED, and others, scoffed),	

QUOD (H)ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM!—Herat is held to be the "Key of India," a key which the foe at its gate must not be allowed to hold. Perhaps the best key for India is the "*qui vive*!" At any rate, that particular gate cannot be kept secure by "bolting."

PEASE AND POD.—Proposal to reduce the money-vote required for payment on account of the projected Railway between Suakim and Berber. PEASE, of course, must naturally object to shelling out.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY "FAIR" CLIENT.

ALTHOUGH I am quite prepared to admit that several Members of the Profession to which I have the honour to belong have more practice than myself, still I decline to acknowledge that any one of them, from the Attorney-General down to the Junior who has been called scarcely a score of years, has a greater, a sincerer regard for legal etiquette. I pride myself upon my strict observance of the best traditions of the Bar, and would not for worlds interfere with a Solicitor's privileges.

With these principles firmly implanted in my heart, I was a little startled, some time during the last Autumn Vacation, by being accosted in the Temple Gardens by a Lady of imposing appearance (she looked like Juno in a Tam-O-Shanter), who wished to learn "if I were Mr. BRIEFLESS?"

"Pardon me," said the Lady, resting herself on one of the seats directly in front of Crown Office Row, and imperiously motioning me to sink down beside her, "but I am very anxious to consult you professionally."

This was embarrassing. I am not accustomed to being seen *tête-à-tête* with Ladies of imposing appearance, as I prefer, when I have a female companion, to let that female companion be my wife, who, I frankly confess, has an extremely jealous disposition. Again, I am naturally shy, save when appearing before a Judge in Chambers to support an unopposed application—then, indeed, the responsibility of my mission gives me the courage of a lion. But here I was not before one of their Lordships in a private room, but in the open air, with a detachment of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers "deploying," or performing some equally intricate military evolution, directly in front of me. However, I submitted.

"Yes, Mr. BRIEFLESS," continued my Juno-like companion, with considerable gesticulation, "I am tired of Solicitors, and I have determined to come to the fountain-head—to instruct my own Counsel without the assistance of an intermediary."

Of course this statement was extremely gratifying to my personal vanity—it is pleasing to be considered the fountain-head of the Law—and I could not help smiling. I regretted that I had shown this emotion immediately after I had exhibited it, as I noticed that my expression had been observed and evidently misunderstood by two skirmishers of the Rifles, who belonged to my own Inn, and who were making a demonstration (they were pretending to shoot at us) in front of the bench upon which we were seated. Seeing this, I assumed my heaviest frown and rose to my feet.

"Madam," I exclaimed, "you are surely aware that, if you want to consult me, it *must* be through a Solicitor?"

"I know nothing of the sort," she returned angrily, and to my intense annoyance and confusion, the Juno-like lady showed symptoms of having what is colloquially termed "a regular row" with me. I felt that this would be open to even further miscomprehension by the now grinning skirmishers, so I hastened to offer her explanations.

"Pray do not think I wish to act uncourtously," I said, reseating myself apologetically and nervously beside her, "but I am only explaining to you the etiquette of the profession."

"Did not Queen ELIZABETH consult Lord BACON?" she asked, in a tone of extreme irritation.

I was forced to admit that I had heard of the precedent, but I gave it as my deliberate opinion, that her late Majesty had only held these consultations prior to the commencement of litigation.

"But I have not got to that stage as yet," she argued, angrily; "when I do, it will be time to talk about the lawyers. Surely until then you have no *right* to refuse me as a client?"

I did not know what to say. I had scruples about refusing a client—I have always scruples in refusing a client—still, my inner consciousness counselled me to have nothing to do with this particular case. As I have already hinted my wife is of an unwarrantably jealous disposition.

"And now that that is settled," said the Lady, in a very determined voice, "we will come to business. I shall want your attention, your most earnest attention, for at least an hour and a half."

This announcement was most awkward. I remembered that I had an appointment within a quarter of an hour. (In fact I had promised to meet my wife at my Chambers, and then to accompany her to the lawn tennis grounds in front of King's Bench Walk.) Recollecting this, I summoned up sufficient resolution to say, that I could not possibly accede to my self-constituted client's request at that moment, as duty called me elsewhere.

"I hope this is not a subterfuge," she replied, looking fixedly at me as if she would read my inmost thoughts. Then she added less sternly, "Well, I want to have perfect confidence in you, so accept your excuse. But first, can you give me two hours to-morrow?"

I replied in the negative, and strongly urged her to seek assistance elsewhere.

"Mr. BRIEFLESS," replied the Lady resembling Juno in a Tam-

O-Shanter, firmly, "when my mind is made up it is adamant. If you cannot immediately give me an appointment at the earliest date, I shall seize the present opportunity for explaining to you at full length my grievances."

Thus pressed I was forced to consent, and suggested that, as my Chambers were not very well adapted for consultation, we might meet elsewhere. After some hurried (on my part, for the time for meeting my wife had now been reached) discussion, it was settled that our next consultation should be held on the following afternoon on a pennysteamboat on that part of the River Thames situated between the piers of Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridge.

"And mind," she said, as she took her leave, "if you are five minutes late, I shall call for you at Pump-Handle Court!"

After this our consultations were of frequent occurrence. We changed the locale on each occasion, as my inner consciousness told me that were I seen with her I should perhaps lay my conduct open to misapprehension by the scandalous. As ladies seldom understand matters of business, I was particularly anxious the matter should not reach the ears of my wife. I cautiously selected places of popular resort, so that secrecy (which is the essence of fraud) should be absent from our negotiations. At the same time, as I did not wish to meet many—nay, any—of my friends, I affected those neighbourhoods in which I was least likely to find them. Thus, one day I spent a couple of hours in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's, on another occasion I passed a whole afternoon in the Rare Prints' Department of the British Museum; and so on, and so on. I helped my client as well as I could, consulting authorities and explaining, by her particular request, in detail all the steps of an action, so that she might know how to check the acts of her Solicitor when she went to consult him.

As I had no very urgent cases in hand at the time, I threw my whole heart and soul into the matter, and really found the affair less disagreeable than I at first had anticipated, as my client, on better acquaintance, proved to be a person, not entirely devoid of a sort of faded charm. The case would no doubt have become entirely pleasing to me but for a rather serious domestic misunderstanding arising from a chance meeting with a relative (a maiden aunt of my wife's), when I was holding a consultation with my client in the Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens. However, even this was partially cleared up when I explained that I had been there on business which would ultimately lead to the holding of a brief. This statement, I must confess, was not received with all the respect that its veracity should have obtained for it. I felt that further proof was a necessity, that my domestic tranquillity could only be thus secured.

"By the way, to-morrow my case comes on for trial," said my fair client at length—(I had not been permitted to see her for a fortnight or three weeks)—as we paced side by side, by appointment with her (and by arrangement with my wife, who I could not help fancying was watching us) up and down the eastern pavement of Westminster Bridge. I need scarcely say I was delighted, for now I felt that I had coming to me the last piece of evidence necessary to complete my defence in the Court of my Hearth and Home.

"And who have you selected to brief me?" I asked, with a smile. "You cannot do better than go to Ely Place, Staple or Clement's Inn, Ludgate Hill, Essex Street, or Gray's Inn Square." And I mentioned the names of well-known Solicitors dwelling in those favourite localities.

"Brief you!" she echoed, in a shrill tone of astonishment; and then added a statement which filled me with genuine grief and indignation; for I felt that in her person I had been guilty of breaches in professional etiquette. She told me that, thanks to my instructions, she had done entirely without a Solicitor so far, and thought I could not conscientiously recommend her to instruct one at so advanced a stage of the proceedings.

"But," I objected, in a tone that I intended to carry conviction, "if you don't instruct a Solicitor, you won't be able to brief me. Don't you understand, Madam, you will be unable to brief me! Then what will you do?"

"Why, appear in Person!" was the ready response.

And she did!

My defence at home was very incomplete!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

MTESA.

UGANDA's king is dead! The great black city
No more shall know its lord. *M'tesa* pity!

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME.—Mrs. RAM says she doesn't wonder so much mischief results from the much-talked-of *lassie fair* policy, as there is evidently a woman—who is probably a minx—at the bottom of it.

NEW NAME FOR A CIRCUS.—"The Complete *Hengler*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

RARELY, if ever, have Composer and Author produced piece after piece under conditions so favourable to success as have Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN at the Savoy. They are their own Managers,



The Two Very Fanny Japs at the Savoy.

the theatre is practically theirs, the Members of the Company, from the soprano and tenor down to the latest novice in the chorus, or among the "extras," depend mainly, if not entirely, upon the Composer and Author for their engagements. This BEAUMONT and FLETCHER of Eccentric Opera can order rehearsals when they choose, can command the scene-painters and property-men, and what is much more to the point, be obeyed. They have jointly and separately the authority of the Centurion; the

Author is the autocrat of the acting and the Savoy stage generally; the Composer is the autocrat of the music, vocal, and instrumental.

At other theatres an Author may try to assume the autocrat, but, unless he can be absolutely independent, and able to take his piece out of the theatre without damaging his chance of earning a livelihood, the attempt is only a ridiculous and palpable failure. True that times have changed, considerably for the better, since ALBERT SMITH said that "there was only one person in the theatre lower than the call-boy, and that was the Author," yet, in spite of much improvement, a young Dramatist will soon sympathise with the spirit of ALBERT SMITH's observation; and, ordinarily, the most experienced Playwright, if not, as I have said, absolutely independent, has, in almost every instance, to accommodate himself to the exigencies of the theatre, and to the tempers of the Actors. From the moment he has a piece in rehearsal, there is no peace for him on the Stage. He is promised what he will never obtain; he has to accept just what he can get; he has to humour the ideas of others and sacrifice his own; he has to make the best of unintentional mistakes and deliberately intentional alterations; he has to accede to the Manager's date for producing the piece, and its first night of public performance is, in the majority of cases, really and truly only a dressed rehearsal, and, in some cases, it is the first real rehearsal the piece has had.

Now nothing of this sort ought to take place at the Savoy. There Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN have only themselves to please, only themselves and their piece to consider; they are monarchs of all they Savoy.—I should say "survey,"—they are masters of the situation, and if they allow any piece of theirs to be produced in a hurry, with incomplete appointments, with inappropriate scenery, faulty dresses, or after insufficient rehearsal, on their own heads be it and on no one else's. The Actor-singers are only intelligent puppets in their Showmen's hands, and the more faithfully they carry out the instruction given them by their masters, the greater their individual and collective chance of success.

It delights me to see the precision of the action on the Stage of the Savoy, the result of a carefully thought-out plan and well-regulated drill. The principals have been judiciously selected for the work, and they are suited by the two clever fellow-workers who, having taken their measure to a nicety, give them just what they can do, and no more; and who insist on their original conceptions being executed exactly according to their ideas. The result is that the *ensemble* is about the most effective thing in London,—or in Paris for that matter,—because the individuality of the Actor-singer is not destroyed, but is judiciously made use of, and worked up, as valuable material for the character he has to represent.

With all these advantages and means to boot, a first night of a new Eccentric Opera at the Savoy should be judged by a far higher standard than a *première* elsewhere; less leniency should be shown to shortcomings, which may be explained, but rarely excused.

The *Mikado* promises to be all that its successful predecessors have

been, though the first performance, which would have been good enough anywhere else, was not quite up to the Savoy mark. It broke upon many of us there, as quite a revelation, that our GEORGE GROSSMITH's real humour had hitherto been less in his face and voice than in his legs. Throughout the First Act his legs were invisible, and the audience felt that something was wanting; they didn't know exactly what it was, but their favourite was not being funny. He didn't even look funny. He had a good song; he got flustered in the words; was nervous; but all this could have been forgiven him if he had only been funny,—just once. But no, the Act went on, and all Mr. GROSSMITH's admirers were what JEAMES called "non-plused." Suddenly, in the Second Act, he gave a kick-up, and showed a pair of white-stockin'd legs under the Japanese dress. It was an inspiration. Forthwith, the house felt a strong sense of relief,—it had got what it wanted, it had found out accidentally what it had really missed, and at the first glimpse of GEORGE GROSSMITH's legs there arose a shout of long pent-up laughter. GEORGE took the hint; he, too, had found out where the fault lay, and now he was so pleased at the discovery that he couldn't give them too much of a good thing. RICHARD, I mean GEORGE, was himself again. There was life in the old dog yet. So at it he went, up he kicked and twisted, like the celebrated Old JOE, in the nigger song, who performed the difficult feat of "kicking up behind and before," and the Audience shouted, applauded, encored, and actually joined in the action, unconsciously kicking up their own legs in their irrepressible delight, much after the manner of a less aristocratic and well-bred audience, which gives vent to its feelings by chorusing a popular tune sung by one of their favourites.

From that time to the end of the piece there wasn't a dull minute, GEORGE GROSSMITH was in the vein, he had kicked himself into the humour of the situation, and though, up till then, Messrs. TEMPLE and BARRINGTON had scored any amount to G. G.'s duck's-egg, yet now it was his innings, and he beat them all to nothing, carrying out his bat, or his kick, in triumph.

Mr. BARRINGTON, who was better made up as a Japanese than anyone of the company, except Mr. JAPANESE TEMPLE, who was, very droll, and Miss JESSIE BOND, plays a part in which he represents several Japanese officials rolled into one. History repeats itself, and this particular history probably Mr. GILBERT never read or heard of; but a similar character to that played by Mr. BARRINGTON was anticipated years ago by PLANCHÉ in *The Sleeping Beauty*, when he wrote *Lord Factotum*, who thus describes himself:—

"I shall go crazy. Ye who sigh for place,
Behold and profit by my piteous case.
As Lord High Chamberlain, I slumber never;
As Lord High Steward, in a stew I'm ever;
As Lord High Constable, I watch all day;
As Lord High Treasurer, I've the deuce to pay.
As Great Grand Cup-bearer, I'm handled queerly;
As Great Grand Carver, I'm out up severely.
In other States, the honours are divided,
But here, they're one and all to me confided."

And, by the way, *à propos* of "anticipation," in these days of "irreverence" towards such great works as *Junius*, which has had a short and melancholy existence—an irreverence which much distresses the tender artistic heart of our poor dear sympathetic friend the Reverend CLEMENS DUNS SCORUS—it is indeed sad to find that the Jingish insular bombastic sentiment about being "an Eng-



A Gee-Gee with legs, in an all-legger-o | A "G. G." without any legs to speak
movement and daring equestrian | of, Act I., at the Savoy.
act, at the Gaiety.

lishman," which Mr. W. S. GILBERT so happily satirised in *Pinafore*, was emphasised—perhaps originated—by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, in his *Richard the Second*, when in Act I., Scene.iii. he makes *Boling-broke* exclaim:—



GENERALLY APPLICABLE.

SCENE—Irish Land Court.

Sub-Commissioner. "NOW, MURPHY, HAVE YOU EFFECTED ANY IMPROVEMENT IN THIS FARM?"

Tenant. "I HAVE, YER HONOUR! IVER SINCE I GOT IT I'VE BEEN IMPROVIN' IT. BUT, BY JABBERS, IT'S THAT SORT O' LAND, THE MORE YE 'MPROVE 'IT THE WORSE IT GETS!!!"

[Court reduces the Rent 25 per cent. !]

"Where'er I wander, boast of this I can—
Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman." [Exit.

What a good "exit speech!" And the foregoing couplet does not occur in a Burlesque any more than the following lines:—

"You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father."

Which really might have been in *Mazeppa*, but are in the aforesaid *Richard the Second*. What cheer, SCOTUS? DUNS is on his hobby! Never mind, room for all. But to return to sweet Savoy and the *Mikado*.

There are some capital written songs, and telling lines. I must see it again to be able to judge of Sir ARTHUR's music, which struck me as peculiarly graceful, if not quite so immediately catching as his *Pinafore* and *Patience*. Of course it is a success.

As to *Mazeppa* at the Gaiety, the thanks of the Author are due first and foremost to Miss FARREN, who surpasses herself as *Casimir*, then to Mr. TERRY, specially good in his imitation of M. DAMALA.

A few superior persons among the Critics, including his Reverence CLEMENS DUNS SCOTUS, have animadverted with quite unnecessary indignation on the adaptation of a certain song just now vastly popular about town, with the idiotic refrain of "What cheer, 'RIA?" for which is here substituted, "What cheer, 'ZEPPA?" Why, since Burlesque first began, it has availed itself of the musical goods the gallery gods provided, and its happy use of them became such a law for this class of entertainment that an audience expected the introduction of their favourite tunes, and were disappointed if they didn't get them. The fact is, a Burlesque is intended to parody, ridiculously imitate, and extravagantly copy everything it can legitimately lay its hands on, and those Critics must be prejudicially blinded who fail to perceive that popular music-hall ditties and popular music-hall singers are as fairly objects for caricature as are tinpot sentiments in pretentious blank verse, and faulty mannerisms of the most popular Actors and Actresses. *Vive la bagatelle!* And three cheers for the Reverend CLEMENS DUNS SCOTUS and the expiring LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS, Esq.

NIBBS.

THE BURDEN OF THE CITY.

"The Public shows but little inclination to invest."—*Weekly Paper.*

WE don't know what the matter is; we've lots of pleasant lines, The Suakim and the Berber route, and many a dozen more; We've Peruvians and Egyptians, and gold and silver mines, That Investors might make trial of—they've often tried before; And there's Tramways, and Coal Companies, and Anglo-Argentines, There are Japanese, and Mexicans, quite equal to the best, And yet for all these Stocks of ours there's nobody that pines, And the Public shows but little inclination to invest!

There's our festive Indian Railways, such as Quetta and Pendjeh, Why the Public will not look at them, one really can't conceive, For the Russians—on a largish map—are leagues on leagues away, And perhaps they're only joking and a-laughing in their sleeve. Then we've Chilians, Brazilians, and Stocks of Uruguay, And a China Loan, the newest out, and very cheap confessed; And we've Gas at Monte Video, and Canals at Santa Fé, Yet the Public shows but little inclination to invest!

What on earth men put their savings in, for savings there must be, Is a problem, but their "caution" seems a frivolous pretence, When we've telephones and telegraphs by land and air and sea, And a highly eligible Stock, like Ottoman Defence, But they won't defer to our "Deferreds," nor choose our "Preference."

For "An. Am. Brush Electric Lights" they have but little zest, Though folk "circular" and advertise, regardless of expense, Yet, the Public shows but little inclination to invest!

THE new Management of the Haymarket Theatre proposes to restore the old Pit. Up to now the success of the Theatre has been envied; but if this report be true, henceforth the Theatre is to be Pit-ied.



"THE DOVE AND VERY BLESSED SPIRIT OF PEACE."

Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Act IV., Sc. 1.

"À BERLIN!" ("LIKE A BIRD.")

"And none the soft Chaonian bird molest."—OVID.

"LET Princes be Princes," said Otto of Roses.

Well, BISMARCK, they can't be all princes like *you*;
But the right princely function, *mon vieux*, scarcely closes
In Iron and Blood, or in verjuice and rue.

Whilst Peace has its triumphs as high and less hollow,
Her dove to all ravens of war is preferred;
And thousands will gladly and hopefully follow
The flights of our Royal Chaonian bird.

À Berlin! The cry bears a different meaning
From that which aforetime with Frenchmen it bore,

When death midst her pastures his harvest was gleaming.

What bears the winged herald the seas flitting o'er?
A message of peace and goodwill! 'Twould not cumber
The halcyon's pinions. Flap fast on your way
Brave bird with that message from lips beyond number!
"Hoch! hoch! Many happy returns of the day!"

The age-stricken eagle, undimmed and undaunted,
Must welcome the whirr of unmenacing wings;
Too often the Viking's black war-fowl has flaunted
The pinions ill-boding to peoples and kings.
Your flights, Royal bird, are of pleasanter omen
And bent *à Berlin* or the green Western Isle,
May they turn into friends all our possible foemen,
Their hate into love, and their frown to a smile!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 16.—Forgot to mention in proper place flash of humour from Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN. It happened on Friday morning about Three o'Clock. T. P. O'CONNOR blatantly orating; twelve to fifteen Members lying about in various stages of drowsiness. Sir PAT himself occasionally falls off; wakes up and audibly joins in the conversation.

"I protest against this disorderly conduct," says T. P., always a champion of order. "The Hon. Baronet is constantly interrupting me."

"Sir," said Sir PATRICK, with a graceful bow, and Louis-Quatorze wave of the hand, "the hon. gentleman misinterprets my motive. I interrupted it is true. But it was with the intention of waking the hon. gentleman's audience." A neat blow this, delivered with grace and skill.

Afghanistan on again to-night. Leaders in both Houses put questions to GLADSTONE to elucidate his statement on understanding



"Gagged." Tuesday, March 17.

with Russia about the outposts. Marquis of SALISBURY is spokesman in one House, ASHMEAD BARTLETT in the other, with WOLFF to back him up with similar question. As for STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, he sits and looks on.

Sir HENRY WOLFF greatly fluttered by little incidents in GLADSTONE'S speech, in reply. Several times, in most marked manner, PRIME MINISTER referred to him as "the Hon. Baronet."

"Not at all," says Sir HENRY, when friends press round him to congratulate him on the significance of this incident. "Nothing in it, I assure you. Yes, I remember how after Aboukir NAPOLEON greeted Colonel MURAT as General. But no similarity in cases. Still I won't say but what I know that GLADSTONE has his eye upon me. Just before DUFFERIN went to Egypt some rather significant inquiries were made of me, and I am told that when things were looking very bad with France six months ago a distinguished person said 'Ah, if we'd only WOLFF in Paris!' GLADSTONE and I sometimes gird at each other in public. But for my own part don't mind acknowledging that he's a great man. But this about the Baronet was merely a slip. Nothing in it at all."

HERBERT MAXWELL, undaunted by ugly tumble last week, comes back on Bengal Tenancy Bill. The Maharajah been at him again with a long telegram, which he skilfully throws into series of questions, and presents at head of J. K. CROSS. Particularly pleased with one question, as to whether native Member of the Council had or had not moved for a delay of three weeks "to permit the Bill being published in the Vernacular Gantee."

"That'll fetch 'em," said HERBERT, serenely surveying himself in the glass before leaving for the Senate. "Don't know what a Vernacular Gantee is, but it sounds well."

When question put, CROSS, with charming air of innocence, asked what was the meaning of Vernacular Gantee? This rather a poser; but MAXWELL equal to occasion. "Gantee?" says he, with a compassionate look at an Under-Secretary so painfully ignorant. "It's—ah—don't you know—a vernacular dialect of Bengal."

Turned out, after all, that it was really an invention of the telegraph-clerk, and should have been written *Gazette*. General impression that MAXWELL will now leave alone the Bengal Tenancy Bill. But we shall see.

GLADSTONE here till long after midnight, waiting to make

statement on Afghan affairs. But the Irish Members talk on, and GLADSTONE sits sleepy and gagged.

Business done.—Navy Estimates moved.

Tuesday Night.—"Conservative Party," said LABBY, "just now reminds me of the Army of the Prince of MONACO. The officers are a trifle disproportionate in number to the rank and file."

Certainly there's no lack of Leaders. CHAPLIN of course answers for Domestic Policy, whilst on Foreign Affairs there's ASHMEAD BARTLETT, WOLFF, ONSLOW, and HENRY the Tyler, in whose injudicious absence to-night, ASHMEAD scored. But a greater than any appeared upon the scene to-night. It happened in the Committee on the Seats Bill. RITCHIE moved his Amendment, abolishing two-membered constituencies. The usual things had been said by DILKE and NORTHCOTE. RITCHIE, having gravely played his part in the farce, completed it by proposing to withdraw his Amendment.

The hour was come, and here was the man, standing in the corner-seat below the Gangway, sacred to the memory of NEWDEGATE, puffing his cheeks and scorching up with terrible glance the Radicals below the Gangway, who hailed his appearance with burst of ironical cheering.

It was HICKS, né SIMPSON, J.P. and D.L. for Co. Cambridge, (High Sheriff, 1862), and Vice-Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

HICKS, always terrible to behold in these circumstances, now titillated ablaze with indignation. His gallant bearing recalls to the memory of the oldest playgoer the once celebrated hero of transpontine melodrama, known as "Brayvo Hicks!" Cross-examined Chairman as to whether he might subsequently put another Amendment identical with that of RITCHIE'S, just discussed. [Chairman rather thought not. "Very well," says Brayvo HICKS, drawing himself up, and turning one of his terrible glances upon Radical camp, "then I shall say a few words now."

Knew that would draw fire—and it did. Roar from the Radicals. Brayvo HICKS firm as a rock, drawn up to fullest height; lips determinedly pursed; cheeks inflated, eyes a-flame with light of battle; Radicals roar, and cheer, and laugh. The more they laugh, the more determined HICKS looked, and the more he straightened himself up, and glared upon them, the more they laughed. When noise subsided, HICKS proceeded. Hotly denounced compact between two front Benches. Always disliked it, he said, and the more he saw of it, the worse it proved.

"Sir," he cried, in a voice of thunder, "I see the liberties of this House slipping from under our feet."

Radicals roared again at this simile, and at the infuriated manner in which the orator looked at the boots of Sir WALTER BARTELOTT, who was sitting next to him. But DILKE says HICKS is all right. "Tories of the old school like the Bravo," he says, "always, whilst they could, kept our liberties under their feet; and the PASHA, in prophetic vision, sees them now slipping away."

After his oration, HICKS sat down, and would not agree to anything. Bellowed "No!" when the Chairman said "The Ayes have it," and finally succeeded in bringing about Division, in which 44 Conservatives went one way, and the rest, headed by STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and the Leaders generally, went the other. *Business done.*—Much with the Seats Bill.

Wednesday.—Great sensation to-day. Discussing schedules on Seats Bill. Scotch Members proposing all kinds of rearrangements of boundaries—omitting bits here, taking bits off there, grouping and regrouping. Sir GEO. CAMPBELL proposes that Dumfries shall be united with the Hawick Boroughs. Scotch Members sit fuming in amazement. "Is the mon daft?" asks RAMSAY. "Why, Hawick's miles from Dumfries."

When excitement reached dangerous pitch and open revolt threatened, Sir GEORGE blushing explains he'd been making a joke designed to reduce to absurdity arguments of Lord Advocate. Anger of Scotch Members stronger than ever.

"If CAMEL's going to make jokes," says RAMSAY, bristling with rage, "he must give notice in the proper way, and let it appear on the paper. Then we'll know."

This sort of thing seems infectious.

"Do you know what is the new Munroe Doctrine, TOBY?" CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN asked just now.



"Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow,"—or, Little "Tom All-alone" in the Lobby.

"No. Is that coming up again?"

"Yes. The new formula is that 'BHABBA is a black sheep.'"

Et tu Campcloche-Bannerhomme! This comes of bringing a Scotchman into connection with the Irish Office.

Thursday Night.—Getting time RANDOLPH came home from over the sea. ASHMEAD BARTLETT been making the running lately. WOLFF's recent action significant. More than once backed up ASHMEAD's questions. Cheers him when he rises, and, with pleased smile, hears himself openly alluded to as "my Hon. Friend."

"It's all very well to talk like this, TOBY," Sir HENRY said, with a weary sigh. "But you don't understand. I must have a Leader."



"When will he come!"

It is an imperative demand of my nature. Don't let RANDOLPH be too long away. I confess I cannot answer for myself."

A terrible picture this—RANDOLPH coming home browned with the Indian sun, and buffeted with Biscayan breezes, to find his party reduced to one, with ASHMEAD BARTLETT and WOLFF set up in an Opposition shop!

A cheerful night with the Colonels, who deliver over again their old speeches of these many years past. HARTINGTON pish's and pshaw's on the Treasury Bench, and mutters uncomplimentary things. But it's all over in good time; gets his vote as easily as if Army administration were done honestly, with moderate success, instead of Army being (as everyone knows it is) going to the dogs with the Navy. Singular absence of Irish Members to-night. Rumours of a meeting, and wild hopes of result similar to that which attended historical disputation of Kilkenny cats. But, after midnight, hopes dispelled. Parnellites troop in, take up their position, and prepare to make a night of it.

"Not quite used to it yet," says SHEIL, yawning. "Breakfast at eleven o'clock at night comes odd the first week. Luncheon at three in the morning right enough. Devilled bones, chops, kidneys—look like supper. But, when it comes to dining at eight o'clock in the morning, and turning in for the night at high noon, it wants a little practice to make it comfortable. All very well at the Antipodes; doesn't do here. Still, it keeps us lively through the night, and PARNELL says it will wear out the Government before Whitsun recess, when we shall go back to ordinary way." *Business done.*—Army Estimates. Parnellites keep House up again all night.

Friday.—Lords talking on Opening of Museums on Sunday. BRAMWELL came out with some honest growling on the subject; the Bishops visibly shuddered. Duke of ARGYLL reassured them. Gave fresh aspect of respectability to Opposition by declaring that strict observance of Sabbath as now established in Scotland came over with the Conqueror. "So did I," said BRABOURNE, thirty-fifth Baron; "and shall vote accordingly."

Business done.—Sixty-four for Opening Museums on Sunday, sixty-four against. "Our Sunday tie," said Lord GRANVILLE, smilingly, readjusting his own cravat.

"THE LOAD-LINE COMMITTEE."—A young Artist thinks that this must mean the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academicians.

AMONG THE MAGICIANS.

ON quitting the room in the Egyptian Hall where M. MUXKACSY's grand picture is on view, the sound of strange unmusical instruments struck our ear, and on interrogating a talking-head in a box,—everything is more or less weird in the Egyptian Hall,—we received the oracular answer that the Egyptian Magicians, Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE, were giving their *séance* in the room on the right. Nerving ourselves for the effort, we entered the Cave of Enchantment, and—were enchanted. There, sure enough, were the great Professors as Fakeers, doing their fake-magics: a stalwart female form was suspended on nothing in the air, the Magicians walking right round her the while. Then came the Cabinet-trick, which was not political, but magical. These "illusions" are introduced in the course of two short thrilling dramas, in which, as there are no Ladies employed, the men appear as women, and very cleverly they do it, though we venture to think that the necessity for men assuming petticoats is not evident. It is explained, however, by its being a performance of a Maskelyne character, Mr. COOKE being a Man-cook, and in his line a *cordon bleu*.

Then there is a gentleman who gives a sort of entertainment after the style of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, and who, as far as his little doll "Sally" goes, would be as clever a ventriloquist as Lieutenant COLE, if the latter were not simply perfect. The dark *séance* is marvellous, and so let it remain; we don't want to know "how it's done," nor should we attempt it even if it were all explained to us, and we were presented with a box of tricks gratis. Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE, like many other people, keep a skeleton in a cupboard,—one skeleton between them,—but they let it out; and when it does come out, to see the way it behaves is sufficient reason for shutting it up again as soon as possible. It is so proud, that it passes most of its time in tossing its head in the air, as if the audience weren't good enough for its society! Then it goes mad, and loses his head altogether. Finally, it behaves like a bankrupt Club,—its members separate, the head one way, the body another, the arms to the right, and the legs to the left, and up go the lights—not the skeleton's, but the room's—and the proprietors bow their acknowledgments in return for well-deserved applause, while the pianist, who being at it twice a day every week of his life, probably plays throughout the performance in his sleep,—unless he is one of Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE's automata, which is more than probable,—strikes up gleefully the National Anthem as a signal for us all to clear out, which we did.

There is another Conjuror set up in opposition to—at all events, he is on the opposite side of Piccadilly to, M. VERBECK. It is a Mr. BERTRAM, not of the firm of BERTRAM AND ROBERTS, though he might be the *Bertram of Roberto Il Diavolo*, so wonderful are some of his tricks. When he renounces Magic, he will probably do penance as a Pilgrim, for which character he is eminently fitted, being, as we were informed, an exceptionally good Palmer.

APRIL LOVE.

By a young Tory, after Tennyson.

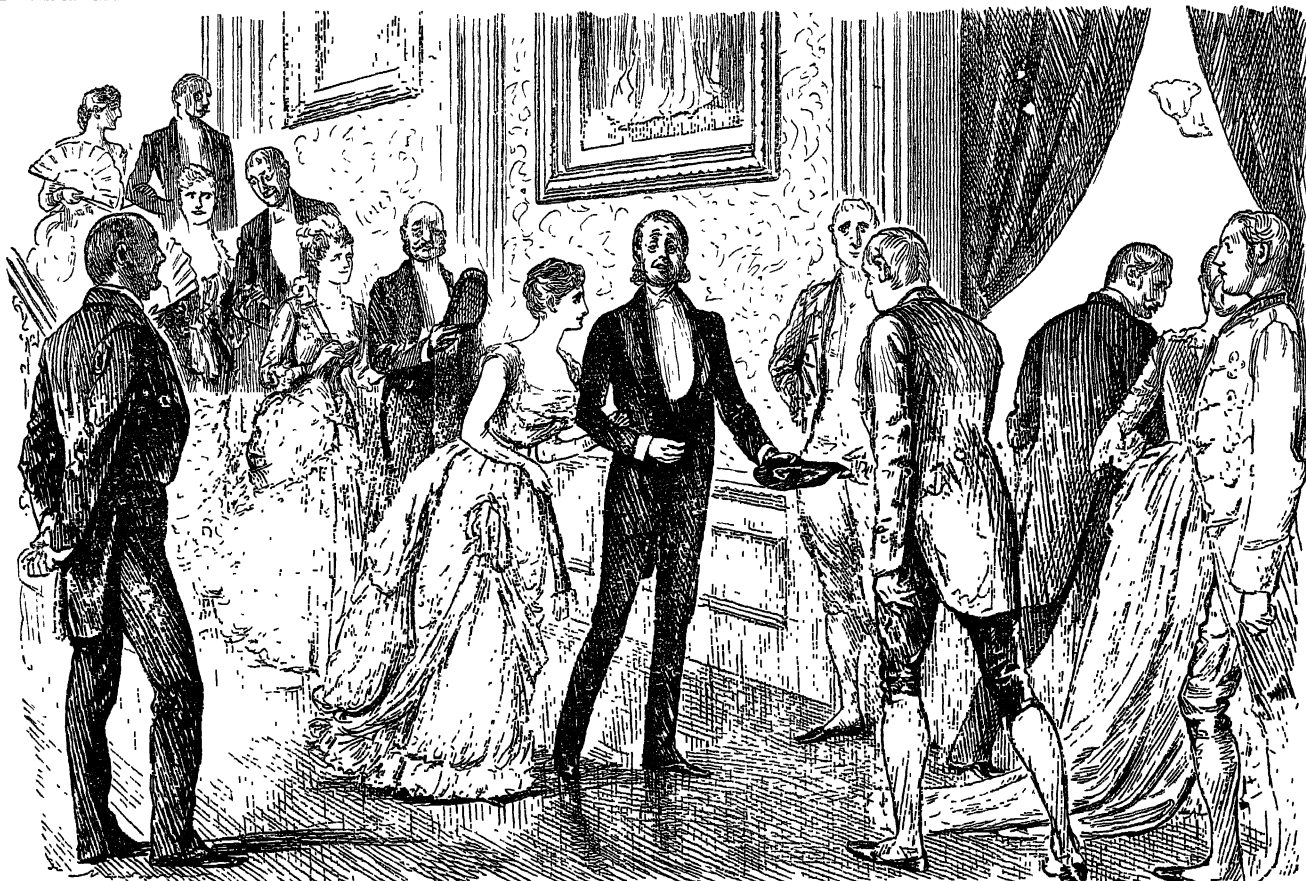
[Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is expected back from India in April.]

GLADSTONE hath us in his net, DIZZY's gone,—can we forget? Many Sessions rise and set, Many a chance the years beget, NORTHCOTE muffs 'em all, you bet. Even so.	Fruitlessly we jar and fret, DIZZY is a vain regret, E'en HICKS-BEACH is in a pet. Censure-votes fall idle yet. Where is RANDOLPH? We forget? Ah, no! no!!!
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"CAB, SIR!"

A CABMAN—name at present unknown—in pluckily assisting a policeman to dispatch a mad Newfoundland dog, who had already bitten several persons, got bitten on the leg, had to have the wound cauterised, was disabled in consequence from exercising his usual vocation—which is *not* that of slaying mad dogs in the public interest—and applied for assistance to the Westminster Police Magistrate. He got £1 from the poor-box. Now a disabled Cabman with a mad-dog bite cannot live *very* long in the comfort which sick heroes deserve, on One Pound Sterling. What Mr. Punch wishes to ask is, whether the public thinks that a man who voluntarily runs the risk of hydrophobia in its service, merits more than "twenty shillings from the poor-box," and whether, thinking so, it is prepared to back its opinion with its purse. Who answers?

ART PLUMS AND CURRENT TASTE.—Mr. HUBERT HERKÖMER counsels the public "to avoid acquiring a taste for the Art that is found on Plum-boxes." Excellent advice. But may not Artists, on their part, be counselled to abstain from catering for that taste? Why do they? Because it pays? Perhaps if the Jack Horners of the Art-world cared less for "Plums," the public would care less for Plum-box Art.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

He. "YES, I KNOW BOOTLE SLIGHTLY, AND CONFESS I DON'T THINK MUCH OF HIM!"

She. "I KNOW HIM A LITTLE TOO. HE TOOK ME IN TO DINNER A LITTLE WHILE AGO!"

He. "AH, THAT'S JUST ABOUT ALL HE'S FIT FOR!"

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

NEW READING.

QUITE a new rendering of the ancient story!

Well, why not? Is there any limitation,

In the wide scope of myth and allegory,

To mutability of application?

The laws of mythos are not Medo-Persian,
And every age and race hath its own version.

Madame VILLENEUVE and the old Vedic priests
(Ask learned ANDREW LANG) may slightly vary,
And here the tale of Beauty and the Beast

Points a new moral. One had need be wary,
As of a LAMIA or a MELUSINE,
Of such a Beast, so crafty and so keen.

Beauty beware! The Beast is good at glozing,
A pleasant-spoken monster, smooth, insidious;
But, if he catch a foe disarmed or dozing,

You'll find him as relentless as perfidious
His mien's suggestive of most modest wooing,
But what he really means is your undoing.

He of *Les Contes Marins* was true as tender,
But the soft tales this specious flatterer tells you
Are "tales for the Marines." An old offender

In perfidy, who slobbers whilst he sells you.
He's "Beast" all through, and Beauty's kindly offices
Won't work in him the legend's metamorphosis.

"O, wad he tak' a thought an' men'!" Yes, truly!

But up to now that seems to be as hopeful
As flower-besprinkling his far frozen Thule.

His speech may be of sweetness and soft-soap full,
But you will find, if lulled to stupefaction,
That "tooth-and-nail" 's his motto when in action!

Eh! Can he be deceiving you? Good gracious!

What a naïve question, Beauty! Why, whenever,
Say, have you known him loyally veracious?

Should he outwit you now,—you know he's clever,—
Think you his "pledges," BELLE, would keep him straight?
Why BÊTE himself would chuckle "*Pas si bête!*"

You ought indeed to know by this time, Beauty,

What really is by all his amorous cant meant.

And if you fondly deem it is your duty

To help the unhappy "victim of enchantment,"

Sweet innocent, of course it's vastly kind of you,

But oh! so deeply, densely, darkly blind of you!

Enchantment! Well, perhaps a "lying spirit"

Holds Beast in bondage, it looks rather probable;

But if you hope to expel and disemphore it

By showing you are gullible and robbable,

It proves you have not learned the catechism

Of really practicable exorcism.

"Work out the Beast!" exclaims mellifluous TENNYSON;

Work out this Beast of falsehood and rapacity,

And, Beauty, you will win a general benison.

But it will call for courage and sagacity.

That done, who knows? The Beast may eschew the past,
And prove the "young and handsome Prince" at last.

Strain and Filter.

THE relations at present subsisting between the London Water Companies and their customers are said to be somewhat "strained." Not so much, however, as the London water requires to be to render it drinkable without danger. "The quality of mercy is not strained." How very unlike the quality of the London water-rates!

RUSKINIAN.—How to escape the snare of Usury.—Use-your-eye.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BEAUTY (*aside*). "CAN HE BE DECEIVING ME?—SUCH A NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN!!"

HOW TO ENJOY THE BOAT-RACE.



One Way is to go Early, and occupy a Commanding Position on the Tow-path.



Another Way is to take your Carriage, and pay a Guinea for the privilege of Standing in a Field.



Still another, and the Best Way, is to Stop at Home, and read all about it in your Evening Paper. *Experto crede!*

MISMANAGEMENT REDUCED TO A SCIENCE!

THE proceedings of a Board that has the management of an Asylum for the reception of Patients suffering from fever, are scarcely, one would think, of a nature to justify an account of them being received with laughter; but, after the reading of the Report of a Committee of Inquiry into the proceedings of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, we are not surprised at the hilarious reception it met with from the City Board of Guardians, the laughter being probably of a bitterly sarcastic character.

In one Hospital, we are told, which had an average of thirty-four cases last year, the expense of the patients was £942, and of the Officers, £4761. The entire expense was 15s. per day, or about £270 per annum per patient. Coals were contracted for at 13s. per ton, but the price actually paid was 20s. 3d. The Steward had purchased about a mile of neck-ribbon for the Nurses and female staff at elevenpence a yard. As a matter of fact, it was worth about fourpence three-farthings. The consumption of stimulants was something extraordinary. In one Ward, in which the majority of the Patients were children, so much wine was charged as having been consumed, that the Medical Officer declared it was absolutely impossible that they could have consumed it, or they must all have been hopelessly intoxicated!

The Report shows that, according to the Steward's books, 67 bottles of Burgundy were issued to the patients in this one Ward in the course of five successive days, and this is confirmed by the stores' Porters who convey the wine to the Wards. The Doctor says that all he ordered in those five days was 16 pints, instead of 67 bottles. The Committee thereupon remark that "they are unanimously of opinion that the wine was *not* consumed by the patients, but by whom it *was* consumed is a question which is likely to remain unanswered." So we should think. Strange to say, the Steward resigned his rather lucrative appointment during the progress of the investigation.

One of the Committee stated that they were £16,000 short, and they had no trace where it had gone. Strange to say, the Clerk followed the example of the Steward, and hurriedly resigned his appointment during the progress of the investigation. The cost of the wine, spirits, beer, and mineral waters consumed by the officers and workmen in three months was no less than £750. With regard to the Chairman, the Committee report that he had failed to prove himself worthy of their confidence; that on several occasions he had personally obtained authority from, and received cheques for, certain of the Hospital contractors. Strange to say, the Chairman, like the Clerk and the Steward, resigned his very honourable and dignified position during the progress of the investigation.

The Committee, although probably the most merciful and forgiving that ever sat, find themselves compelled to use such terms as "indiscretion," "extravagance," "lavish use of stimulants," "no supervision," "information suppressed," "ignorance," "indifference to responsibility," "the wilful reading out of incorrect figures," "abuse of trust," "irregularities," "culpable neglect of duty," &c., &c., &c.,

till one is lost in astonishment at the possibility of such a state of things existing in the very midst of us, the shameless and wanton extravagance of which has to be met by an increased poor-rate upon those quite sufficiently burdened already. Well, might a member of the Board of Guardians exclaim: "Charges have been made against Guardians in times gone by, but no Board in its wildest dreams has ever done anything equal to this."

FROM OUR OWN NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

WHAT did I tell you about Lincoln? "Don't go," nor let your money go either. Didn't I warn you not to get on the *Boulevard*, and hasn't that identical horse also taken my advice, and decided not to appear on the Carholme? That's saving your money, my pippins!

What's to win at Lincoln to-day? Ah, that's the rub, that's the first double acrostic of the Season, and there's a many would mislead you, but you can always trust the old man, meaning self and no partner. Why don't he drive his carriage-and-pair if he possesses all this unparalleled information? Ah, why not? Because, Sir, self and no partner is of a retiring disposition, *he is*, with no taste for vulgar ostentation, and only wishes to be a guide and counsellor to the young and inexperienced in these matters.

Now, my Noble Sportsmen, here you are, *Blue Grass* has made people look blue before, and will do again. As for the *Toastmaster*, he's always regarded with respect in the City of London, why not in other cities? They say you should never despair, and I wouldn't *Despair* more than I could help upon this occasion. Then there's *Keur* about which you can care or not care just as you please, but I would advise you to ascertain whether Mr. MANTON cares as a preliminary. *Sweetbread* is good to take, but sometimes found to be unwholesome, while as for *Goldfield*, fortunes have been made and men been broke over them. *Tonans* sounds thundering well, by Jove! *Bendigo* took a deal of beating in the ring, and his namesake is equally dangerous on the racecourse. There you are, Gentlemen, you cannot help beginning the season well. Your *genuine* Prophets are all a little mystic in public, but it's twenty-five shillings up to Epsom, and I have some real scorchers, all hot, for the Craven Meeting. Lump it on, Gentlemen; always lead off with writing it down, I always do myself as long as anyone will write it down (they tire at times and prefer ready money). Luck, and bless you, my children, and remember the old man, self and no partner, on the Monday.

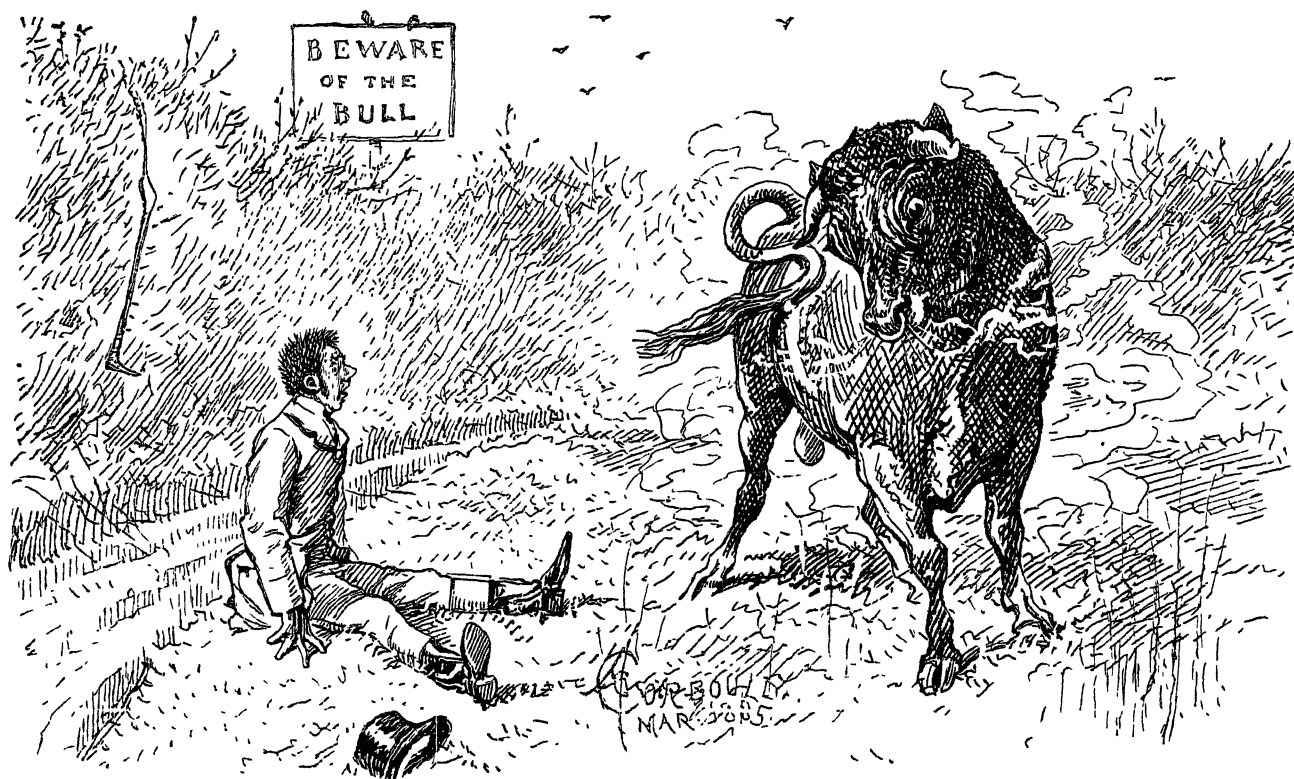
Yours, with new title, which is,
Sportman Square, W.

THE ADELPHI ORACLE.

Chant of the Moneylenders.

(Who will not find it worth their while to protest against the honest denunciations of Mr. Sillar,—dedicated to Professor Ruskin, whose health Mr. Punch drinks in a glass of Sillary.)

"AND we will walk in Gold attire,
And SILLAR have to spare."



HUNTING PUZZLE.

WHAT WILL HE DO? QUITE A TOSS-UP.

THE ABSENTEE'S RETURN;

OR, NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

(Little Anglo-Irish Tragi-Comedy, now in Active Rehearsal.)

ACT I.—EXPATRIATION.

The Smoking-room of a West-End Club. Noble Irish Landowner discovered holding forth, after dinner, to select party of Impressed Friends, on "the Hereditary Principle, as exemplified in the Rights and Obligations of Property."

Noble Irish Landowner (continuing the subject with warmth). And, as I was telling you just now, there's not a Peer on the roll who has better reason to expect good treatment from them. The fact is, they don't know what the old families do for them. It doesn't all begin and end in a mere question of rent. Not a bit of it. It's the feeling of social kinship, engendered by the presence in their midst of the sound old national stock—men with the same language on their lips—I might almost say, the same blood in their veins,—ay, the same money in their pockets,—that ought to knit the country together. And that will come about some day. Take my word for it, though I'm an Irishman who say it.

First Impressed Friend. Indeed! That's very encouraging (reflectively). And you ought to be an authority!

Noble Irish Landowner. Well, rather! Why I'm going to take the Chair at the Royal Hibernian Rent Improvement Society's Annual Meeting in a quarter of an hour. That's why I'm decked out smart to-night with a bit of the dear old Shamrock. (Toys playfully with a sprig of the national emblem arranged in his button-hole.) Whenever I look at it, I fancy I can almost scent the sweet fresh native peat. (Drains two liqueurs of British brandy. With emotion.) Heaven bless the poor old country!

Second Impressed Friend (thoughtfully). It's astonishing,—if you'll pardon my saying so,—how thoroughly some of you great Irish Proprietors seem to have got rid of, well—er—I was going to say—got rid of—er—the brogue! It strikes one, you know, as something quite remarkable.

First Impressed Friend. Quite. (Sportively.) But, perhaps, on the other side of St. George's Channel, you—

Noble Irish Landowner. On the other side of St. George's Channel! What do you mean, Sir? (With indignation.) Why, I've never set foot in Ireland in my life! (Warming to the subject.) And, what's more, if I can help it,—I never will! (Enter Club Waiter, with special edition of Evening Paper, announcing forth-

coming Royal Visit to Dublin. Noble Irish Landowner turns pale, staggers, then falls, with a loud agonizing cry, into the fender. Tableau, as Act Drop descends.)

ACT II.—PREPARATION.

The Study of a Belgravian Mansion. Noble Irish Landowner discovered, much dejected, over one of LEVER'S Novels. A copy of Moore lies open on a table beside him. On small sideboard several uncorked bottles of Whiskey of different well-known Dublin brands. In corner of room a heap of shillelaghs. As Curtain rises, he is trying to sing "The Harp that once in Tara's Halls" while accompanying himself upon an Accordion, but breaks down, and finally bursts into tears. Domestic at door.

Domestic. My Lord, the Professor of Celtic.

Noble Irish Landowner (suppressing his emotion). Show him in! (The Professor enters.) As I am starting very shortly, we will, Professor, begin at once, and without any delay. I think, at least I hope, that I have mastered the Present Tense. Shall I proceed?

The Professor of Celtic. Whist! Arrah! And is it the present tinsie ye'll be repating to me? Begorra! Go along, thin, entoirly wid ye! [Takes book.

Noble Irish Landowner (sadly). Ah! What would I not give for your pure accent! (Bracing himself up.) However, I will do my best. Let me see. How does it commence? (After a little reflection.) Ah, yes! I have it! (Repeating.) The verb *To be*, Indicative Mood, Present Tense:—

Bedad, I am!

Who says we ain't?

Ah! Shure ye are!

I tell 'ee ye are!

It's himself that is!

Be jabbers, it's thim!

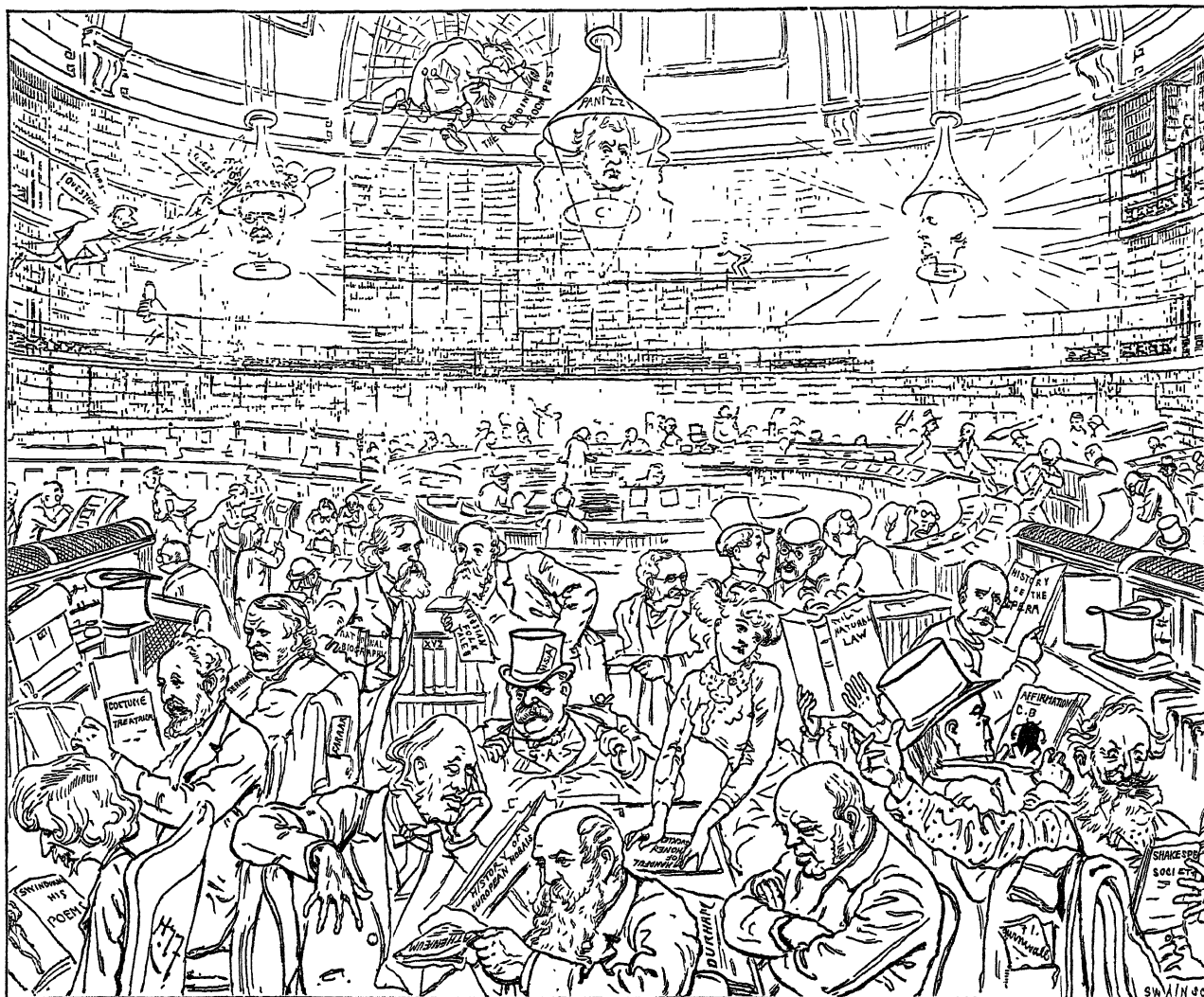
Continues the Moods and Tenses in Celtic, accompanied, at the suggestion of the Professor, by occasional shrill whistles and jumping attitudes, until the lesson is interrupted by the arrival of the Teacher of Irish Department.

Noble Irish Landowner (looking at his card). You are, I see, at present fulfilling an engagement at the Royal Rising Sun Hall of Harmony?

Teacher of Irish Department. Quite correct, your Lordship; and I'm happy to put you up to the whole jig business as per arranged. You require, I believe, some rather broad comic characteristic repartee—(Noble Irish Landowner bows coldly)—and something to tickle 'em—(referring to letter). Let's see?—oh, of course, the "Widdy of Ballynotoole." That was it?

Noble Irish Landowner. Quite so. I had fancied that perhaps, on landing, were I to be able just to sing them one of their own well-

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 5.



VALUABLE COLLECTION IN THE READING-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

known national ditties—that though, through press of business, I have never been able to visit my native land before, they wouldn't—

Teacher of Irish Department (with pleasant familiarity). “Tread on the tail” of your Lordship's coat, and put more than five bullets through you! Ha! ha! Never fear, my Lord,—I'll make you as fit as a bird; and, if you'll only put the right twirl with your forefinger into your shillelagh, you shall give the “widdy” with such effect that, with a proper get up, your own tenants shan't know you from the Great O'Rourke himself!

Noble Irish Landowner (moved). Thank you, very much. I could wish for nothing better!

[He flings off his coat, and rapidly attires himself in the full paraphernalia of an Hibernian Comique. After they have been rehearsing indefatigably for three hours and a half, the Butler announces that the carriage is at the door, and that there is just time to catch the Irish Mail. Tableau.]

ACT III.—NATURALISATION.

The After-deck of the Irish Mail Packet. Noble Irish Landowner, wearing a Green Silk Scarf, and a bunch of Shamrock in the band of his hat, discovered pale and anxiously looking back at the slowly-disappearing English Coast. Scattered here and there in groups a crowd of distinguished but mournful and well-bred Passengers conspicuously attired in the gala costume usually associated with a visit to Donnybrook Fair.

Noble Irish Landowner (with a great effort mastering his emotion). It will be difficult this new role of mine! Still, in the presence of all these native peasants I must, at any cost, dissemble, and endeavour

to show that all the national characteristics are strong in me. Ha! the Captain. I might try at least a tentative phrase on him—(*Refers to a pocket edition of the “Comic Harp of Tipperary”*)—I will—(*Approaches him with a shrill whoop, twirling and dropping his umbrella*)—Whist! whist, me pippin! And it's the darlint ould counthrees ye'll be takin' all thim boys to! Ah, shure, and it's me toes that are after tingling just to tread on the—

Captain. Come, come, my Lord, it is isn't bad—but I know you. Your first voyage across?

Noble Irish Landowner. Hush! Not before these! (*Indicates Passengers arrayed for Donnybrook Fair.*) They look like—probably are—some of my tenants.

Captain. Tenants! Bless you! Why, you're all in the same boat. Every one of you counterfeits. Obligated to cross and be on the spot because the Prince is going! That's what you are! (*With bitter satire.*) This is the fifth shipload of real downright genuine Irishmen—ha! ha!—I've taken over in the last fortnight. All I can say is, I hope you are prepared to have a tolerably fine time of it.

Noble Irish Landlord. Well, to be frank with you, I confess, for my part, I am. It is true I have got up the national language and traditions—fairly; but I have also not only taken the precaution of wearing three complete suits of chain-armour under my ordinary clothes, but have further secured the constant services of four able and astute Detectives. See! (*He whistles. Four experienced Officials from Scotland Yard, carefully disguised as Life Guardsmen fully armed, instantly surround him.*) With these, I think you will allow I can safely pay a pleasant little flying visit not only to my dear country, but even to what is still dearer to me—my property. Ha! but here we are! (*The vessel comes alongside, and is*

greeted with an angry American howl.) Dear me! And are these Transatlantic-looking melodramatic villains the natives?

Captain. That's about it, my Lord; and they have as much right to call themselves true Sons of Ireland as your Lordship himself. Ha! ha! But there! A safe voyage back to you; and, meantime, if our friends on the quay are only satisfied, there can't be any merrier experience than the "Absentee's Return."

Noble Irish Landlord. Nor any firmer conviction than that, when you can't help it (is hit with a brickbat), THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

Tableau. Dances a jig, which falls flat, and is quickly hurried up to the Castle, amid a choice shower of New World bad language, as Curtain falls.

SOMETHING LIKE AN INITIATION.

A *Times* Reporter on Wednesday last gave at considerable length the account of the initiation of Prince EDWARD of Wales into the

mysteries of Freemasonry.* That reporter, himself a Mason, revealed the secrets of the Craft, and has suffered the consequences of his rash act. Need it be said that he was immediately tracked down by a determined member of the secret brotherhood, and taken to—(where we may not say)—and there in silence broken only by the action of the steel implement (which we dare not describe), the unfortunate victim of his own fatal indiscretion had his hair cut across from one side to the other. Notes for another and fuller account were found in his pocket, and these, at an enormous personal risk, and by the self-devotion of an emissary who has since fled the country, we are enabled to place before our readers:—

Prince EDWARD of Wales, looking very pale, but walking with a firm step, was led into the Novitiate-room of the private and working Lodge of Very Select Brothers No. A.1. Here he was received by the Lodge-keeper and some of the younger Lodgers. The Worshipful Grand and his Officers were inside the

Prince Edward of Wales. "Aye, aye, your Worshipful Honour! Avast cable-tow! Square and compass it is! Just come aboard, and embarked in the old Masonic Craft."

Grand Lodge, all wearing diamonds, gold and silver ornaments, and sitting on golden chairs; "and," said the *Times* report, "the other appointments are in keeping." (In whose keeping? A Brother's? or an Uncle's? The poor man hadn't time to answer. But it speaks well for the businesslike habits and the punctuality of the Brotherhood of Lodge A.1 that their "appointments" are kept.)

The young Prince was then led to the door, in the costume of the period, Bed-Time A.D. (i.e., Ante Diluvium), and demanded entrance as a Novice in search of the mystic fire of Warmth, the Symbolic Shovel of Assistance, the Red-hot Poker of Pantomime, the Tongs of Tribulation, and the Scuttle of Foreign Policy.

The Novice had, according to the rules, been kept without food since his last meal, and he was now instructed to ask humbly that some provision might be made for him, without an Act of Parliament, in the future.

To this the reply from within was returned that "the hungry should be relieved if he signified what time it was, without speaking a word."

The Candidate for initiation, therefore, being so instructed by the Worshipful Past Twelveo'clocker, of the M.L.D. Knight Order, rapped on the wall three times. This was the signification required, and meant "Knocks," it being then long after sundown.

After this, to prove his courage, the Novice has to drink off a pint of port, without any inquiry; and, to prove his confidence, he has to sign his name at the foot of a piece of blank paper.

These first conditions having been complied with, he had further

* A day or two before Prince EDWARD's initiation, the French Brethren of the Craft were going in for a very different amusement. The *Monde Maconnique*, quoted by the *Figaro*, announces that, in view of the elections, "avec le scrutin de liste, l'influence électorale de la franc-maçonnerie est considérable." "Les loges," it goes on to say, "sont des comités démocratiques en permanence." The interests of our worthy and loyal English Masons are generally considered to be more in the publican, than the re-publican, line, and their sympathies with Landlords,—of a certain class. *So mote it be.*

to prove himself acquainted with the Liberal Arts. This declaration he made, standing in front of a figure representing the Great Cacons. After this, he was required to disown all knowledge of Conservative Arts, and then to answer, off-hand and correctly, the test question—which is as old as Masonry itself—"At what time of the twenty-four hours during which the world goes round the sun is it possible that a portal, let into solid masonry by a skilled Master of the Craft, should cease to be a portal?" And the Novice answered, readily and firmly,—"A portal let into solid masonry by a Master Craftsman, would only cease to be a portal when it is a jar."

The news that the young Prince had replied correctly was at once conveyed to the W. G. M., and was welcomed by three salvoes from the mortars in the room.

After this, a solemn voice issued from the Throne, ordering the admission of the Novice on receipt of the pass-word.

The Hodman-Out, instructed by the Tyler, communicated with the Hodman-In, and the Novice was instructed in the pass-word and sign. The Hodman-In advancing to him with a drawn trowel, asked, "Are you hungry?" To which the Candidate, thereto instructed by the Hodman-Out, replied, "I am."

Then the Hodman-Out opened the door of the Lodge, and said in a whisper, "Fortnum?"

Whereupon the Hodman-In answered in the same tone, "Mason!" Then the Novice was admitted.

He was at first dazzled by the august spectacle of the W. M., the Grand Builder, the Past Troweller, the Chief Tyler with a tile off, the Past Screw-driver, the Worshipful C. Sawyer, the Past Chiseler, the Grand Glazier, the Worshipful Venetian-Blind-man, the Grand Par K Floorer, Past Champion of the Lodge A.1, the Past Awl-in-Awl, the Provincial Grand Lad with his Ladder, all with Mortar-boards on their heads, seated around a Classic Column of Advertisements.

The W. G. M. rose and asked the Neophyte, "What of your own free will and choice would you elect to be, in preference to all the honours and dignities that this world can heap upon you, as a small but not therefore unimportant portion of the Great Masonic Temple?" And the clear and concise answer came from the Novice's lips, "A Regular Brick."

The solemn ceremonies of making him into a Regular Brick then commenced, over which we pass without comment, except to say that His Royal Highness the W. G. M. of All England performed them with his usual grace and touching solemnity; and that the young Prince EDWARD was duly toasted by all the Brethren, and on being restored to consciousness, donned the Masonic costume, took the seat which had been assigned to him in the Lodge, and, bowing to the elders, sat down upon it with an easy dignity that no less astonished than charmed his experienced Masonic Brethren.

The last ceremony of all consisted in conferring upon Prince EDWARD a Degree in Nautical Masonry. He was taken on board the Ancient Craft, and had to stand grog all round. Being still hungry, the Entered Apprentice was now delivered into the care of the Past Grand Sandwich-Man, who Willingly undertook to furnish a Re-past Grand Banquet, of which the Ancient Fraternity subsequently partook. After this, the circle was squared, and all went home happily.

REVENONS A NOS HUITRES.

"There is good news for oyster-eaters, as authorities agree that next season will witness a very great reduction in the price of the delicious mollusc."—*Standard*.

Oh, merry was the Roman to whom his slave-cook spake:
"The Oysters, Sir, have just come in from out the Lucrine Lake."
A luxury in those old days, folks ate them with a will,
But 'twas reserved for our sad times to find them dearer still;
Yet here's good news from fishermen who labour on the deep,
Next season, so our *Standard* vows, the Oyster will be cheap.

They breed him in the Blackwater, and eke within the Colne;
They take him to the Kentish beds to fatten there alone;
But when he gets to Billingsgate, before we dine or sup,
The Middlemen get hold of him, and then his price goes up.
But when the season starts again, in Autumn of this year,
He will not be, so experts say, unconscionably dear.

The Oyster's good, as *gourmets* know, when made into a stew;
He's very nice when scalloped, and when curried toothsome too;
He's good at lunch, at dinner-time, at supper, cold and hot;
He's good when you are hungry, and he's welcome when you're not:
A dainty of all Ages, he from others bears the bell,
But wot we that he's best of all when eaten from the shell.

Then welcome this auspicious news! the times are out of joint
When we've to eat the Dutchman and American Blue-point.
Give us our native Whitstable, the epicure's delight,
So fresh and fair, and fat and firm, and delicately white.
Rejoice, O Dandos of to-day, who learn it from our rhymes.
The Oyster will be cheap again as in the good old times!

THE AMATEUR CANDIDATE.

By Our Special Reporter.



SPECIAL, like a soldier, only has his orders. I have suffered not a little in the various commissions with which I have been entrusted. As an Amateur Maniac, at a moment when the Public was furiously interested—for nearly a week—in Private Lunatic Asylums, I have endured hardness, imprisonment, excessive shower-baths, and dis-

agreeable company, while I so conscientiously worked up the part with which I was entrusted, that I was released, with the utmost difficulty, from the kind care and select establishment of my Keeper.

As an Amateur Welsher, too (when the Public wanted a view of Welshing "from within"—that is, from the *outside* of the Ring), I have been chived, beaten, ducked, and three-quarters killed. But when you, *Mr. Punch*, requested me to disguise myself as a Red Candidate, and to woo the caresses of the Mob—I mean one of the Patent New Constituencies—I confess that I almost shrank from the task. Every man has his soft place, and mine is a disinclination to be "mixed up," as they say, with Politics. Amateur Lunacy, Amateur Welshing, I can stand, but, as an educated man, I confess that from Politics I have an instinctive shrinking. However, professional pride came to my aid, and I undertook to do what you desired.

My orders were to disguise myself as an Extremist of the most incredible principles. Some days spent in study of Mr. HENRY GEORGE, and of the address and rebuke which the Ripon Liberal Association presented to Mr. GOSCHEN, completed my political education. I was next introduced to an intelligent tradesman, a Ratcatcher, who had great influence with the Extreme Six Hundred of the Slums and District. My opponent, I should say, in the affections of the Constituency was an opulent dealer in Antiquities, chiefly old clothes—Mr. IKEY MO. My object, of course, was to overbid this capitalist in my political offers. I got on very well with the influential Ratcatcher, who was, by descent, a scion of an island "notable for its verdure and its wrongs." Home Rule—the sooner the better,—paid Members for Ireland, the restitution of landed property to the descendants of its true heirs, evicted under BRIAN BORU, were attractive planks on my platform. I had afterwards to modify some of the planks, and portion out the land to the denizens of the Slums, rent-free; but that was only one of a series of progressive modifications. Political education, when you are a Candidate, is exceedingly rapid.

My friendly Ratcatcher, Mr. BRALLAGHAN, then gave the names and addresses of the Extreme Six Hundred, with whom lay the choice between Mr. MO and myself. To my astonishment, I only received one hundred and thirty names.

"Why, where are the other four hundred and seventy?" I inquired.

"There ain't no more of us nowhere," said Mr. BRALLAGHAN, somewhat sullenly. "It ain't quite good enough."

"What is not good enough?"

"Why, Sir, you know it won't go round among so many,—and times is bad," said my friend and political Mentor.

"I am sorry, Mr. BRALLAGHAN," I replied, "that none of my Clubs permit members to introduce strangers at luncheon, but may I have the pleasure of offering you refreshment at a more liberal bar?"

He was a little mollified, and we entered the "Seven Tuns"

together. When my hospitality had softened the Roman virtue of this politician, I asked him, once more, why there were only one hundred and thirty men in the famous Six Hundred. But I only gathered from him that these patriots could not afford to be more numerous. "It won't run to it, Sir," he added, with a wink.

"But how are you appointed?" I inquired.

"Why, thirty of us met in this 'ere public, and every cove brought in a friend, or a brother-in-law or two, and 'ere we is, all snug and comfortable."

No other explanation was offered, and I set out to win the promises of the Extreme Association Six Hundred, or rather, "all that was left of them, left of Six Hundred." These earnest men had the power of choosing the Extreme Candidate for the whole constituency; no other need apply; they were, in brief, the Constituency itself, for an "Oligarch" has a poor chance in the Slums.

Well, Sir, I went about among the Extreme One Hundred and Thirty. I promised everything I thought attractive: disestablishment of everybody, Home Rule, the Royal Family on board wages, reduction of the Army; they all said the Navy was reduced enough already. I proposed to make Professor FREEMAN Viceroy of India, and I kept repeating that remark about "unabated loyalty to the fortunate Statesman, who still so happily controls the destinies of the Empire"—what there is of it. I would make Lord WOLSELEY withdraw from the Soudan; and if he couldn't withdraw, why, I would leave him there. These pledges, however, were received without enthusiasm. They had already been swallowed by Mr. IKEY MO, and the electors appeared but little interested. The Fishmongers bade me swear to support Billingsgate. The Greengrocers urged me to rally round Covent Garden. The Butchers insisted that it must be made penal to sell Australian meat, except at a reduction to the Trade, who could dispose of it as native produce. All demanded the disestablishment of the Civil Service Stores. These pledges I took, and I began to have a horrid apprehension that I might be the chosen of the Extreme Six Hundred, and might sit for the Slums.

The night approached when the Six Hundred were to meet, and choose between me and Mr. MO. I went round to my supporters, beginning with the Ratcatcher.

"You will be there, Mr. BRALLAGHAN," I said. "I rely on you."

"Well, you see, Sir, my *art* is with you, but these is 'ard times, and a Plumber, as works with me, has turned down a lot o' rats in an 'ouse in Bedford Square, and I'm to have the job that very night."

"But you won't let profit stand between you and your duty to your country?"

"Well, Sir, I'm a family man, and chances is scarce,—curious how rare rats is, just now; 'ard times, Sir. A couple o' pounds, now, would see me 'armless," and Mr. BRALLAGHAN looked hard at me.

"But that is Bribery and Corruption, Sir," I said, hastily.

Whereupon this leading politician made some remark about "Stowing my blooming gammon." As he was attended by his bulldogs, I hastily withdrew, and looked up my other supporters in the Six Hundred. It was the same story everywhere. One had to carry a banner in the "Britannieroxton," another had a pal's place as a cab-tout, a third actually told me he "ad a crib to crack down Norwood way;" everyone, in short, had some lucrative engagement which prevented him from being present at the meeting of the Extreme Six Hundred. My political education had not advanced so far as they hoped, and I did not "see them 'armless." Next morning I read, in the papers, that Mr. MO was the Red Candidate for the Slums, and the chosen of the Six Hundred.

You will receive, Sir, the bill for my expenses, which, as you will perceive, were considerable.

WOLF!

THE Railway Ogre is hungrily agape for another mouthful.

Fe! fi! fo! fum!

I spy a nook in an East End slum,
A place where of old they buried their dead,
I'll snap it up to make my bread.

Sings the Ogre—*alias* the London Tilbury and Southend Railway. And so it will, if not prevented. Miss OCTAVIA HILL, the ever-vigilant vampire-defier, is, however, on the watch. The Mill Yard Burial Ground, says she, would make a garden or playground. Why then should the Railway Ogre override the Disused Burials Act, so lately passed for the express purpose of dealing with such poor plots in the interest of the poor and not of the monopolists? That question will require a *very* complete and conclusive answer to bring *Mr. Punch* or the British Public round to the Fi-fo-fum view of the question.

TO TELEGRAMS AND ALL PEN-AND-INK-WIRERS.—"Pump-Handle Court" Papers will be resumed next week. Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, was compelled to take a little rest after his arduous labours.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Constance. "I'M SO GLAD YOU THINK I'VE IMPROVED IN MY PLAYING OF THAT NOCTURNE OF YOURS, HERR BEMOLSKI! I HOPE TO BE PERFECT IN IT NEXT TIME WE MEET!"

Herr B. (gallantly). "ACH! MISS GONSCHANCE! I HOPE VE SHALL MEET BEFORE ZAT!"

THE OLD DUKE'S WARNING.

An Official Sanctum at the Horse Guards. Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief discovered sleeping sweetly. Enter an Heroic Shade.

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (waking suddenly). Come in. (He rises.) Dear me. Dozing again! And no wonder. Talk of work? Why, since half-past ten this morning, if I've looked into one, I must have looked into five hundred of these blessed—

Heroic Shade. Blunders?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (with a start). Good gracious me! Why,—you don't mean to say—that it's—? (Rubs his eyes, and endeavours to back on to the mantelpiece.) Why, surely you were getting comfortably settled at Aldershot? If anything's wrong—?

Heroic Shade. Ha! that's coming to the point. Just what I was going to ask you. Your Royal Highness seems busy?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief. Busy? Well, what with new facings and that row about the feather bonnet, I've known some press of work in my time, but I can't name anything within my recollection that can touch this. (Takes up several bundles of papers vaguely.) Called out both Reserves, you know. (With confidence.) Plenty of men; and splendid stuff too, I can tell you.

Heroic Shade (grimly). Yes, I know "the stuff"! Well handled, a little of it goes a long way,—least, so I found it. No doubt about your men. How about your Generals?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief. Well!—hum!—ha! Well, we've one, you know, who, however, just at the present moment, I'm glad,—that is, I mean, I'm sorry to say,—happens to be, so to speak, boxed up—

Heroic Shade. On the Retired but not Rescued List? Cut off from his own base, eh? He can't help you. Any others?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief. To be sure. Let me see; of course, there's— (Refers to numerous sheets of initialled foolscap, and mentions several names honourably known on the Army List.)

Heroic Shade. Hum! Good men and true, sure enough! Who

THE RANELAGH AT BARN ELMS.

[The Ranelagh Club has taken Barn Elms, the house in which Tonson received the famous Kit-Cat Club.]

THE Ranelagh hath ta'en Barn Elms,
Where anciently assembled
Whigs very famous in these realms,
Before whom Tories trembled.
The Kit-Cat Club held meetings there,
The chiefest of its duties,
To fill fresh bumpers to the fair,
And toast the reigning beauties.

Here gathered great Dukes of the time,
Here came the Earl of WHARTON,
Here gay Lord HALIFAX would rhyme
In praise of Mrs. BARTON.
Here CONGREVE, ADDISON, and STEELE
Were wise as well as witty,
And oft made JACOB TONSON feel
'Twas better than the City.

Here GARTH left patients to their fate,
The smartest of physicians;
And thus to STEELE he'd demonstrate
Their relative positions:—
"I've fifteen patients. Why should I,"
He said, "with physic fill them?
For nine, in spite of me, will die;
The six—no man can kill them."

Here men would "drink away the night,"
We read in line satiric;
But hearts beat high, and thoughts were bright,
That live in many a lyric.
"A set of wits," the people said,
But there were few more able,
And mighty Statesmen took the head
Of JACOB TONSON's table.

Those ancient beaux they sang and laughed,
Gay men of each profession;
And punch and port were duly quaffed
To Protestant succession.
They live in quaint ABBOTTNOT's lay,
In KNELLER's famous faces:
What will their phantoms think to-day
Of polo pony races?

FIRST OF APRIL.—Prince BISMARCK's Birthday. There are exceptions to every rule.

gainsays it? But it won't do—even for good men and true—to be caught napping. You understand that, Sir?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief.—Ha! You are referring to that little affair the other day of the loss of the Transport Corps—

Heroic Shade. That well-nigh imperilled the success of the whole campaign? Yes, your Royal Highness, that's what I'm referring to. Mistakes like that, no matter who makes them, may cost a Nation dear! Take the advice of an old Soldier. Keep your official eyes open. (He grows faint.)

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (getting off the mantelpiece with returning self-possession). With all respect for your Grace's splendid antecedents, you will allow me to observe that there is scarcely occasion to remind either myself or the excellent fellows who are at the heads of the various Departments under my immediate control, of this obviously, business-like, and soldierly duty. Here, at least, we are, every one of us, thoroughly wide awake.

Heroic Shade. Hum! That's all very well,—but how about the rotten Rations, the non-exploding Boxers, the jamming Gardners, defective Transport, the "Intelligence" break-down, and some dozen other matters we wot of, that have between them cost the country the needless waste of some of its best blood in the field, and saddled it unnecessarily with still heavier responsibilities at home?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (with warmth). Bless me, your Grace, if you'll excuse my saying so, this strikes me as singularly croaking and unpatriotic language from one of your exalted position, when we may be, as you know, within the course of another twenty-four hours, involved irrevocably—

Heroic Shade. In a second Crimea? Just so. The suggestion is apposite. It might, at a crisis like this, do not only your Royal Highness, but even less military-souled enthusiasts, no harm to turn to the history of this month thirty years ago, and learn, before it is yet too late, the lesson that it teaches. Beware! [Vanishes.]

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (relieved). Bless my soul! But I must have been dreaming! [Wakes up completely as Curtain falls.]

"HIS WORD'S AS GOOD AS HIS BOND."



Sultan (at back). "DON'T YOU BE AFRAID. IT'S ALL RIGHT, ALTHOUGH I HAVEN'T GUARANTEED IT. BUT IT'S ISSUED WITH MY ENTIRE 'SANCTION AND AUTHORITY.' BLESS YOU!"—*Vide Mr. Gladstone's Explanation, Thursday, March 26.*

OH! wherefore came they forth from their Island West by North,
With their swords and their guns, and their raiment, gray and red?
Why ARABI did they rout, and what have they been about,
With their money, which is gone, and their heroes, who are dead?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter is the fruit,
And crimson is the dye of the Desert, slaughter-trod;
They have not been wise or strong, they have gone exceeding wrong,
They who sit in our high places, and rule us with their nod.

They blunder, late or soon, things seem ever out of tune—
Now they gather once again for another party shine;
And the Grand Old Man is there, with his sparse and silvery hair,
And ASHMEAD and Sir MICHAEL, and STAFFY, the benign.

"Why are we ever bored with Egypt and the sword,
We who love not Intervention, and who never want to fight?"

So the murmuring breaks out—will it swell into a shout?—
From the men below the Gangway, upon the SPEAKER'S right.

And hark! like the roar of the surf upon the shore,
The cry of anger rises along the Tory line;
"G. shall not have applause, though persuasively he jaws.
Out on his mad Convention! out on those Millions nine!"

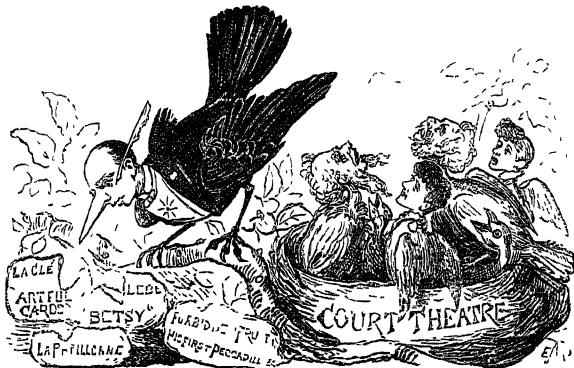
Geese! It's little good to scold. TEWFIK must have the gold,
And the SULTAN slily stands just aside—his usual way—
And he whispers—cunning fox!—"There's a bit for your strong box;
The game has my 'authority,' and so it's sure to pay!"

He looks so smug and meek, though his tongue be in his cheek,
And his fingers rather itch. But need TEWFIK greatly reck
When the G. O. M. stands there, so demure and debonair,
And hands him—*From the Firm*—that most handy "Little
Cheque"?

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FACES.

UNDOUBTEDLY the thanks of all Dramatic Authors are due to the Author of *The Magistrate* for the vindication of the Molièrian claim for the right of the Dramatist to do not only what he likes with his own, but with what may be anybody else's. Good.

Mr. PINERO has shown considerable ingenuity in constructing a new building with old materials. The aim of the farce-writer is to



Keeping up their Pecker, or their Pecker keeping them up. The Pinero bird feeding the young 'uns at the Court Theatre.

cause laughter, and in this the Author of *The Magistrate* has been, as it seems to me, thoroughly successful.

Now what are the principal old materials used in *The Magistrate*? Let us see:—

The maid falling in love with the young master of the house, and evidently believing that he will marry her: this is in *Betsy*. In *The Magistrate* nothing comes of it: in *Betsy* it is of the greatest importance. The concealment of the boy's age from the boy himself also occurs in *Betsy*. The wife going with her sister, at night, on an errand which she wishes to be kept secret from her husband, occurs in *Artful Cards*. The stepson taking his stepfather out for a lark when the latter's wife is out of the way, is similar to the nephew taking his uncle out for a lark in *Artful Cards*. The Colonel returned from India, and desirous of visiting his old haunts, reminded me of the Captain returning from Bengal, and anxious for the same amusement, in *His First Peccadillo*, on which, or on its French original with which I am not acquainted, Mr. BOUCCAU founded his *Forbidden Fruit* at the Adelphi. The supping out, after some fashion or other, is common to *Le Reveillon*, *His First Peccadillo*, and *Pink Dominoes*, only that in these pieces the female element at supper is the essential attraction, while in *The Magistrate* the youth's idea of a lark is supper with his stepfather and another gentleman in a private room of a Leicester Square Restaurant; and even the Colonel from India has no more extensive ideas of "a spree" than to sup tête-à-tête with a stupid young officer in another private room at the above-mentioned Restaurant. Not the properest "Young Person" could object to this. All is so very harmless and correct that

the Colonel might as well have been an Archbishop; and as it is certain that *The Private Secretary* does depend for much of its fun on Mr. PENLEY's clerical costume, so probably the laughter at *The Magistrate* would have been doubled, had Mr. CLAYTON appeared as, say, a Colonial Bishop or South African Archdeacon. But perhaps Mr. PINERO has this character among his reserved forces, which at present there is no necessity to call out. The entry of the Police at the



John Clayton, Tragedian in "The Denhams" (to Jack Clayton, Low Comedian in "The Magistrate"). "Heavens! How came you Lukyn like that?"

end of Act II. is a situation not entirely unlike the entry of the Police in *Artful Cards*, also at the end of Act II., when the gambling-tables are turned into pianos, and all the characters take

part in a concert; in *The Magistrate* the delinquents hide under the table and behind the chairs and sofas. In the Third Act of *Artful Cards* Mr. TOOLE, as Mr. Spicer Romford, enters in a most dilapidated state, and tells how he has escaped from the Police: so does Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, as Mr. Posket, in *The Magistrate*.

Some one said to FRANK TALFOURD, "I say, that joke of yours was in your last burlesque."

"My last burlesque!" exclaimed TALFOURD, "my dear fellow, it has been in everyone of my burlesques, and it has always gone admirably."

Given the ingenious playwright, and then such good old farcical friends as coming down a chimney with a blackened face, hiding in a jam-closet and re-appearing smeared with some preserve, or being concealed and audibly smashing the crockery,—which is immediately attributed to the cat,—sitting on bandboxes, leaving a baby in a chest of drawers, hiding behind a screen, and so forth, will come out again as fresh as ever. Why pay the original Author of one situation in a French piece for permission to introduce it into an English one, when this wealth of old material is at hand gratis? I confess I am delighted with the success of Mr. PINERO's experiment, for we are returning to the good old days when a farce was called a farce, and not "a farcical comedy," and there are still lots of "bits of business" and comic situations which have not been used in *The Magistrate*, and, being nobody's property in particular, are only awaiting the arrival of the bold inventor who can serve them up again with a new sauce and plenty of it.

So much for the material. And now comes the vital question, "Does *The Magistrate* make you laugh, or does it not?"

The answer is,—Yes, it does; and, what is more, the last Act is the best, and the fun, which drops a little about the middle of the Second Act, becomes funnier and funnier towards the finish. This is due, first and foremost to Mr. PINERO, and then to Mr. CLAYTON, who, though occasionally evincing a self-consciousness of forcing himself to be comic against his more serious dramatic will, plays his part, on the whole, in the spirit of true comedy; that is, in real earnest. He will be still better when the novelty of his appearing in this sort of part has worn off. On the first night he seemed to entertain a doubt as to how such old comic business as an interchange of hats and hiding under a table or behind a sofa, would go, and so his execution of these humorous manoeuvres was marked by a certain shyness and perceptible diffidence, as though, in a difficult situation, he were doing his best, but was prepared for the worst.

And Mr. CLAYTON looked so relieved when, after giving his comic, shiny, curly-brimmed hat to the Swell who couldn't by any possible chance have mistaken it for his own *gibus*, the audience roared with laughter. He knew then that, if they took to this kindly, they would not turn coldly away from his next great effort in the Third Act, when he would have to appear with a black plaster across his nose, in dishevelled dress and muddy trousers. And he was right; though he came on shyly and timidly, quite prepared to apologise and retire, yet they cheered him to the echo, and all was well; for to come on in this miserable plight is always bound to get a laugh; and it always has, since I knew it when I was quite a boy.

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL was very good, and the part will improve in his hands. It is long now since he appeared in an adaptation of *Le Reveillon*; but somehow, whether it was the piece, or his character, or his acting, on the first night, I was forcibly reminded of his first appearance at the Globe.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD has not by any means so prominent a part as fell to her lot in *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, when she had the fun all to herself; here it is shared by others. She has to get under a table, where she is joined by Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, whom she pinches. This goes "with a roar"—specially from Mr. CECIL.

Miss MARION TERRY was simply admirable. She looked the part and acted it to perfection. Her hunger was catching: her walking off with the tray in the last Act, imitable. Let her never play any more die-away girls or ill-used wives, unless the reason of their dying-away and of their wretchedness is starvation. Mr. PINERO has fitted



Mr. Punch (to Mr. W. Shakespeare). "Hullo, William! Off again, eh? Bad taste of our Nineteenth Century public, isn't it? But you'll take a rest, and turn up fresher than ever."

her down to the ground: the character may be new or old, but it doesn't matter, it suits Miss TERRY, and Miss TERRY it, perfectly.

To sum up; where the materials come from, and how they were put together, are questions that only interest Dramatic Authors and Critics. But the effect on the public is what concerns the Managers, and in Mr. PINERO's *Magistrate* I think they have undoubtedly "a hit," and they deserve success for the pluck and judgment shown in its selection.

NIBBS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



H! we are just about cumming to the time when the Testymoneyall Dinners begins, and jolly good fun me and BROWN gits out on em.

They seems to manege matters in the City so that

almost everybody shoold have a Testymoneyall in his turn, and the speaches on them ocashuns is sumthink scrumpshus.

The present Cheerman allers tells the late Cheerman that not only was he the best Cheerman that ever filled a Cheer, but, that the one only ope of every future Cheerman will be that he may come within about 1000 miles of him, and then his hogshhead of appyness will be full to the bung. And when the Testymoneyall is presented, the Cheerman allers says as it isn't for its meer money valley, for that ain't much, but for its moral valley, which is anormus, that he opes he'll think it worth having.

Then the late Cheerman is sure to say, for we ears it so often as we nose it all by art, that its the proudest moment, &c., his feelins overcums him, &c., go down to his posteriority, &c., &c.

Sum on 'em seems to make funny seleeshuns. I've seen a presentashun made of a lot of knives and forks and spoons, or a set of Dish Kovers, and one honnerable Gent chose a sort of little sideboard. Lor how BROWN and me did grin as we brort it in. I think you can judge pretty well of a man's carackter by the Testymoneyall he slects, for of course they all slects 'em, tho' they do try to look quite surprised when the Sherrymonial takes place. A pompus man now would have a great big French Clock all smeared over with sham gold. A shabby man would have useful domestick artikles, like forks and spoons, or a Warming Pan, a punchsal man would have a big watch, that they calls I think a Barommeter, a tasty Gent would have a Pieter or a Statty, while a Spoony wood naterally have a T. Pot and setterer.

What rum things sum on 'em gets 'em for! Sum because they're so'preshus old, as if they could help it, and wouldn't be young if they could. Sum because they've bin such a jolly long time a doin of nothink in pertickler. Sum because it's allers bin the custom, and sum, because sumboddy propoges it in hopes his turn will cum next.

BROWN says the writing on 'em is allers exaoly alike, so when they cums to be sold, the Porn Broker only has to take out the name, and then they does for sumboddy else! but BROWN will allers say such sorecaustic things, BROWN will. I remember when one of my Patrons had a Pianny Forty guv him, BROWN whispered to me, they'd

have given him a Trumpit only he's got one of his own that he's allers blowing.

I remembers once a little T. Pot was guv to sumboddy because he had bin a Churchwarden and hadn't robbed anybody, or sumthink of that sort, and sumboddy told him it was the custom to ask 'em all to drink Shampayne with him, and, just for a lark, they drank such a lot that the bill come to double the price of the T. Pot, and he was as savage as a Bare, and woodn't pay the bill for a long time.

Sometimes we has sum werry funny incidents occurs. For instance, the other day it took me and BROWN a matter of 5 minnits to put all the Testymoneyall on the table. There was a matter of 7 or 8 diffrent things! A bootyful large Clock, and Varses, and Marbly Osses, and lovely ornymnts of differing kinds, as must have cost heeps of money. And a Gent as I was standing behind says to his nayer, "Why JONES, my boy," says he, "that's about the best £20 worth as ever I seed."

"£20 worth," says the other, "why I'm bound it never cost less than £100!"

"Well," says the other, "but I happen to know there was only 19 guineas subskribed, for I saw the list. How the jence is it done?"

"Why," says the other, "he pays the difference hisself!"

"Then how can they engrave upon it all, 'Presented by So-and-So to So-and-So'?"

"Why," says he, "it's as easy as Lying!"

I was called away, and so herd no more. But oh, my Masters, what a Riverlashum! How proud a man must feel of a Testymoneyall for which he has paid about fifteen shillings in the pound out of his own pocket! and how proud he must feel when his wife and his famerly and his frends reads the lying inskription! I wunder how long it is before the Wife of his Buzzom finds him out, and respects him acorderly. Why I should be ashamed of sitch a thing, tho' I am only a pore Waiter. To put a case, which BROWN says, with his ushal imperance, may praps be taken for a Nint. Suppose as the Gents as patronizes the onrered Albion was to prisent me with a duzen reel silver Tea Spoons, as a mark of Respeck, shoold I be justerfide in making 'em into Tables?

No! Truth says No! Honner says No! As the Gent says in the Play, "Sham, sham, where is thy Blush?"

But, torkin of blushin, a sumthink occurd last Janniwerri witch I aven't ad the face, no, not evin that part on it as is cald "the cheek" to menshun before this—but now I can. I was ofshyatin at the horsepitale Manshun House wen his horsepitale Lordship, the LORD MARE, hentertained all the hole Corporashun at one blow—no, not one blow out, as BROWN wulgarly hobserved. If BROWN would jst take egsample from sum one else who shall be nameless, it would praps be better for BROWN.

Well, one of our reglar old Deppertys was there, as usual, and he covered his manly buzzom with a table napkin, as usual, and I guv him his plate of thick turtel, as usual, and then waited tranquilly, as usual, knowing as he wood want a second help, as usual. Well, setting next to him was a ewident stranger, and after he had took jst a spoonful or two of his soop, he said a sumthink to the Deperty as I didn't quite catch, and then waited for a anser, but there wasn't no anser. He then tried again wen the fish cum, but there wasn't no anser, nor no notice. I seed him try no less than five times, but all in wane, no anser and no notice. Judging from his estonished hair, I makes no dout as he thort the Deperty was def and dum. But phansy his look of wunder wen, after the dinner was quite over, and there wasn't not no more dellycassies to occupy the Deperty's mind, he turned round to the estonished Stranger and adrest im in these remarkable words:—

"Sir, you are ewidently unaccustomed to this style of thing, so I will give you jst one word of advice. Wen you are invited to sitch a Bankwet as this, Eat your Dinner and don't Talk!" And he got up and went away.

Well, after the speaches was all finished, the gentlemen all marched into the Lobby to git sum Tea, the LORD MARE and that sellebrated and honest whist-player, Sir LION PLAYFAIR, at their heads, wen in came the two brightest-looking Ladies in all London, namely the Lady Maress and the Sherryfess, accompanied by their atendent Sprites, as they sez in the story-books, and if they didn't lite up all the place jst like the rising sun coming out of a cloud of black coats, my name isn't ROBERT. And now cums the ewent that will lite up my umbel life, as the Lady Maress and the Sherryfess, et setterer, lited up the Manshun House Lobby. For jst about wen the werry larst gest was a taking of his lingering departure, her Ladyship she cum up to me and she sed, sez she, that is her Ladyship,—“Mr. ROBERT, I am asking all the sillebraties as comes here, to give me their Haughtygraphs, and as you are sillybrated in your partickler way, I want you to give me your'n!”

I was that took with supprise as I thort I shoold adropt. However, I recovered myself like a man, and went and did it, and thanks to the kyind condycension of one of the most grashus Ladies as ever pursided at the Manshun House, or anywheres else, the 30th of Janniwerri will be Haughtygraphed in my greatfool art as long as that art keeps on a beating.

ROBERT.



HOME RULE.

Mrs. Common Councilman. "WHY SHOULD YE BE MEDDLIN' WITH WHAT YE DON'T UNDERSTAND, MIKE? SHURE, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR DIRTY POLITICS, ME AND THE GURLS MIGHT BE LOOKIN' FORWARD TO TAKIN' THE FLURE WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, AND YE MIGHT HA' BEEN MADE A BAR'NET, AND I SHOULD HA' BEEN MY LADY!"

READY!

READY! Not rashly courting fierce collision
With whatsoever quarry cross the way;
Not looking forth with hate-ensanguined vision,
Like long-leashed war-dogs eager for the fray;
But steadfastly on guard, the watchful warders
Of a domain which honour bids them keep.
And fiercely, furtively toward whose borders
Sinister footsteps creep.

Creep as they long have crept, slow but untiring,
With many a pause, but never a retreat.
To what far object of the heart's desiring
Tend those unechoing but unhalting feet?
What boots again to ask? Best calmly, mutely,
To take the sentinel's unshrinking stand,
Challenging, silently but resolutely,
The threatener of the land.

When side by side they stand, the stout old Lion
And that swift supple Tiger of the East,
Eyes glittering like the belt-stars of Orion,
Who braves the pair should be a brawny beast.
Ursine Colossus from the snow-wastes, truly
You are a monster of amazing thews.
But *must* the Orient fight it out with Thule?
'Tis left for you to choose!

These make no menace, but, serene, united,
Under one eye, responsive to one hand,
Stand thus on guard, by growlings unafrighted.
Consider, Bruin, that united stand!
Trust not to love of peace, proneness to bungle;—
That may be conquered, this be soon set right.
They're ready, these twin monarchs of the jungle,
Faithful, and full of fight.

BRITANNIA stands between, regarding proudly
Their sinewy strength, their unity of pose,
Listening, alert. Should the war-drum throb loudly,
With what fleet force she'll launch them on her foes!
Not without need; not hatred hot and heady,
Not battle-fire or blood-thirst moves her mind;
But if wild war *must* wake, the watchword "Ready!"
Shall ring adown the wind.

"QUESTION AND ANSWER."

(Improved extract from coming Parliamentary Report—latest model.)

Mr. Brown wished to know whether the Secretary of State for War could give any explanation of the fact that a whole British Army Corps had tumbled off a suspension bridge in the dark and totally disappeared.

The Marquis of Smartington. No, Sir, I cannot. (Hear, hear!) But I shall make inquiry, and I have no doubt it won't occur again. (Hear!)

Mr. Jones put a question as to the alleged turning bottom upwards in the Bay of Biscay of the whole of the Channel Fleet.

Sir Thomas Splasshey, in answer to the interrogatory of the Hon. Member, said that the Admiralty had received intimation of the *manœuvre* in question. (Hear, hear!) He had no doubt it was all right, and that the gallant Admiral in command knew his own business best. (Loud cheers.)

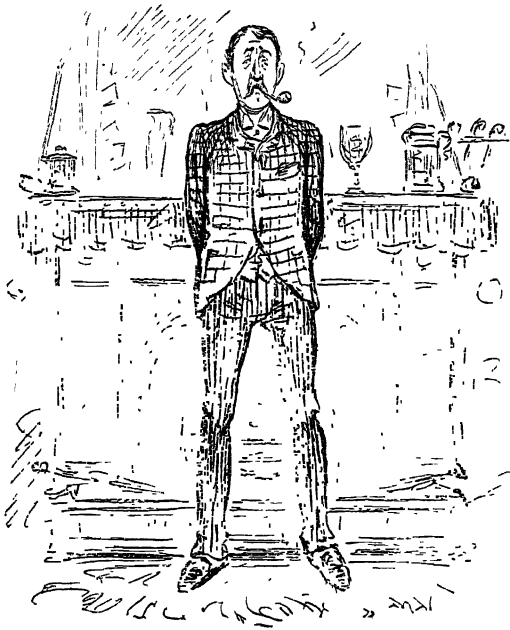
Mr. Robinson desired to know what explanation could be given by the Ordnance Department of the significant fact, that in both of the recent engagements on sea and land, every gun in our service had, as alleged, refused to go off at all and then burst.

Mr. Bland. None whatever. (Prolonged cheering.)
The House then adjourned.

SONG FOR THE KHEDIVE.—"Always a Loan!"



READY!



PORTRAIT OF A BANK CLERK ENJOYING A BANK HOLIDAY.

DEDICATED TO SIR JOHN LUBBOOK.

THE Country crammed—the Sea-side jammed—
The Trains a crush—the River a rush—
Oh, is it not a jolly day?
The Shops all shut—the Streets all smut—
No room in the Park for the poor Bank Clerk!
Not a Bank, but a Blank Holiday!

"SAFE AS A BANK."

As in the face of the grave complications that appear to be looming in the immediate future, some doubts have been expressed as to the nature and scope of the regulations for the proper safety and protection of the Suez Canal about to be proposed at the forthcoming Paris Congress, the following brief synopsis of some of the principal provisions of the Scheme will be read with interest. It is understood that in time of war—

(1.) A merchant or passenger vessel that, having once entered the Canal, has been somehow blown up by mistake for a belligerent, can not recover its entrance fee in the local Egyptian County Court, unless accompanied by an International Solicitor and a battery or two of Horse Artillery.

(2.) Hostile Ironclads wishing to hire the Canal for the whole or a portion of the afternoon for the purpose of holding an engagement, must give notice to the Secretary, and enter their names in the Company's Fighting books kept for the purpose, not later than nine o'clock the same morning.

(3.) Passengers either going to or returning from India, and arriving at either end in the dark during the progress of a general action of not less than three hostile fleets on the waters of the Canal, at the same time, will have the privilege of walking along the banks, and, if they should desire it, of watching the progress of the devastation, as well as they can, on payment of a small extra fee for "gate money."

(4.) The right of Torpedo-planting for experimental purposes will be allowed, under certain restrictions, to all the leading Representatives of the International Commission; but, in the event of the practice causing any serious annoyance to unsuspecting Merchantmen *in transitu*, the Power at fault will be expected to make a suitable donation to the Pilot in charge, or, if there is nothing whatever left of him, to his duly appointed Executors.

(5.) This condonation will not be either required or exacted in the case of Turkish bottoms, that, by Article XIX. of the proposed provisions, may be "blown out, as occasion may render necessary, freely, and with perfect impunity."

There are a few other provisions dealing with the Shareholders' rights and liabilities in the not improbable event of the whole Canal, from end to end, having, as a precautionary military measure, to be entirely destroyed—but they are comparatively unimportant. It may, however, be gathered from the above extracts, that the Commission not only mean to exercise their functions in a wide and liberal spirit, but evidently well know what they are about.

A REAL MUSIC-HALL.

Philharmonic Concert at St. James's Hall. Thursday, March 26.
Sir ARTHUR in the Chair. Herr JOACHIM at the Violin. Signor BOTTESINI at the Contrabasso. First night of new *Serenade*, written for this occasion by Mr. THOMAS WINGHAM, and personally conducted by the Composer.

It is quite a treat
When in "ARTHUR's seat"
Sits SULLIVAN, classical,
Nothing here farcical,
Which seems for him funny,
Guiding a symphony
Written by SCHUMANN,
Always so human.
Music hath charms,
Not this by BRAHMS;*
JOACHIM plays it,
So all must praise it.
Music to bring 'em,
Written by WINGHAM.
New *Serenade*,
First time 'twas played.
Was it? Oh, yes,
Thorough success;
Plenty of *toon*,
Oboë, bassoon.
Wonderful things
For flutes, horns and strings,
And there are some
Bangs on the drum,

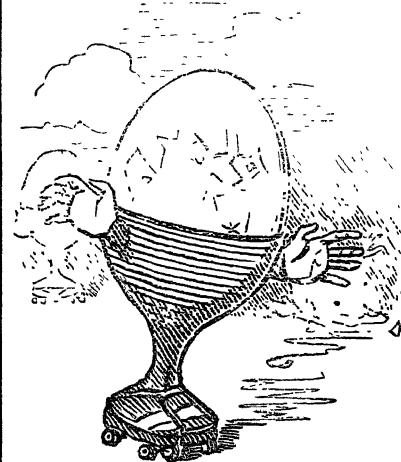
(Sweet "Serenade"
To waken a maid!)
Then in E Flat
Finish with that,
Played by the fellows
With violoncellos,
And 'mid bravos
It comes to a close—
"Short pedal tonic"—
At Philharmonic.
WINGHAM bows thrice,
All very nice.
Then BOTTESINI
Comes up quite "beany,"
Wonderful fellar!
Plays *Tarantella*,
Takes an encore,
Plays it once more.
Nod to Sir ARTHUR,
Suffering marthyr,
Up in his seat;
We're on our feet.
"Good-bye," laconic,
To Philharmonic.

* Concerto in D for violin with Orchestra Op. 77. 'ARRY says, "'Hop 77!' My! what a lot o' dance-music he's written!"

BRILLIANT EGG-SAMPLES.

CHRISTMAS Cards are not so much the vogue as they were two

years ago, Valentines have almost vanished, and Twelfth Day has quite lost its character, or characters, but, instead, the Easter Egg is increasing year by year, and growing to an enormous size. A little Boy, after a visit to Mr. CREMER's, can teach his Grandmother the proverbial lesson with an egg. But what she may find will considerably surprise her. The inventions are in eggshausible. The designs for the artistic productions of Messrs. SPARAGNAPANE's (or Spare-no-pains) Hens have been thoroughly eggscogitated. True, in both cases—and in any amount of cases—the



Eggs are only "Shop Eggs;" but, with just here and there an exception, they are all quite fresh, and, where they are not absolutely new-laid, there is not an instance of one being bad.

The Noble Four.

WAR never saw midst battle shocks,
Two braver men than COLE and COX;
Each Englishman of manly soul
Tosses his cap for COX and COLE,
Ditto for GARNER and for SNELL.
(We're glad to know them stout and well),
Punch drinks their health, and bids them know
That England's heart is all aglow
(Far, far beyond St. Stephen's lobbies)
With sympathy for four brave "Bobbies!"

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says, she considers such a man as O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the Dynamiter of a Vicious Circle.

THE *Athenæum* speaks of Junius as "this ill-starred play." Severe this on the Star.



HYPERBOLE!

Auctioneer (selling Town Property). "WHY, GENTLEMEN, THE VERY ATMOSPHERE'S WORTH THE MONEY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 23.—"You might have knocked me down with a feather," ASHMEAD BARTLETT said when describing what happened at Eight o'Clock.

Member for Eye strolling into House to see if he'd dropped any Questions on the floor. House nearly empty, there being nothing more attractive than business going on. Seats Bill under discussion. Looked across the House, and there below the Gangway, in the corner-seat behind DILLWYN, sat the PRIME MINISTER!

"It's come at last!" ASHMEAD gasped. "Six years ago, a young man, with an eyeglass, stood outside Palace Yard with sixpence in his pocket, and saw GLADSTONE go by. He said to himself, 'I will live to drive him out of office.' That young man was me, and I have done it. I thought I would send him in ordinary course to Front Bench opposite. But it seems he's so badly beaten that he throws up all hope of returning to power again, and has gone and joined the malecontents below the Gangway. Becomes a corner-man like FORSTER and GOSCHEN. My time is at hand, and I shall not forget friends. WOLFF shall certainly have either Berlin or Constantinople. Will go off and put down a Question on the subject for to-morrow."

ASHMEAD as usual got the wrong rat by the tail. PREMIER only gone to sit below Gangway in order to discuss with RICHARD GROSVENOR probabilities of Division on Egyptian Convention. Still, it was odd and suggestive to see him there, with DILKE on Treasury Bench acting as Leader of House.

"What a time we should have, to be sure!" said DILLWYN, "supposing W. E. G. really became a corner-man. How he'd make both sides sit up! For such a prospect I would give him up my seat."

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE moved Adjournment of House, in order to discuss arrangements for debating Egyptian Convention.

"Don't feel quite sure, TOBY," said Sir STAFFORD, thrusting his hands up his sleeve, "that I've done quite the right thing. They bothered me so about action on the Seats Bill, and scowl at me because I won't badger GLADSTONE every night on Afghan business, that I felt I must do something. But seem to have moved at the wrong time. We've had ASHMEAD BARTLETT and O'DONNELL discussing my Motion, and now we've got down to W. REDMOND. I think if the House will permit me, I'll withdraw it. Which he did, and business commenced.

Business done.—Progress with Seats Bill.

Tuesday.—HENRY the Tyler nowhere in the race at question time. ONSLOW pretty well in, and WOLFF a good third. But ASHMEAD BARTLETT still Eclipse. Got a little tumble from the SPEAKER to-night; put question to HARTINGTON and received answer. Rose immediately, and put same question in slightly altered form. This too much for illimitable patience of SPEAKER. "The Hon. Member," he said sternly, "asks the noble Lord to answer a question he has just replied to."

ASHMEAD up again. Would like to argue this matter with the SPEAKER but the Right Hon. Gentleman not noticing him, ejaculates "Mr. CROPPER!" CROPPER comes up, puts matter-of-fact question about some Bill to be introduced in Lords, and ASHMEAD BARTLETT temporarily extinguished.

"You came a Cropper there, old boy," said WOLFF, in sympathetic tones.

"Do you think so? Well, I don't see it in that light. Rather think I scored. If SPEAKER hadn't interposed, HARTINGTON would either have answered the question or declined, and there an end on't. But SPEAKER comes in, calls special attention to me, and in country Clubs they'll rattle their tankards and say, 'There's ASHMEAD BARTLETT at 'em again. Gets HARTINGTON in a corner. SPEAKER obliged to come up to help him. What's yer STAFFORD NORTHCOATES and even your RANDOLPH CHURCHILLS to him, not to mention' (excuse the reference) 'your WOLFFESSES. He's the man for my money, and I'll have another pint to drink his health.' I'm not quite such a fool as I look."

"I'm glad of that," said WOLFF, in fine sarcastic tones. Doesn't altogether like the airs ASHMEAD gives himself since Conservative Party have begun to cheer him.

Seats Bill again in Committee. Windbag SEXTON having charge of an Amendment giving Dublin extra Member, talks full hour by Westminster Clock. Committee impatient. DILKE smiling with increased serenity as bad quarters of hour succeed each other. The case for Dublin a good one if well handled. Said that Radicals going to vote for it. But SEXTON talks them clean out of House, and when at end of three hours' debate division taken, Parnellites left to themselves to vote for Motion.

Business done.—Progress with the Seats Bill.

Wednesday.—Grinding away at the Seats Bill. Made fair progress up to Four o'Clock, when Windbag SEXTON having, in the interval, been freshly inflated, re-appeared, and raised again question of representation of Dublin, which had occupied Committee for three hours on previous night; now appropriated remainder of the sitting; promises to come up fresh again after Easter recess.

Speaker of Purfleet House of Commons in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Honoured Mr. PEEL by sending for him, whilst SEXTON windbagging.

"Thought you had this question talked to death in Committee yesterday?" said the Purfleet Personage. "How is it possible that it can come on again to-day, blocking public business? Is it in order?"

"Quite," said our SPEAKER, meekly. "Am not sure whether ingenuity of Irish Members may not find another opportunity of redelivering their Speeches even in Committee. Certainly they'll do so on Report."

"And yet," said the P. P., sternly regarding the trembling SPEAKER, "you call yourselves a business assembly, and have charge of Imperial interests. Come down to Purfleet, and see how we manage things there."

"Thank you—I will," said the SPEAKER, getting back just in time to resume the Chair, and run through Orders of the Day.

Business done.—Scarcely any.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 6.



A CHESS DIVAN IN THE STRAND.

Thursday.—Just after prayers met HARCOURT in Corridor, smiling softly to himself; evidently beaming with some fresh delight.

"Been snubbing somebody?" I asked, pleasantly, curious to know why he should look so glad he was alive.

"No, TOBY, quite the contrary. I've been doing the heavy father business with the gallant Policemen who grappled with the dynamite in the crypt the other week. Quite a theatrical business. I stood myself where the other explosive had been placed. GLADSTONE, the SPEAKER, Mrs. GLADSTONE, ROSEBERRY, and an admiring company grouped around. Wanted the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to come. But he was engaged. Cox and COLE brought up to slow music. Got GARNER and SNELL, shot by Shoreditch burglars, to appear. Wanted CHAMBERLAIN, P.C., shot at Islington; but Doctors wouldn't let him come. Always meddling, those Doctors. When everything ready, Curtain drew up, me discovered standing between the gallant Policemen with a hand on shoulder of each. Made 'em a fine speech; solemnly shook hands with them. Then pinned Albert Medal on COLE's breast, reminding everyone, I'm sure, of NAPOLEON THE FIRST decorating soldier on the field of battle. Shook hands with Sergeants again, made them another little speech. Shook hands with 'em once more. They like it. Made speech to Police generally, and crowd; shook hands with Inspector GERON; would have shaken hands all round, but time pressing. You should have heard them give three cheers for HOME SECRETARY. Egad, TOBY! when I walked away, after shaking hands with GLADSTONE, I really felt as if I'd picked up the dynamite myself, and carried it off. These little episodes make official life bearable. They raise a man's estimate of himself, and suffuse his mind with a genial glow. Shake hands, TOBY."

I was much affected. I watched the Majestic Figure as it moved down the corridor. As it passed the Policeman stationed at corner, it stopped and shook hands with him.

House of Commons engaged on fresh Vote of Censure. GLADSTONE moves Resolution approving Egyptian Convention. BRUCE moves rejection. Having heard both speeches, Members go away to think them over, leaving House empty for rest of night.

Speech of the evening made by ACKERS, new Member for West Gloucestershire. Delightful for its ponderous simplicity, and its unaffected belief that West Gloucester is the Premier Constituency of the country, for whose decision at recent election Europe held its breath.

"I fancy," said FARRER HERSCHELL, "we've gained a great Ackersition in the Member for West Gloucestershire."

Business done.—Egyptian Convention submitted.

Saturday, 2 A.M.—Division just taken place on Convention. Might have come off hour ago only for CHILDERS. Got up at One o'Clock to "say few words." Wasn't finally howled down till quarter to Two. "Thought CHILDERS a man of sense," says GEORGE ELLIOT. "But the vanity of speechmaking too much for him."

Business done.—Convention approved by 294 votes against 246.

Summary of Boat-Race.

CAMBRIDGE lost, and Oxford won;
So till 'Eighty-Six 'tis done.
Londoners are asking whether
They could lose it altogether.

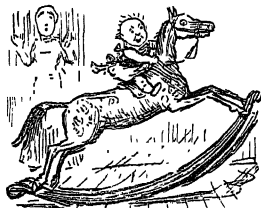
A VOLUNTEER COLUMN.

Formed by Dumb-Crambo Junior.

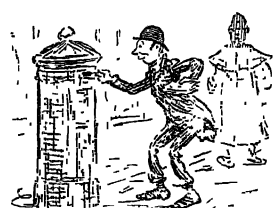
A Fatigue Party.



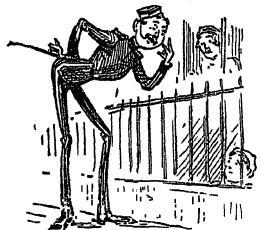
Battery arriving at Head Quarters.



Mounted Infantry.



Post-Office Rifles.



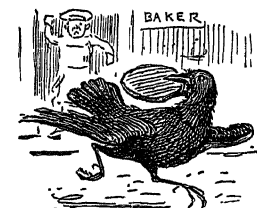
Army Signalling Department.



Bright-on Downs.



Sink-Ports.



Rifle Caw.



Counter-marching.



Detraining.



A Line of Outposts.



Forming Columns.

"CAB, SIR!"—*Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge the generous responses to his appeal for something over and above the reward which was handed to the Cabman disabled in pluckily dispatching a Mad Newfoundland Dog. The Donations will be duly forwarded to the Magistrate at the Westminster Police Court.

THEY CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT ME!

The Song of the Sultan.

AHA! After all they've so long said about me—
The Infidel Dogs!—they're beginning to find
That, as dear HOBART * told 'em, they can't do without me,
'Tis I must be pulling the strings from behind.
Oho! It's delightful. Their rage must be frightful,
Especially old Bag-and-baggage's! Bah!
Though WEG may look spiteful, my claim is so rightful
They cannot dispense with their old Padishah!
No! no! it's no use don't you see,
Their Policy's fiddlededee!
However they struggle,
Or jockey and juggle,
They can't get along without *Me*!

They'd like me to act as a sort of Bum-Bailiff!
Ha! ha! we shall see, Dogs! But one thing is plain,
They're certain to fail if they turn up the Caliph,
And that's why they're all sneaking round me again.
Me both have their eye on, the Bear and the Lion,
Though one of 'em thrashed me, the other betrayed.
A nice little sort of a caper to try on
The Prince of the Faithful! But there, who's afraid?
It fills me with holiest glee
The Infidel's wriggings to see.
No safe course they've hit on
For Russian or Briton.
They can't get along without *Me*!

They scouted us, flouted us, couldn't endure us,
But now, when they feel betwixt hammer and anvil,
They'd gladly secure us, and artful MUSURUS
Is closeted daily with GLADSTONE and GRANVILLE.
To checkmate the Cossack, and smash up the MAHDI,
My help would be handy. By Allah, it's fun!
Sweet, sweet as the music of HAFIZ or SAADI
The whine of each Infidel son of a gun.
They are left in a hole, don't you see?
To ignore me were fain to agree,
But all in a minute
They find I'm still in it.
They can't get along without *Me*!

Egyptian finances have led them strange dances,
The sons of burnt fathers! no more can they shirk
That question, so each of them furtively glances
To him the dogs called the Unspeakable Turk!
Unspeakable? Yah! By the beard of the Prophet,
They'll have to eat dirt, or their words,—much the same!
My course? Well, I wish I could send 'em to Tophet;
But, failing that joy, I shall play my own game.
At any rate, all men can see
I've scored off old W. G.,
Who finds—oh! it's funny!—
Spite ships, men and money,
He can't get along without *Me*!

* See HOBART PASHA's letter to the *Times*, February 3, 1885, in which he declares that nothing can be done without "a friendly accord between England and Turkey."

PROBABLE FUTURE OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

(Not a Chapter from Mr. Mill's "Political Economy.")

So the premium required from a candidate for the coveted post of Dock Labourer has been raised to a fourth part of his daily wages!

I learn that the agents who arrived in the East-End with the object of taking advantage of the depressed condition of labour by purchasing a few thousand English families for the Central African slave-market, were "received with the greatest enthusiasm."

What consolation it must inspire into the breasts of the workless, to know that the remedy which chiefly commended itself to the important meeting held last week in Southwark, was—an Amalgamation of the twenty-five different Emigration Agencies in London!

Possibly some of the out-of-workers in Southwark, "who were presented with a packet of tobacco apiece as they left the room, at which they seemed much pleased," would have been even more grateful for tickets for themselves and families to New South Wales, and a promise of employment when they got there.

In the midst of all this poverty, it is at all events satisfactory to know that the School-Board rate still stands at two-and-sixpence in the pound, and that the number of girls who pass the First Standard in Arabic Hieroglyphics, and are then transferred to the County Asylum, is steadily increasing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



PICTURE SUNDAY.

(THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.)

She. "THANKS SO MUCH FOR GIVING ME THIS OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING YOUR ACADEMY PICTURE, MR. McDUFFER—AND GOOD-BYE!"

He. "DELIGHTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU. I SUPPOSE YOU ARE NOW GOING TO SEE SMYTHE'S PICTURE, OVER THE WAY?"

She. "OH NO. I SHALL SEE THAT AT THE ACADEMY, YOU KNOW!"

GORDON!

(*Mr. Punch's Contribution to the "Memorial."*)

SHALL it be said that English tributes slacken,
Slow-swelling, stunted in so high a cause,
When English tongues have lavished loud applause?
A thought our pride to check, our fame to blacken!
Not so poor-hearted surely, not so prone
To that cheap empty flow of words alone,
Which is our day's disease! Is that large life
The destined quickener, not of high desire
And liberal love, but faction's foolish fire?
Have we no share in the heroic strife,
Save meanly to admire?

Not with mad words, or many, may we mourn thee,
Great heart, whose silent grandeur seems to shame
Our tonguester time. From us, but not from fame,
Or a land's love, hath lurking treachery torn thee;
So hope must fain admit at last, at last,
Unwillingly; and a great darkness cast
O'er every hearth in England witnesseth,
More than much speech, with what o'er-mastering spell
Thy spirit moved us, who scarce knew thee well.
Ere round the earth the record of thy death
Rang its heart-chilling knell!

Hero, we hail thee! The vulgarian rabble
Of starved self-seekers and of sceptred ghouls
Have made that name strike sickness to men's souls;
But the war-chronicler's barbaric babble,
The courtier's dulcet panegyric, find
No thrice-worn theme in thine heroic mind,

Which honours moved not, nor the mouth of praise,
Nor any noise of general acclaim.
Then with what voice shall the loud herald, Fame,
Speak forth thy signal splendour, with what bays
Thy brows assume to frame?

Not the mere warrior's blood-bedabbled laurel,
Though never knight borne homeward on his shield
Hath greener reaped from any stricken field;
But as fame's bauble and as childhood's coral
Lightly thou wouldst have held the trivial leaf.
He who to his own breast the steely sheaf
Of spear-points gathered, and so gladly died
To break the foe,* had something of thine heart,
Who, lonely 'midst large hosts, couldst play thy part
Steadfastly sacrificial; gentle-eyed
Confronting death's swift dart.

Faith-fired to fearless firmness such as only
Faith may inspire, emancipate from self,
High above pride as the low spell of pelf,
How enviable, O loyal heart and lonely,
Thy radiant isolation, like a star
That from the unfathomed gulfs of space afar
With calm resplendent clarity flames on
In unapproached yet serviceable light!
How narrower seem the heavens, and less bright,
Since thou from our expectant gaze art gone,
Leaving us with the night!

GORDON! A name to gild our island story,
Opulent yet in many a noble name,
With lustre brighter than mere statecraft's fame,
More radiant than the warrior's glittering glory.
Such lesser lights eclipse them in the fine
Sun-glow of selfless valour such as thine,
Soldier whose sword, like GALAHAD'S, was not used
To hew out honour, but to champion right;
Plan-shaper who, in council as in fight,
Wast endlessly resourceful, yet refused,
Death-snared, an easy flight!

We picture thee, with hearts that thrill yet sicken,
One in the waste, alone against a host,
Like that Pompeian sentinel at his post.
Firm, whilst a hundred perils round thee thicken
Hourly, and hourly fades the hope of aid
From England. Through the Desert night's dusk shade
We watch thee send that vigilant gaze in vain
Across the silent sand-flats mile on mile;
To death resigned, unwitting that the while
Thy brave belated brethren toil and strain
Toward thee o'er the Nile.

We chafe, we grieve with unavailing sorrow,
That treachery's stroke was swifter than our stride,
That trapped, betrayed, our trusting hero died
Unreached by rescuing hands, which on the morrow
Triumphantly had grasped his own and spread
Between him and the traitor. GORDON dead!
Belief shrinks back as from some black sheer verge,
And hope, long failing, but late quickening
To a new life, like blossoms in the spring,
One last faint wistful plea is fain to urge
For keeping still a-wing.

Dead? Nay, *not so!* The enduring inspiration
Of such a spirit sways beyond all death,
A quickening presence, an abiding breath.
It lives through all the being of the Nation,
And far beyond the foam, like a quick flame,
Leaps to the hearts of all who bear our name,
Though under other stars; so that through thee
Kinship more promptly speaks, more proudly thrills
Into one phalanx of heroic wills
Men of thy blood, wide-sundered though they be
By seas and wastes and hills.

* ARNOLD WINKELRIED, at the Battle of Sempach.

HIC JACET.—A "Government Bill on Cemeteries," proposing "to permit the continuance of consecration as a religious ceremony, but to deprive it of any legal effect," will, it is said, be introduced after April by MR. OSBORNE MORGAN. In connection with interment MR. MORGAN has made quite a name, distinct from, though decidedly associated with, that of a Morgue'un.



TAKING WARNING.

William. "TREATING HIM LIKE THAT, SIMPLY BECAUSE HE'S HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH THE CHINA! WHY, IF MY MASTER HAD AS BAD A TEMPER AS HIS MISSIS—BUT WE MANAGE THIS SORT OF THING SO MUCH BETTER IN ENGLAND!"

LOOK ABROAD!

If there were any reasonable hope of being able, even for a moment, to get our lively but self-satisfied neighbours across the Channel just to see themselves as others see them, it might be worth while to adapt and parody for their benefit the ridiculous and contemptible scene, worthier a good deal of an ill-managed Ape House than of a decent Legislative Assembly, enacted last week in their Lower Chamber on the announcement of the recent Tonkin disaster. But a people eaten to the very bone with a diseased and despicable vanity learns nothing, and it would be as useless to ask a frantic and gibbering Parisian what he would have to say if our own House of Commons were suddenly to sink in some trying crisis to the level reached the other day by his own National Assembly, as to expect him to appreciate the Parliamentary self-control and the generous attitude towards political opponents that have, with rare exceptions, hitherto invested Party warfare in this country with a dignified respectability with which it could ill-afford to dispense. The very

history of the last few weeks furnishes ample and striking testimony to the existence of this commendable national restraint.

On the evening that it became known in London that Khartoum had fallen, and that General GORDON was captured, no one will deny that in the first sharp moment of universal outcry, with the whole country thunderstruck and dumfounded at the news, Mr. GLADSTONE had a far graver issue to deal with than that which M. FERRY encountered in the temporary reverse of the French troops telegraphed from Tonkin. Yet the SPEAKER, in the interests of order, had not, amidst a surging uproar of gesticulation, either to dash his own wig or dance on his own chair.

Nor were the Members on the Front Opposition Bench so very badly behaved. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not, *more Gallico*, skip up to the PREMIER, and, snapping his fingers wildly in his face,



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

Farmer's Daughter. "I SAY, JEM, FANCY! MOTHER SAID TO ME TO-DAY THAT I WAS TO HELP IN THE DAIRY, AND MIGHT HELP IN THE MILKING! BECAUSE SHE DID WHEN SHE WAS A GIRL! I SAID I'D GO FOR A GOV'NESS FIRST!"

denounce him to the country as "a poltroon, a Mahdi, and a rag-picker." Even Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT did not fly head over heels on to the table, and, foaming at the mouth, call out for "two hundred pairs of boots below the Gangway to kick the PREMIER to the Tower." Such graceful and dignified amenities of debate were certainly wanting; and it must be fairly admitted that, if a grave national crisis, that not only deeply stirs the passion, but severely tests the patience of the country, ought to be met in a Constitutional Assembly with the yell of the ape, and the courtesy of the butcher,—then they manage these things much better in France!

PUNCH TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

Not with Bavarian bulls or butts of Rhenish,
With sausage-chains, or plovers' eggs, or beer,
Your cellar or your larder to replenish,
Comes Mr. Punch upon your seventieth year.
He does not plump your purse or pile your dishes,
But offers you his heartiest good wishes!

A seventy years so full of storm and struggle
'Twould puzzle pregnant history to show.
Well, War's a madness, Statesmanship a juggle
For the most part, as you, my OTTO, know.
E'en "Blood and Iron" smack of the barbarian—
N'est-ce-pas?—when one's a Septuagenarian.

Great Nation-builder, subtle Policy-weaver,
After those fifty years of fight so fateful,
The tribute of your "faithful ones of Yver"
Although a simple gift, perchance is grateful
As any "sword of honour." To you still
Punch drains the health-cup of earth's hope,—Good-will!

ON PIECE WORK.—Labour at the Royal Arsenals.

A BALLAD OF THE BERKSHIRE REGIMENT.

"Nostris pugnant rari."—CÆSAR.

"Our men fought uncommon."—*Old Translation.*

LET Sparta boast her Monarch true, With his famed hundreds three, I sing of THOMAS ATKINS, who Can fight as well as he. The Berkshires woodcutting were out, The sun was fierce and high, When all around them and about Thundered the Desert cry!— When all about and all around Companies F. and G. The Desert, with a surging sound, Rose like a rising sea. They heard the foemen as they roared, They saw them as they came, They formed a sudden square, and poured A flood of angry flame!	The sky was blind with sand and smoke, With bullets shrieked the air, Like wave on wave the Desert broke Against that stubborn square! But when the smoke let through the sun, And when the Arabs ran, Firm stood that square, the battle done, And had not lost a man! And round, like swathes of sea- weed, lay, Left by the ebbing wave, Their foemen, that were brave as they, But not one whit more brave. The Arabs of their Khalid boast, I know as good as he; The Berkshire lads that cowed a host, Companies F. and G.!
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Educational.

Tutor (wishing to improve the occasion). You saw a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the other day, signed "TERTIUM QUID." How do you translate this?

Advanced Pupil. "Tertium Quid"? Oh—(after some thought)—I know. "The third Sovereign."

ALL ROUND THE STUDIOS.

(From Our Special on "Show Sunday.")

As usual we sent Our Private and Very Special All-Rounder to visit the Studios on Show Sunday. The next morning we received the following note:—

DEAR ED.,—Merely writing "Ed." reminds me, if I wanted reminding, that I have such an 'ead, myself, this morning! It is one of my



Our All Rounder.—A Regular Topper.

bad days: East winds, I think: can't make it out. I went all round the Studios yesterday, from morn till dewy eve, and at last the Studios went all round me. Many of the Artists were old friends of mine, some were ancient playmates, the majority were total strangers, but the same spirit of true hospitality and good-fellowship actuated everyone alike, and all of them, from the President down to the paint-pot boy, were delighted to see me. The cannikin clinked in every Studio. We drank to old times, to present times, to future glories; we toasted you, Sir, as the Editor, and we drank to our next merry meeting, or meetings, as on my Notes I find that I am engaged for a series of

artistic dinner-parties, many of them actually on the same day and at the same hour, and a lot of the dear merry Swiss Cottage Boys are coming to me, but somehow the dates,—my Notes were made in the gloaming,—have got mixed, and I shall have to go all round again next Sunday, to find out when I dine with everybody, and when anybody dines with me.

As you are in a pressing hurry, I must send you my Notes just as they are. I have every faith in your dear clever printers, but, above all, in your able and astute Editorship, and no doubt, between you all, you will be able to "sift the sand from the wheat"—(or whatever the darned proverb is—I was never good at proverbs)—and present a clear account of my Grand Rounds to your readers. "Pass Grand Rounds and all's well,"—at least all will be well when I've starved for a day, and slept for a night, and seen nobody, and done nothing.—Yours ever.

We set his Report *verbatim* before our readers, and they will then perceive for themselves why we should have every sort of confidence in him on a future occasion. The Notes are in pencil, and become more and more illegible as they proceed. The first ones are not very clear, as the writer has evidently written his latest remarks over his earliest. We give the result as best we can:—

Sunny morning. Coldish. Dry. Warm walking. Nipping, and an eager air. Called at Sir FREDERICK'S. He is very busy. Capital sherry and biscuits. Sorry he couldn't see me. Will I call again in an hour? Yes. Much warmer. Where next? Try ARMITAGE. Knew ARMITAGE when he was a boy. Excellent chap—first-rate dry sherry—and biscuits. Better than the President's—that is, for my own taste. Asked ARMY where he got it. Do I think he stole it, he says. Apologise. More sherry. Early, Sunday morning. Not used to this sort of thing since we were boys together. Old ARMY says, will I go now, as he's busy painting something for St. Paul's Cathedral, and he has lots of people he must attend to. I say certainly—yes, by all means. What day will suit him to come and foregather? Foregathering Day settled. When? Quite forgot to ask. Door shut. Will go back, and ask when. No, will call back—no, will call on my way back to ask when. Quite forgot to see old ARMY's pictures. Must look in again. Where to now? Hi! Cab! Rather sleepy. Effect, I think, of getting up so early, or else it's the smell of the paint in the Studios. Cabman, drive to MILLAI'S. He doesn't know where MILLAI'S is. I say, Red House—round corner. Big place—steps up inside—lots of carriages (I nearly said Asparagus, instead of carriages—I am so sleepy) at door. That's MILLAI'S house. Arrive suddenly. Keep cab. Door open. People going in, and coming out. Staircase very beautiful, but slippery. Feel a little faint. It's the heat. Art-Butler wants me to have some

soda-water. Sherry and biscuit. Water biscuits? No; oil-cake, out of compliment to Art. Take a hair of the biscuit that bit me. MILLAI'S painting long subject,—The Orni—The Ornithologist. Intended as a decoration for St. Paul's Cathedral. Burial of a Tolde-rolologist,—it sounds like a comic chorus. MILLAI'S has some good sherry, too—not so good as President's, and not up to old ARMY'S. Must go back and see old ARMY. Oil-cake biscuits better at MILLAI'S.

Took cab again to see FRANK HOLL. Quite a little Holliday. No sherry here. Port. Dry. So am I. And a sandwich. Knew HOLL since he was quite a child. He is painting Lord DUFFERIN as Hamlet. Very good likeness. Too much port in it. No thank you, I don't smoke with port before one o'clock in the day. Must go on now. Shan't sleep here,—though really if it wasn't for duty, which urges me on, I should like snooze. Hi! Cab! FRITH'S. Don't know where FRITH'S is? And call yourself a cabman! House, with flag flying to indicate luncheon time. Yes—that's FRITH'S. Just sitting down to shoulder of mutton and potatoes. Wouldn't disturb him for world—will see pictures after lunch. I never take lunch—never. Won't I break through rule? Yes, I will, as I am breaking through rules to-day. Show Sunday. I'm so warm now I call it "Tres Show Sunday." Roars of laughter. FRITH good French scholar, sees joke with half an eye. Likes the merry jest which cheers but doesn't inebriate. I cheer, but don't inebriate. Bitter Beer or Champagne? Well—both so good—and I never lunch—that—beer safer to begin with, and champagne after, if my host takes it. Hope he'll make himself quite at home. If he likes to paint during luncheon time it won't disturb me. Will I have cigar and whiskey and water? Well—let's see—it's getting late—just two—but it's Show Sunday—and if I start again at 2:30 I might show myself in the Park, and then show myself at church on way back. Back where? MILLAI'S or President's. Said I'd call somewhere. Got it on my Notes. Can't find it. What's FRITH painting? Oh—I see—yes—"John Knox and the Pope." Capital subject. Intended for decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral. Did he do it all this morning? Must be off now. Got to go somewhere else—say BOUGHTON'S, because it begins with "B." Hi! Cab!

Curious change in weather. Misty. Some difficulty in seeing Notes. Oughtn't to have taken that heavy luncheon. Must walk it off—that is, when I get out of cab. BOUGHTON at home. Sorry I can't go all the way up-stairs. Will he bring his pictures down, and hang 'em in the hall for me to 'speak? If he won't, it's his loss, not mine. Sherry? No. Well, then, as it's after lunch-time—he's so hospitable—this I put down on Notes—a *liqueur* is the very thing. It corrects everything. All right. And a mild cigar. Well, don't mind mild cigar. But must see pictures. I've got to make Notes—pictures. That's what I want BOUGHTON to understand, and he doesn't seem to be capable—no, capable—of understanding it. If he will sit still in the hall, he can tell me what it's all about. I mean, he can tell me what he's all about—what he's painting. He is telling me, and I am putting it down on my Notes. His subjects are Chartreuse Verte, Two Salmon, with MILTON'S young wife between them on a Bunhill, and Chartreuse Jaune this time from 'nother point of hue. Intended for St. Paul's Cathedral. Everything seems intended for St. Paul's Cathedral.

Made all my Notes; must go now to MARCUS STONE'S. Tea in the labour—I mean parlour. Will I prefer brandy-and-soda? Well, just to please him, will take bransoda; just drink luck to pictures. By the way, what is pictures—I should say, are pictures—yours his—this year? He doesn't know what to call it. Will I give it a name? I say, Bransoda. MARCUS says, wishes he'd thought of it before, as it would have made fine decorative subject for St. Paul's. Why do they all want to decorate St. Paul's? Must go back and ask ARMITAGE. MARCUS says, "Don't go to sleep." I'm not going to sleep, I tell him,—only thinking,—with Notebook in hand. I'll give him a name for his picture—"The Stolen Keys." Why Stolen Keys? Why, hang it, doesn't he remember his own work? That was "Stealing the Keys," long ago. Then, by this time, the keys are stolen; any subsequent picture could be called "Stolen Keys." Somehow, MARCUS seems to fade away from me, and float off as in a vision. Odd, this effect. I'm afraid I shall have to go to an oculist. And then, I'm getting so sleepy. That's three times to-day I've fallen asleep while I've been talking; and I've often noticed this in other people when I've been talking; and I've attributed it to their ill health. Must consult Solicitor—I mean Doctor. No one in Studio. Servant says Master 'bliged to go out,—but can she give me anything? No, thanks. Off.

I begin to feel quite fresh again. Must have slept longer than I had imagined. Must now go and see P. R. MORRIS, HERKOMER, DICKSEE, PETTIE, and RIVIERE. Not half done yet. On the road stop at the Three Witches' Cavern to see MACBETH; then to MACWHIRTER'S, then to MACWHISTLER'S. Then to St. John's Wood Division. After MACBETH ought to see the Cauldron,—no, the CALDERON. Ah! MACWHIRTER. Bless him! Recollect his story in German, The Sorrows of MACWHIRTER. Just caught him. Not seen him for years. How's all at home wi' ye? Whiskey first-rate; never tasted anything equal to it. The whiskey-and-water sketch of

"*The Arch in Tite Street*," intended for the decoration of St. Paul's, is a masterpiece. So's "*The Truck in a Whirlwind*." Splendid: so strong: couldn't take more than two small glasses. I regret to say that Miss HILDA MONTALBA wasn't at home, at least so the servant informed me, though I can almost swear to Miss MONTALBA's head over the window-blinds. However, that's her affair, not mine. I make this note as I rest on the door-steps. I am at my post—the door-post—I am quite caperable—I am waiting in the gloaming—I am waiting here for you. One bumper at parting on the door-step—it was a bumper—sat down suddenly, then sat up. Sudden shock to system wakes system up. Cab. Hi!

Getting late. Shall go back, and dine with President. Promised to return, and see his pictures. Home, dress first. In the evening can go another round, and see pictures by gaslight. Cab! Home.

After dinner. Late. Same cab. Couldn't get to President's. Went round lots of Studios. Couldn't get in. Ascertain that Mr. PRINSEP is painting "*The Indian Rubber*." Portraits of four Rajahs at Whist. Mr. ORCHARDSON's picture is "*Hooking the West-Gate and ganging free*." Scene in the Isle of Thanet. Mr. FAED is finishing a fine exterior representing "*A Highlandman outside a Tobacconist's*." Sir JOHN GILBERT is doing a picture of "*Knightsbridge in the Olden Time*." Mr. HALSWELLE's that-Ends-Well's picture is "*Receiving a River Ghost, or Welcome Shade*." Beautiful subject, he says. I met him on doorstep with latchkey. Couldn't show it me now as gas turned off. Couldn't ask me in as there was severe epidemic in the house, oil-fever. I make notes on doorstep. He says picture very fine. Fens. Murky blue sky. Meadows and moonlight. Sheep in an oak. Breezy and sunny. Spot barred. Winter in foreground. Grass mingling with branches. Hot summer day. Good-night. Very kind to give information. . . . Cab. . . . Stop! E. A. WARD going home. Hi! What picture, eh? Going to make a hit with another 'Shy'—ha! ha! Good night! What does he mean? On we goes again—drive round the Studios. Just found Sir FREDERICK on doorstep, going in. . . . What cheer! . . . Sir FRED most polite, would ask me in. But has made a vow not to see anyone in Lent after midnight. Very sorry—would give worlds to break oath—but can't—can tell me anything outside—good—what's subjects? He says not WATTS, LEIGHTON—explanation—his subjects are—damsel—doll—sash—auburn—Greek—Liar—Singing—Good-night—bye—see soon—dine—next. . . . Where's cab? Home sweet Home. What! Two guineas' worth of cab! Non-possible. Card. Summons me if you like. Row. No money to-night. Must sell out at a loss. Call to-morrow. All right. G'night. Bed.

* * * Our readers will see that these Notes were made in circumstances over which the writer evidently had no control, but they are worth publishing intact for the sake of the rare and valuable information they contain.—ED.



"HONOURABLE INTENTIONS."

Stern Patient Shaw-Lefevre (to General Public). "Oh yes, you must pay your addresses in due form to Miss Telegraphina."

QUITE THE WRONG MAN.

(Our Own Condensed Shilling Dreadful.)

CHAPTER I.—THE NOVELIST'S RESOLVE.

WILLIAM VAN DONOP O'DWYER, Poet and Novelist, of Hiberno-Batavian descent, had been the pride of New York fiction.



"America for the Americans," was one of his mottoes in the conduct of his Art, others were, "None but native impressions," "No international complications," "Incidents are vulgar." It was O'DWYER's boast that there was never an European character in all his tales, that he had never visited Europe, and had never seen a Prince, even in a photograph. Yet he plumed himself, and correctly, on speaking English without a

trace of Transatlantic accent. Altogether he was a very remarkable man and Novelist.

The public is fickle. O'DWYER's productions, so patriotically exclusive, ceased to be praised. Readers asked for something more varied, cosmopolitan, and exciting.

Behold O'DWYER as the argent rays of his reading-lamp etch out the lines of his thin, dark, studious face, and are absorbed by the violet velvet coverings of his costly furniture.

A pile of Reviews of his last patriotic novels, all unfavourable, lie around him.

O'DWYER arose from his luxurious couch.

"These scribblers shall have what they want," he cried. "They shall have Europe, they shall have Dukes, nay, they shall have Princes, they shall have dynamite and disguises."

Having uttered this vow, the heroic Novelist drew from his breast a small golden *cahier* with golden edges, and a patent key. In this he jotted down some of the ideas for an European Romance of the day, just as they thronged into his inspired imagination.

Next he called his valet, bade him pack his valises, and in an hour O'DWYER was moving Eastward Ho, ready for the invasion of London, for the conquest of new fields of Art.

CHAPTER II.—IN PALL MALL.

'Twas half-past six o'clock. 'Twas evening in Pall Mall and in the Season. The late yellow light, flooding down that avenue of palaces, lit up the keen features of O'DWYER, who had just reached his base of operations. A Lady of great loveliness bowed to him profoundly from her elegant equipage, as she was whirled past by two brilliant bays. O'DWYER's hat was at once in his hand.

"How unlike what I have always believed of England!" he said. "I have taken the British for a cold race, uninterested in literary merit, especially when foreign. Yet here—"

O'DWYER touched his hat in what he conceived to be the fashion of a military salute.

The tall Guardsman on duty at Blenheim House had just presented arms to him as he went by.

"Extraordinary!" he muttered. "The most bewitching and high-toned Ladies in the land,—though nobody," he added, recollecting himself, "would look round at them if they passed on Broadway,—are bowing to me, all the time, out of all the carriages. Every hat off wherever I go! The very Soldier on the stoop of that red-brick house saluting! My Novels, especially my *Rose of Newport*, must be better appreciated in England than I had supposed."

O'DWYER left a card for a friend at the Blenheim Club. As he came out into the street, he nearly jostled a very well-dressed man, with a gardenia in his button-hole, who bowed, and apologised elaborately.

"Certainly a courteous people," said O'DWYER. The evening was falling. He took a Hansom and drove to his hotel, the "Shortham."

(Continued on Page 180.)



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Grandmamma. "HARK, DOROTHY! DO YOU HEAR THE PUFF-PUFF?"

Dorothy. "THE LOCOMOTIVE, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN, GRANDMAMMA!"

"CEAD MILE FÁILTHI!"

A HUNDRED thousand welcomes! Yes, HIBERNIA would not shame
The traditions of her Island, which, through all its storied past,
Has earned for hospitality an honourable name,
She would cherish to the last.

They come in cheery confidence and genuine goodwill,
The pair of Royal Visitors. The Green Isle of the West,
Like the Desert, ever holdeth all its courtesy and skill
At the service of a Guest.

She comes, our sweet Princess, like the Lady in the song
That Erin's favourite singer shaped from Erin's legends hoar,*
In the faith that in all Ireland none would work her scathe or wrong,
Though she paced from shore to shore.

Like the bright gold ring that Lady bore aloft upon her wand
Our Princess bears a jewel—'tis the flawless gem of Trust;
And if *she* find a foeman in the chivalrous old land,
Sure his soul must be of dust!

No! On Erin's pride and honour, like that maiden of the smile,
She relies, and so relying shall be lighted safe and sound,
Like the Lady of the legend, o'er each foot of the Green Isle
Where an Irish heart is found.

So HIBERNIA says, be sure, and hath nought but chiding stern
For such churlish errant children as her honour would disgrace
By parade of ancient enmities, which all too long may burn
In the bosom of a race.

They are fools who lend them fuel, whosoever they may be,
"Cold-hearted Saxons" here, or hot-headed Pats out there;
Let the firebrands stand aside, and soon blue-eyed Hope shall see
The last breath of black Despair.

* See MOORE's song, "*Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.*"

"OPEN SESAME!"

PEOPLE have long been arguing—and with their arguments *Mr. Punch* sympathises—in favour of opening the National Gallery on Sundays, in order that those who get few other holidays may have a chance of looking at the Pictures on that day. The week in which Good Friday fell was, however, a week in which many of the class whom Sunday opening is intended to benefit *did* get holidays. Well, "X." writes to the *Times* this month to say that, on the Thursday and Saturday in that particular week, the National Gallery was—open rather earlier, and closed rather later than usual? Not at all! It was "closed for cleaning." So that any laborious, but Art-loving artisan or poor clerk who might fancy a peep at the new Raphael or Vandyke that the Nation has paid so much money for on either of those days wouldn't be able to get it, the Galleries in which they are displayed being in a state of "mops and brooms." If, in disgust, he should have got into a similar condition—figuratively speaking—that would be advanced as a reason, *not* for opening Galleries, but for closing Public-houses. If "X." is right, it seems to *Mr. P.* that somebody else must be wrong here. Unless—which seems hardly likely—there is some *very* conclusive reason for closing the Gallery on those particular days, having them closed in the face of those who then might seek entrance, appears to be a "superfluity of naughtiness."

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW ARRANGEMENTS AT THE PHILHARMONIC.
—In order to make the St. James's Music-Hall thoroughly enjoyable, and a formidable rival to the Pavilion and other similar establishments, we are pleased to hear, though we repeat the information with the greatest caution and without expressing the least confidence in our informant, that the Directors contemplate setting apart the centre portion of the Gallery for Smokers, and refreshments may be served here only during the intervals. Any Waiter uncorking a bottle of effervescing drink during the performance of Music, will be instantly dismissed, as it is not intended to mix the Philharmonic up with the "Pops."



“CEAD MILE FAITHI”!!!

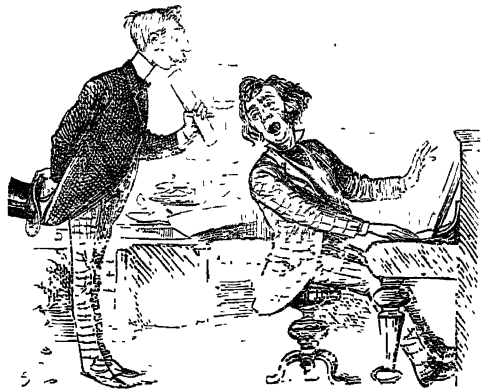
HEIN. “BEHAVE NOW, YE MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE DIVIL! WOULD YE DISGRACE THE FAMILY?”

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY MUSICAL CLIENT.

"BRIEF, Sir!" said my admirable and excellent Clerk to me one morning, as he opened the door of my Chambers.

I looked at the bundle of papers which had been so unexpectedly placed in my hands with astonishment and joy, and carried it in triumph to my desk. The news of the glorious affair was quickly circulated, and numbers of my professional friends practising on



Representatives of the Bar.

the same staircase dropped in to offer me personally their hearty congratulations. My brief was passed from hand to hand, provoking expressions of envy and admiration. It was immediately admitted to be perfectly genuine.

"As I expected!" at length exclaimed one of my friends, who invariably fills

the part of a Killjoy. "It is from HANDEL MOANS."

"What sort of man is he?" I asked, rather nervously, as my friend's tone was calculated to arouse apprehension. "Quite rational, I suppose. Not—"

"Oh, no," was the answer, "not that. Only very eccentric."

I explained that I had no evidence of his eccentricity before me. On the contrary, I considered his sending me a brief a very sensible and proper proceeding.

"No doubt," was the dry response; "but I don't think you would have got it had BROWNE been in the way."

And as this seemed to be the general impression, there was no more to be said. On the retirement of my visitors, my Clerk informed me that the papers had been left by a small boy, with a message that Mr. HANDEL MOANS would like to see me at once. I waited for some time in expectation of his coming, but as he did not appear, I determined to visit him myself. I do not stand upon ceremony when my clients' interests are at stake. I argued that at that very moment he might be eagerly looking for my assistance.

I hurried to the address on my brief, Paint Alley, Strand, W.C. As I passed in, I heard the sounds of a piano, upon which was being played, with much brilliancy of touch, a sort of French jig, and reflected that such music must be a sad disturbance to Mr. MOANS, deeply engrossed in the business of his numerous clients.

Two minutes later I was ushered into Mr. MOANS' sanctum. A gentleman, with long black hair, sprang up from a piano at which he was seated, and shook hands with me with a heartiness perfectly painful.

"I expected to see Mr. MOANS," I faltered out. "Do you know when he will be back?"

"My name is MOANS—HANDEL MOANS," returned the long-haired gentleman; "and I want your advice."

Recovering from my astonishment, I said I supposed he wished to consult with me about *Stocks versus Stubbings*.

"Oh, *Stocks versus Stubbings* be blowed!"—I regret to say he used rather a stronger word than "blowed"—"BROWNE will tell us all about that. No; I want to ask you about—*this*."

And before I could compose myself to listen to an expected intricate point of law, he had turned round on his piano-stool and was strumming away on the instrument before him with the utmost energy, the sort of French jig I had already heard.

"There!" he said, finishing with a bang, "how's that for *Prince Pipsywipsy*?"

I was puzzled what to reply. I had read the instructions I had received in *Stocks versus Stubbings*, but did not remember the name of Prince PIPSWIPSY—nor in fact any other Scion of Royalty. The case seemed to me to turn upon an alleged assault with a pint pot, said to have been committed, in a moment of extreme irritation, upon the husband of a charwoman.

"Was that the music that was the cause of the quarrel?" I asked after some consideration.

Mr. HANDEL MOANS stared at me for a moment, still smiling, but not quite so cordially. At last he asked me if I were "BRIEFLESS?"

"And," he continued, "aren't you a member of the Green Curtain Club, and didn't you write the words of '*Hansom is as Hansom does, or the Piccadilly Cabby*'?"

I saw the error at a glance! Mr. HANDEL MOANS had mistaken me for a cousin of mine of the same name, with whom I am on very distant terms. I explained my identity.

"Ah! but you belong to the same family, and I daresay have lent your cousin a helping hand before now," said Mr. MOANS with returning heartiness. "Now, isn't this yours?" And before I could reply, he sang in stentorian tones the following doggerel:—

"In and out the Law Court,
With a 'How d'ye do?' 'Tar-tar!'
A doing of the 'Rorty Tort'
And Reading for the Bar!"

As I have a scrupulous regard for truth, I confessed that I had had something to do with "*The Outer Temple Man*" (of which the above was the refrain), although entirely repudiating the chorus.

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. MOANS, "as the chorus is the best part of it. However, I am glad I sent you the brief, although I don't suppose BROWNE will ever let us hear the end of it."

On further investigation it turned out that Mr. MOANS, having several members of the theatrical "profession" as clients, had managed to get an *Opéra Bouffe*, of which he was the composer, accepted at a West End theatre. He was at that moment engaged in rehearsing his bantling, leaving the business of his own profession in the hands of his chief clerk, Mr. BROWNE. I regret to say that when that person discovered I had been briefed by his master, he obstinately refused to afford me any assistance, and I had to get all my instructions from Mr. HANDEL MOANS himself. It was a very difficult task. I had to run my client to earth on the stage of the Terpsichore Theatre, where I held hurried consultations which he used to mix up with details connected with his *Opéra Bouffe*, and consequently we sometimes made mistakes.

It may be asked why I went on with the matter? I can only reply that by some unlucky chance (I believe that that villain BROWNE was at the bottom of it) the husband of the charwoman got hold of my name and address, and made me personally responsible for every unpleasantness. At length the position became so embarrassing that I determined to have it out with my client, and tell him that if he did not immediately pay proper attention to *Stocks versus Stubbings* I must return my brief. I accosted him once again behind the scenes at the Terpsichore Theatre.

"Return your brief!" he exclaimed. "Why, my friend, you never had such a chance in your life. And now don't bother any more about that affair, but look through the slit in the curtain at the House. Not bad for a second night, although the Press has given us a slating."

The First Act was over. I looked through the hole as requested, and noticed that there was rather a thin audience, except in the Dress-circle, which was nearly full. However, to balance their numbers in this part of the auditorium, the spectators (who were constantly turning their heads towards the box-doors as if eagerly expecting the entrance of someone) seemed to be either almost moved to tears, or with difficulty controlling the most savage anger. I called Mr. MOANS' attention to their emotions.

"Oh, it isn't at the piece," he replied, quickly, "you see I told a few of my clients to meet me here this evening, on the second night, when the opera would have been produced, and I could have time to attend to them. But the fact is there is such a lot of things still to do, that to keep them quiet I have had to have them all passed into the Dress-circle to wait for me." And, calling to the property-man to follow him, he was seen no more that evening.

When I reached home, I heard that there had been a disturbance with the husband of the charwoman, whose wrongs had driven him to drinking. Fortunately I had just received an offer to take my house furnished from a quiet Country Clergyman who, having let his sea-side residence, was anxious to come to London for a little relaxation. I closed with him at once, leaving him (as a man of peace) to settle with the charwoman's husband while I and my family went quietly down the next morning to Southend for a holiday. After the inquest I returned to town and resumed practice. One day, passing by Paint Alley, I thought I would look-up Mr. HANDEL MOANS, and see if there was any chance of renewing my connection; for truth to tell, I really could not afford to lose a client in those days (it was some years ago)—nay, I cannot afford to lose one even now.

"Now, Sir," cried a bullying-looking person, who was occupying Mr. MOANS' chair, "I tell you that if you are Prince PIPSWIPSY's husband, as I suppose you are, you won't get a penny more. Mr. HANDEL MOANS has sold his practice to me, and has gone to Russia as the Musical Conductor of a travelling Burlesque Company."

"But I am not Prince PIPSWIPSY's husband," I replied, with a conciliatory smile. "The fact is I was professionally engaged in '*Stocks versus Stubbings*,' and—"

"Ah, to be sure," returned Mr. MOANS' successor, grimly. "Well, we sent the charwoman's husband into penal servitude for life, and as for you, Sir, it is my impression that you won't get much from this office—no, Sir, not much." And, in spite of his brutal frankness, he was quite right—I have never got any!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



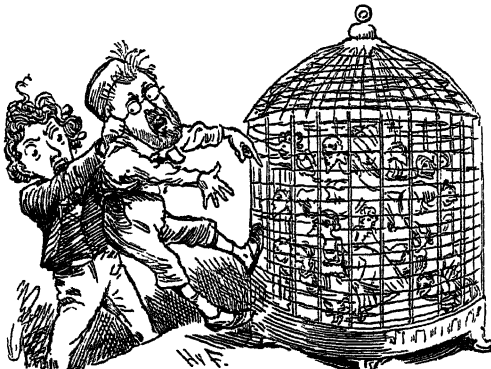
MEDICAL.

Regimental Doctor (to Man with Sprained Foot). "UM! KEEP YOUR LEG IN THIS POSITION, AND I'LL SEND YOU SOME WHISKEY LOTION."
Patient (persuasively). "SURE, DOCTOR, THIN YOU'LL LET IT BE IRISH!"

THE LADIES' "GRILLERY."

AS IT IS NOW.

Mary. How fortunate we've got a seat at last. That four hours of standing about the corridors nearly killed me.



"Spot-Barred"; or, "The Grillery" in the House, that one Mischievous Boy wants to open but a Good Boy wouldn't let him.

Elizabeth. Don't talk of it! Anyhow we're here now. How exciting! Can you see anything?

Mary. No, nothing. But I can hear—a distant murmur!

Elizabeth (enthusiastically). So can I! Just listen! Perhaps it's a Member being suspended. Oh, why did they put up that stupid grating? (Both stand up on their seats, and crane forward.)

Mary. Ah, this is glorious. I can see a man's head underneath me. It must be the SPEAKER! Or do you think it is Mr. GLADSTONE? I wish I knew.

Female Habituee. That's the Reporters' Gallery you're looking at now. The SPEAKER sits beneath—you can just see the canopy over his Chair.

Mary. Oh, thanks! And—yes—I can really see dust on the top of it. How delightful!

Elizabeth. Have you got the ear-trumpet with you. I believe that's Tom's voice speaking now. Can you hear him?

Mary. Not a word. But I fancy I can see some distant figures flitting about; I think that's Mr. BRADLAUGH's head I see through the grating.

Elizabeth (excited). Oh where?

Mary. Near the door. Ready to rush out, I suppose, if the ushers catch sight of him.

Elizabeth (after half-an-hour of this sort of thing). I should really enjoy it tremendously, if I knew what was going on at all.

Mary. And if all the fumes of the Chamber did not rise up into our cage. I feel half suffocated already. Suppose we go, and read all about what they're discussing in to-morrow's papers?

AS IT MAY BE SOME DAY.

Mary (in a luxurious stall, in full view of the Treasury Benches). Really, it's almost as comfortable as a Theatre.

Elizabeth. And how good of the SPEAKER to send up that message saying that he'll be sure to catch Tom's eye in time to enable us to hear his speech and get back home by eleven!

Mary. Poor Tom's rather nervous. He didn't want me to come, you know. He says he thinks the old gallery for Ladies was much the best.

Elizabeth. How very ungallant—almost unparliamentary! But why is Mr. GLADSTONE feeling underneath his seat now?

Mary. Hush! The Usher is looking at you. Perhaps he's going to throw something at Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. They say he gets very excited at times.

Elizabeth. What handsome men some of the Conservatives are!

Mary (blushing). Oh no, I think the Liberals are much handsomer. There's that dear Captain EVERGREEN—he nodded up at me just now!

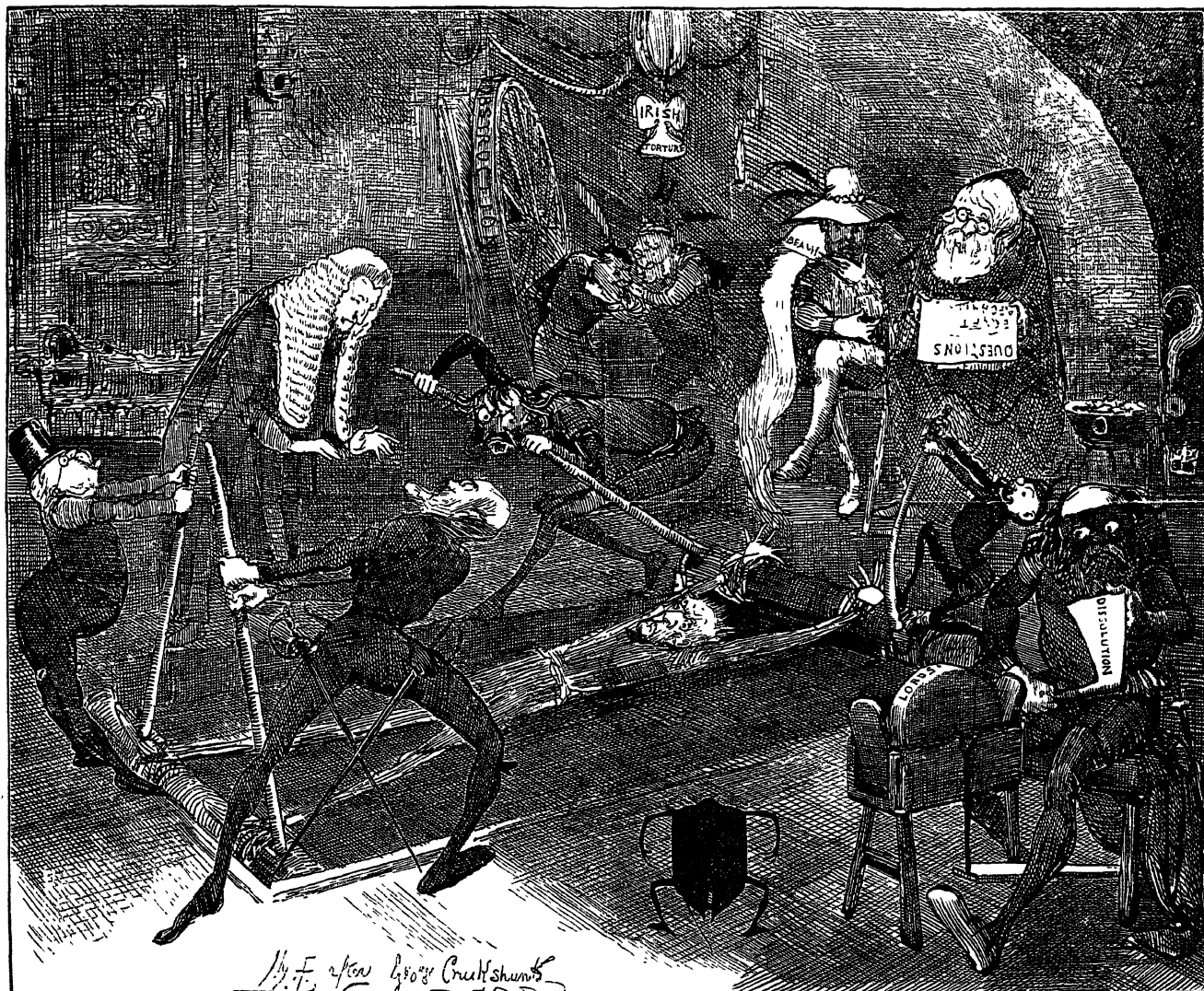
Elizabeth (signalling to the Sergeant-at-Arms). Oh, could you give me a copy of the programme, please?

Sergeant-at-Arms. With great pleasure. (Hands her copy of the Orders of the Day, &c.) And perhaps you would like an ice?

Elizabeth. Yes; two strawberries, please. It's most kind of the SPEAKER to provide them gratis.

Mary. Very. Oh, I see Captain EVERGREEN coming this way. He'll have a chat with us, no doubt! Really an evening at the House of Commons is now becoming quite a little holiday.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE TORTURE CHAMBER. QUESTION-TIME.

A Scene at St. Stephen's, Westminster—after George Cruikshank's Illustrations in "The Tower of London," &c.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 30.—Fifty-nine Questions on the paper for to-night; twenty-nine Irish, of usual thrilling interest, though we haven't yet reached that one which stands in the name of JOSEPH GILLIS, and inquires about alleged delinquencies at the Post-Office, 292, Fulham Road. Remarkable man, JOSEPH. Whilst everybody thought his attention concentrated on the iniquities of the Guardians of the Ballyahoy Union, he has had his eye on Fulham Road. Thoroughfare hitherto rejoiced in conviction that it was so long and unwieldy, might pursue its course with impunity. If JOEY B. was on the look-out for anything in London, he would take a nice quiet short street like Stratton Street, or New Burlington Street, for example. Nothing shorter than Fulham Road suits genius of JOSEPH, and no number less than 292 excites his interest.

Nobody minds Irish Questions, not even CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who reads, without emotion, prodigious answers Irish Office places in his hands. By-and-by, when he's stronger in his place, C. B. will doubtless summarise these little histories, which are as minute as a description in the *Police Gazette*, and as scrupulously informing as a Town Directory. No reason why answers to Irish Members should be more voluminous than replies on matters of Imperial interest. Chief Secretary should study answers of Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, which are models of brevity and perspicuity.

"I am out of it now myself," says TREVELYAN. "But I never come in here at half-past four without thinking of the Torture

Chamber. — Daresay, TOBY, you never read HARRISON AINSWORTH now. Should look up his *Tower of London*. Picture there, by CRUIKSHANK, of the Torture Chamber. Always see it when questions going forward. GLADSTONE lying on the rack; ASHMEAD BARTLETT, WOLFF, GORST (and the dear Lord RANDOLPH, when he was here) hauling at the machinery; the SPEAKER looking on to see that the victim is not quite done to death; NORTHCOTE and BEACH regard scene not with open approval, but perhaps not without secret joy. Then, in the mind's eye, though not present in the flesh, one can see the Markiss as CRUIKSHANK'S Headsman, sharpening his axe of dissolution—which, by the way, upon further consideration, he's not been so ready in flashing as he was wont to be. They abolished the old Torture Chamber; but they have left us one that is equally cruel in its action. *Experientia docet*."

Proposed to go into Committee on Civil Service Estimates; but Ladies' Gallery to be discussed first. GORST, who kicked up such fearful row about supposed abandonment of New Guinea to Germany, now wants to give up Heligoland; at which BEACH is properly shocked, and suggests that GORST is laying a trap for ingenuous Government.

GORST unusually active to-night. Earlier in sitting appeared with brief for ZEBEHR PASHA, wanting to know under what law that interesting person is detained a prisoner at Gibraltar without being brought to trial.

"I believe," said HARCOURT, "that if GORST had been in the

House of Commons in the Session of 1815, he would have asked the Attorney-General under what law the Emperor NAPOLEON was detained at St. Helena."

Finally the Irish Members came on with the perennial question of Inspector MURPHY, on which they talked till midnight.

"Always thought you were against the police," I said to my friend JOSEPH GILLIS, as we rode home in 'bus together. "How is it you're always championing Policeman MURPHY? Did you always admire him?"

"No," said JOSEPH B., with his charming frankness; "only since he was dismissed the Force."

Business done.—A couple of Votes in Civil Service Estimates.

Tuesday.—More of the Torture Chamber. HARTINGTON still on the rack. W. E. G. down at Brighton. Report current in House that he was seen there this morning, dressed in serge suit, short jacket, straw hat with blue ribbon ("Indomitable" stamped on it), walking up and down Pier with telescope under his arm. But this probably exaggeration.

Not much to be got out of HARTINGTON, though ASHMEAD BARTLETT turned the screws and pulled the levers, intending, as he said, to "leave not a rack behind." Principal Question of the day, whether House shall be permitted to rise for Adjournment at Seven o'Clock, or whether SPEAKER, Officials, and a Quorum of Members must be dragged down again at Nine? Rumours about of contemplated dirty trick on part of Parnellites. But no one believed it. Special arrangements made for letting them blow off steam yesterday. Really had nothing to talk about, till happy thought struck SEXTON of bringing over from Canada one JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, convicted of Fenianism twenty years ago, escaped from prison, and now wants permission to visit Canada and the old country.

This cannot be made to last very long. Dropped at Six o'Clock. Adjournment at Seven seemed certain. In despair, ARTHUR O'CONNOR obliged to fall back on Soudan. Proposes, amid cheers from JOSEPH GILLIS, to hand over to the Soudanese women the light-hearted and amiable gentleman at that moment promenading Parade at Brighton, and discussing weather forecast with Coast-guardsmen. W. REDMOND next started topic of meeting prohibited at Wexford. This also fell through. All this, bewildered reader must understand, took place on Question whether the House should at its rising adjourn for the Easter Recess.

Twenty minutes to Seven now. In ten minutes the debate, if not concluded, must stand adjourned, and House must meet again at Nine o'Clock. Parnellites almost in despair. KENNY saved them. Began a few remarks on French Fishermen on the Irish coast, which pleasantly whiled away remaining minutes, and, with groan of angry despair, Members found they must needs upset all their arrangements and return at Nine o'Clock. Having brought about this, the Parnellites did not even make pretence of keeping up debate, and at Ten o'Clock Motion for Adjournment was carried, and House separated till Thursday, April 9th.

"A glorious victory this," I said to JOSEPH GILLIS. "Perhaps a little tainted with breach of honourable understanding, but still worthy of an organised political party representative of a great Nation."

"Yes," said JOSEPH, twisting his comforter round his neck. "I think we did it pretty well. They could not believe we'd do such a thing. Never been done before. So we let them make all their arrangements, and then came in and tipped them over."

And JOSEPH laughed. I'm afraid he's a little dense. Anyone else would have seen I was speaking sarcastically.



"SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS.—Cut them as short as you can. Every Telegram must be likewise an Epigram.

QUITE THE WRONG MAN.

(Continued from Page 173.)

CHAPTER III.—THE COURTEOUS STRANGER.

O'DWYER had dined—rapidly, with electric speed, after the manner of his race. He sauntered into the Hall of the "Shortham," partly with the purpose of ascertaining whether a Hairdresser and a Dentist, essential to his Trans-Atlantic peace and comfort, were kept in the establishment, partly to make up his mind as to the choice of amusement for the evening.

In the vast and shadowy hall of the hostelry, reading the Bills of the various Theatres, O'DWYER beheld the courteous Stranger who had bowed so deeply after their casual encounter near the Blenheim Club. O'DWYER recognised him with his stately courtesy, and the two gradually entered into conversation.

"What can one see to-night of the entertainments of the people," asked O'DWYER.

"If I might presume, Sir, to offer a suggestion to one so skilled in all the finer arts of life," said the stranger, "and so well acquainted with the resources of the Metropolis, it would be that the performances of Miss O'BOTHERTON repay a visit."

"What can the man mean?" thought O'DWYER, "I don't know the resources of this foreign Metropolis."

"Miss O'BOTHERTON," the elaborate Stranger went on, "at the head of the Hiberno-American troupe,—quite a novelty, is bewitching the town as *Hermione*, in *A Winter's Tale*."

"So be it," replied O'DWYER, "*A Winter's Tale* for Midsummer Eve! May I hope to have the partnership, in this pleasure, of the gentleman who so kindly assists my selection with his judgment?"

"His princely courtesy," muttered the Stranger, aside, "almost unmans me! But my vow!" In three minutes, and a Hansom cab, the pair were on their way to the Mausoleum.

CHAPTER IV.—MISS O'BOTHERTON.

DESPITE the heat and the lateness of the season, Miss O'BOTHERTON, a slight, dark, lively *brunette*, was entrancing a crowded house at the Mausoleum. Deftly treading his way over the toes of the occupants of the Stalls, who rose with a polite alacrity, and stared with a curious interest that amazed him, O'DWYER followed his new friend to two unoccupied seats in an advantageous position. He was delighted with all he beheld, as a Patriot with the applause and bouquets showered on his beautiful countrywoman, as a Critic by the brilliant alacrity and *verve* with which she bustled merrily through her lively part. Her vivacious manner of glancing at the Gallery, when, after descending as a statue from the pedestal, she exclaims, "You gods, look down," charmed the austere O'DWYER.

"A perfectly novel and quite too audaciously infallible interpretation of the divine Bard," he murmured,—as he excitedly clapped his hands,—to his new acquaintance.

"She has indeed, Sir, as much wit and discretion as she has beauty," replied the Stranger, "and is an old family friend of my own besides. May I hope, Sir, that you will accept my humble hospitality, and 'meet with champagne and a chicken' in the society of *Hermione*?"

"You do a stranger too much honour," replied O'DWYER. "And when the lovely Statue descends, and 'is stone no more,' it shall be my pride to accompany you into her bewitching presence."

The Stranger bowed his acknowledgments, the Curtain fell, and O'DWYER was soon following his unexpectedly delightful host in the direction of the *foyer*.

NUMBER ONE.

SIR,—The time is fast approaching when somebody will write to the *Times* to say he has just heard the Cuckoo. I beg to forestall him, whoever he is, with another bit of news, and that is, that I've just seen a Fly! Not a Fly on four wheels, but a genuine full-grown Fly, with all his wits about him (or her) too, for I haven't been able to catch it. Perhaps, could I have caught this one, I might have been free from them all the Summer. As to the Cuckoo, I've often heard that within the last three weeks. He was inside a clock, and came out regularly once every hour. But the Fly is a serious matter. What does it portend?—Yours, A NATURAL.

FARRAR GOOD OF HIM.—During the past Lent, the admirers of the Archdeacon of Westminster have subsisted largely on Farrar-inaceous Food. He is reported to have said an excellent thing about Millionnaires not giving in proportion to their means, and then laughingly alluding to the gift as their "mite." Mite be much more. It was said on Palm Sunday evening, and it is to be hoped that every Millionnaire's palm had bank-notes in it to any amount for charitable purposes. Everyone who is not a Millionnaire thought it first-rate, and so true.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY PRIZE PUPIL.

FEELING that during the present plethora of Queen's Counsel I might prove a cause of embarrassment, if not indeed sorrowful annoyance, to the LORD CHANCELLOR if I applied to him for "Silk," I determined to utilise the privilege of a "Junior" by becoming a "Coach." Of course I did not for a moment expect to rival in success so popular a "guide, philosopher, and friend," as Mr. SHEARWOOD, the learned author of a number of admirable treatises, but I trusted that with diligence and study I might perhaps be able to help some faint-hearted and faltering student to climb up that combined ladder of Roman Law, Real Property, Common Law, and Equity, which leads to that proud pinnacle in the Temple of Forensic Fame known as the degree of Utter Barrister. To carry out this laudable, and I hoped lucrative programme, it became necessary for me to learn some law myself. Owing to a variety of circumstances, I had not made the science of my profession so much my especial study as its practice, consequently I found myself a little "rusty." However, I brushed up my schoolboy knowledge of the Classics, and fiercely tackled the Latin intricacies of JUSTINIAN, filling up the remainder of my time (except that, of course, devoted to my strictly professional duties) with peeps into JOSHUA WILLIAMS' little works upon Real and Personal Property, and glances at SNELL's excellent *brochure* upon Equity. After two terms and a long vacation's unceasing work, I ventured to test my knowledge by securing and attempting to answer (without the assistance of my text-books) the papers set for examination in Lincoln's Inn Hall. I allowed myself double the ordinary time to compensate for my lost youth. Having completed the task, I checked my replies with the *Bar Journal* with the following not ungratifying result. I found that in Roman Law I had answered one question partly right and several incorrectly, in Real Property all the questions incorrectly, in Common Law one question nearly right and many incorrectly, and in Equity one whole question entirely right and several incorrectly. Having thus attained to what I may fairly claim to call without laying myself open to the charge of intellectual arrogance, a state of high proficiency, I ventured to insert the following advertisement in some of our leading daily papers:—

TO GENTLEMEN wishing to adopt the BAR as a PROFESSION.—An Utter Barrister of one of the Inns of Court, of many years' standing, having a little spare time on his hands, caused by the occasional pauses in the proceedings incidental to a life employed in a most extensive Practice, is prepared to impart Instruction to a few Students desirous of climbing to the loftiest heights of a noble Profession. Apply for particulars to A. B. J., Pump Handle Court, Temple, E.C.

Business being slack at the time, I waited in my Chambers for days, in expectation of receiving some answer to my announcement. For a time I was disappointed. Still, I continued sitting with my wig, gown, and bands artistically grouped around me, to suggest that, although I took Pupils, I was still actively engaged in the duties of my Profession; and my perseverance was at length rewarded by the entrance of a visitor. The person who stood before me wore a long Newmarket coat, a very tight pair of trousers, a diamond horse-shoe pin, and a curly-brimmed hat. He was smoking a very strong cigar (for which he apologised), and carried a knotted-handled stick.

"Perhaps you will allow me to explain myself," he said, seating himself on a side-table, and upsetting my brief bag and its hidden store of co-operative luxuries. I bowed and toyed with my wig.

"The fact is I have made a bet that I will pass the Bar Examination within three months. I was dining a short time ago with a lot of chappies, and an old stick, of the name of WIGBLOCK—"

"Do you mean the eminent Queen's Counsel?" I asked.

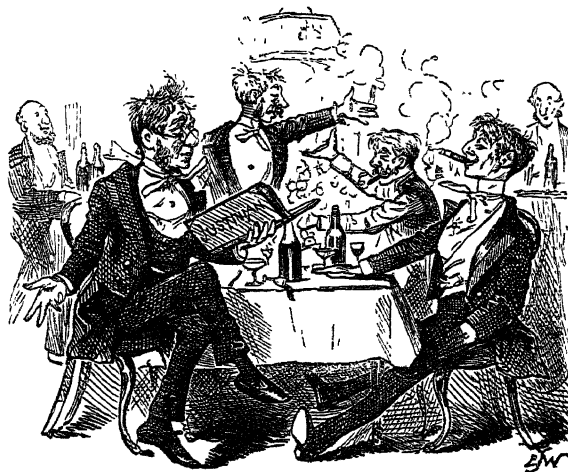
"That's the party. My name's HORSELAUGH. Well, old WIGBLOCK swore I knew nothing about law. I told him I knew as much as he,—and backed my opinion. Said I would pass the Bar Examination, more than he had ever done. I took him three to one that I would do the trick in three months' time. All the other chappies took me too. It looked too good a thing to miss. Well, as I am a bit short just now, I want to pull it off, if I can; so, seeing your Advertisement, and, thinking 'A. B. J.' sounded rather chirpy, I came to look you up—and, here I am."

Further inquiries brought out that my visitor and would-be pupil was a younger son of the Earl of STABLECLOTH. He seemed an energetic young gentleman, having already obtained entrance to an Inn of Court, and passed the Preliminary Examination.

"Well," said I, with a smile, "we cannot do better than commence at once. If you will kindly remove those briefs from that easy-chair, you will find a seat, and I will tell you something about the powers of a *paterfamilias*, and the full meaning of the word '*potestas*,' as shadowed forth by the Emperor JUSTINIAN."

"All right," said he. "But if you do, it must be in a Hansom. I am due at Tattersall's in half-an-hour, but if you like to come with me, we might chat it over in the cab."

And this was the commencement of our studies. Mr. HORSELAUGH turned out to be a thoroughly amiable young fellow, and I determined to do my best to help him to pass his Examination. True, his aim was scarcely to "climb to the loftiest heights of a noble Profession," being, in point of fact, rather to gain certain wagers unsanctioned by any Court of Law other than that of Honour; and yet his ambition was a noble one. I found that so general was the impression that he would fail to qualify (as much as twenty to one was offered against him freely), that it seemed certain that did he attain success, my fame as a "coach" would be established. His family were most anxious for his triumph, believing that his exertions were due to his intense desire to practise in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. Our reading had only one drawback—a serious one—that I was forced to accompany him on all his excursions. He pointed out to me that he could not really spare the time to give up any of his "engagements," so I had to test him in Personality between the races at Sandown, put him through his paces about Expressed Trusts during the pauses of a convivial Garrick Club Dinner, and see how he had progressed in Contracts when he had "cut out" of a rubber at the Portland. At first this caused some slight annoyance at my private residence, and I was tried in the Court of my Hearth and Home for coming in rather late one night, or early one morning, wearing somebody else's



Rapid Progress with a Slow Coach.

hat, and clasp in my hand a supper-bill from a well-known Leicester Square Restaurant. However, my defence, so far as it went, was deemed satisfactory. I explained that I had spent the evening in attempting to teach Mr. HORSELAUGH the distinction between a Contingent and a Vested Remainder.

At length the first Day of Examination arrived. The Council of Legal Education, no doubt to show their Spartan apathy for everything outside their scholastic duties, had selected a well-known sporting "fixture" for the date of the contest. I had had some difficulty in persuading my pupil to forego the pleasures of the Turf, to be present at Lincoln's Inn, but had ultimately succeeded by getting him to back himself for what he called the "Examination Selling Stakes," for further sums of money.

On the memorable morning I overslept myself, and, consequently, did not reach the Hall of Lincoln's Inn until the Candidates had taken their places within that handsome edifice. I rather regretted this, as I should have liked to have given Mr. HORSELAUGH a few additional hints about the incidents of Common Socage Tenure,—a matter about which he knew little or nothing. Trusting that the subject would not be broached either in the papers or *vis à voce*, I walked up and down in the gardens outside the Hall, awaiting anxiously the moment when Mr. HORSELAUGH would come out and give me an account of his adventures. The feeling of anxiety became so acute, that I determined to walk to my Chambers and back to kill the time of waiting. On reaching Pump-Handle Court, my admirable and excellent Clerk handed me a telegram. It was from my pupil, and was dated "Epsom"! He had preferred the Derby to the Bar, for he never again entered for an Examination!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

HER niece read out an account of the Enthronisation of the Bishop of LONDON, and in the procession were—"The Apparitor of the Dean and Chapter, the Apparitor of the Bishop—" "Don't let anyone say they don't believe in Ghosts after this!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM.



OUR LITERATES.

Principal of Theological College. "WELL, SNOOKSON, I HAVE READ YOUR PAPER, AND I'M SORRY TO SAY YOU ARE QUITE HOPELESS, AND I CANNOT POSSIBLY GIVE YOU A TESTAMUR!"

Snookson. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, THAT OF ALL THE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES I WAS EVER AT, THIS IS THE BEASTLIEST!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, April 9.—House met to-day after Easter Recess. Very small gathering. But the return of RANDOLPH makes up for the absence of many.



"Welcome, little Stranger!"

"Yes, he's come back with the violets and the primroses and the other most tender offerings of Spring," said WOLFF, gazing fondly at his revered Chief.

As for RANDOLPH, he resumed his old seat, and twirled moustache as if nothing particular had happened. Not affected even when STAFFORD NORTHCOTE rose from Front Bench, crossed the Gangway, and warmly shook his hand.

"Welcome, little Stranger!" said Sir STAFFORD.
"How do, old man? Keeping up your pecker?" said RANDOLPH. And the two parted. How simple are the ways of the Truly Great!

Though attendance small, excitement great. News has come that Russia has been "going it" on the frontier. Not going to war exactly; only killing five hundred Afghans, routing the rest, and taking a fortified town. What will GLADSTONE say to this? everybody asking. Then everybody discovers GLADSTONE not present. Excitement grows. "Where is he?" asked STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. "Coming presently," replied HARCOURT. Messages by telephone and messengers in cabs despatched to Downing Street. Presently PREMIER comes in, flushed and breathless, with a great red rose stuck in his button-hole.

"He's been walking in the Temple Gardens with DE STAAL, and has plucked a red rose," ARTHUR BALFOUR whispered to SCLATER-BOOTH. "De-Penjah upon it, it means war."

"They'd never walk in the Temple Gardens," says SCLATER-BOOTH, positively. "It's too public a place. Besides, there are no roses there. It's too early for 'em."

GLADSTONE confirmed the worst news about Russian advance. Spoke with manifest restraint that deepened the impression. House listened in silence, asked a few businesslike questions, and then went into Committee of Supply, discussing with all its heart and soul whether a sum of £8000 should be voted on account of Sheriffs' Court Houses in Scotland, and other burning questions of similar character.

Long discussion on vote for new Admiralty and War Offices. Sir PEEL led opposition. When division became imminent, left Front Bench and went over to Irish camp, openly soliciting aid.

"Which way is the Goovernment goin' to vote?" JOSEPH GILLIS asked, with his judicial air.

"For the estimate, of course," said Sir PEEL. "Then we'll go agin 'em," said J. B.; and they did.

Business done.—Some votes in Civil Service Estimates.

Friday.—Only thirteen Questions on the paper to-night, the odd one being Irish. Consequence was that before Five o'Clock House in Committee mending Seats Bill. Explanation of absence of Irish Questions found in fact of absence of Irish Secretary and Solicitor-General. Here's an obvious hint for the House. Double salaries of these two Ministers, and invite them to reside in Dublin during the Parliamentary Session. Beg to give notice that I shall move this on Civil Service Estimates on Vote for Salaries of Irish Law Lords.

Business done.—A long dull night, hammering away at the Seats Bill, which gets a little forrader.

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

[A Mr. ASHTON, living in London, was recently attacked by his own cat and two others, and so severely injured that he had to be taken to the Hospital.]

Good people all who keep a Cat,
A black, or white, or tabby,
Henceforth be careful what you're at,
Nor be your conduct shabby.
You hear the Pussies out at nights,
With voices loud and raucous,
Well, they're discussing feline rights,
A regular Cat Caucus.

Grown bold with speeches, next we find
Their conduct waxing ruder,
Three Cats attacked, with rage unkind,
A masculine intruder.
They covered both his hands and face
With horrid wounds and scratches,
They routed him with deep disgrace,
And left his clothes in patches.

Take warning then from this man's fate,
Nor bid the Cats defiance,
But rather try to formulate
The terms of an alliance.
Three Cats alone it seems began,
By raising wheals and blisters,
What if they join, 'gainst tyrant Man,
The band of shrieking Sisters!



THE M'GOSCHEN IN HIS CELEBRATED SWORD DANCE.

"Mr. GOSCHEN has been adopted by a majority as Liberal Candidate for the North-East Division of the City of Edinburgh."—*Daily Paper.*

"BLACKTHORN WINTER."

ALL Fools' Day has surely passed,
So that April should have come;
Yet still blows the keen March blast.
O'er the moon is glamour cast,
Or the Calendar a hum?

Lark has no man seen of late
Soaring as he sings on high.
There a cheerless, desolate,
Doleful, dreary cloud of slate
Colour, all o'erspreads the sky.

Ne'er a thristle pipes a note;
No, nor e'en the missel-thrush,
"Storm-cock" mute; a tuneless throat
Is the blackbird's, dove in cote
Coos not—quite too cold to gush.

All the juicy slugs and snails,
Which supply the songsters' food,
Lie benumbed with bitter gales;
Hushed are birds whose banquet
fails,
Now in no melodious mood.

Swallows, by migration due,
Should be hither on the way,

And the *Times's* cuckoo, too.
Their arrival they may rue;

Where they are had better stay:

Lest pneumonia lay them low,
Or bronchitis, and in head
They catch cold; their noses, so,
If they had, but they have no
Regular noses, would be red.

Turn, East Wind, to right about;
Nip no more our opening flowers.
Cease, Catarrh, to ail the snout:
Time it is, ye clouds, to spout
Mild and genial April showers.

WALES IN IRELAND.

(Our Own Extra-Special Correspondent in Ireland.)

Dublin Castle, the Green Room, North Wing.

"Av coorse, Mr. O'ROONEY," sed the Prince to me, quite affable-like, "ye comes with me. I'm goin' for a little airin' in the Sister Isle; and sure I couldn't git on at all at all without ye."



Mr. O'Rooney, Our Special.

"Yer Roial Highness," sez I, "that same little Erin will be proud to give ye bed, board, and behaviour, and the O'ROONEY will be proud to be at your elbow—more power to the same elbow!"

And, with thim simple words, the bargain was made—and here I am, with me fut on me native mud, and me heart burstin with love and loyalty.

It isn't for the likes av me to tell ye av all the preparations—how the "Harp that wanst" was tuk down from Tara's halls, and how "the Sir" played on it, and how he sported the Shamrock, larnt to twirl his shillelagh, toss off the contents av a Cruiskeen Lawn, goster with a Soggarth Aroon, gallivant with the Colleens (that came aisy to him), "Great Powers" av MOLL KELLY. Suffice it to say that the M-I-H House rehearsals wint to me complate satisfaction, and the Illustrious graciously attinded to me instructions. Through the O'ROONEYS havin' been Kings av Connaught in th' ould times, I was on tarms av frindliness with the Royal Visitor, and, though I do say it, so far he does me complate credit.

I find you a dairy av all our doins and sayins.

Euston. Wednesday Night.—All the Ambassadors and Prime Ministers av the world come to wish us "God Speed"—the Imperor av Germany sendin' Count MUNSTER, and the other powers Counts LEINSTER, ULSTER, and CONNAUGHT. We rush through Rugby, scream past Crews, and the Flying Irishman sweeps us, steamin' and pantin', into Holyhead, just as I had managed to impart the rudiments av "Spoil Five" to the staff, an' was doin' well with a plungin' Equerry.

Lovely passage. The Prince practised nis jig with the crew av the Captin's jig; sorra say-sarpint annoyed us thro' St. Patrick havin' banished thim from the Irish Channel, but the little fishes came up now and thin (as they used to do whin MILES-NA-BOUCICAULT ferried EILY across to Muckross Head) to take a peep at the Princess, and wonder how beautiful she was! Loyal soles, ivery wan av thim! In the mornin' I was up early an' up aloft, and signalled to the Squadron. "Boys, the Hill av Howth has its Ireland's eye on ye. Fire, ye devils!" And thin the poundin' began, and caught up the echo of the cheerin' that swept over the waves to us from the shore. The first man aboard was Admiral DE HORSEY, head of the de Horsey Marines, and him and all the other Admirals conversed with us, until the Lord Liftinant—the great Barbarossa himself (no relation to that spalpeen O'DONOVAN ROSSA I needn't say)—came up and welcomed the Royalties to Irish soil. On him and the bould Corporation of Kingstown the Princess flashed a sweet smile. It was like a bright ray av sunshine that gleamed and glinted against the purple say, an' it rippled right up to Bray-head, an' awoke all Dalkey, and stole up the brown sides of the "Three Rock" an' the "Sugar Loaf" like the first breath av Spring! It fairly fluttered the dove-cots av the sintries at the Pigeon House, and set their pigeon-breasts throbbin' with excitement, and b'lieve me, Sir, a sweet smile from a pretty woman, be she pisint or Princess, knows how to find its delightfully deluderin' way to soft Irish hearts.

Then out steps the Kingstown Commissioners, an' they says their say; and the Illustrious replies. I had me rough draught hid in me hat, but sorra word or prompt he wanted,—it's himself has the quiet an' aisy with him, I tell you! So to Westland Row—(only twenty minutes, so I hadn't time to do much with that Equerry,—but I have hopes)—where brave DICK MARTIN, Prisdint av the Citizens' Reception Committee, ups and says beautiful things, and hopes that the Prince would buy the ould ancestral Castle of the

O'ROONEYS, an' come over an' hunt, fish, shoot, race, dance, live, laugh, an' lay stones, an' lay the spirit av rebellious vulgarity. To him an' to Mr. EDWARD GUINNESS, at wanst the slimmest and yet stoutest of loyalists, the Illustrious responded; an' the little touch about "the country where courtesy an' hospitality have ever been the characteristics of the people," raised a cheer that rattled down Brunswick Street. In a corner I noticed sivinteen good men an' true, who had made a zebra for themselves. They were the sivinteen loyal Councillors av the Corporation, and they were the cyanide of potassium,—I mane, the cynosure of patriotism, an' all eyes.

"Sweet sivinteen!" said the Prince, smilin' at thim. An' indeed thim Corporate Cherubs deserve honourable mintion, as you shall see in due coorse.

One o' Clock.—Streets crowded, banners wavin', loyalty triumphant! Wan ould applewoman an' three dismissed Secretaries of Provincial Land Leagues, discovered speechless in the gutter. Interrogated, they are understood to say that they are "presarvin' a 'shpectful n'tral'ty." We lunch at the Castle. (As we do this every day, and generally retire there between the shows for a wash and a brush-up, I propose to save time by borrowin' a metamorphosis from Chess, and simply recordin' "Castles" for the future. Me friend, Herr SUGARTONGS, approves av this concise journalistic gambit.) The Di-Spencer av hospitalities in fine form, Adykongs flourishin' about, lovely Shebeens (Irish for Hebes), handin' round cups, liveried Leprechauns waitin' on us, long-banished Banshees flittin' about, a musician playin' with a Falconer's voice on the Dublin Recorder (a musical instrument peculiar to the Green Isle, and particularly to Green Street), sivinteen gold plates laid for the Corporators, and SPENCER'S "Fairy Queen" doin' the honours right Vice-royally! There's a sketch of a Royal luncheon with lashins an' lavins for you!"

At last time was up, the Equerry an' I gobbled up the last delicious savoury—*Savourneen deelish* they call it over here—shaughtrauned to the Illustrious—an ancient form of Celtic salutation—and with a final three times three, an' a "Tip—Tip—Tip—erary!" we went off to the Cattle Show.

Passin' the deserted and dissolute Mansion House, we noticed a melancholy pair in the top story lookin' the picture av despair, the new flag (only a week old) was doin' a little furtive flap on its own account whin it thought the Lord Mayor wasn't lookin', but we sang "Bye, bye, Baby Bunting!" and away with us to Ball's Bridge. BALL wasn't at home, but his bridge was, and here we met all the brave boys and purty girls av Dublin Town, the wits av the "Sheridan" and the University, the Rakes of "Kildare Street," the soldiers from Stephen's Green, the Friendly Brothers, the still unhristened Sackville Streeters, an' the sivinteen Municipalities. Such le'pin' an' jumpin' never was seen. Fences as high as Nelson's pillar-post-office, the glory of Sackville Street, an' brooks as broad as the Dodder were crossed like—well, like cheques whether they were "negotiable" or not, and thin we went to the Shorthorns. Here I encountered a dilemma. Sorra entry had been made in this class, and not a horn or tail, long or short, was to be seen.

The Lord-Liftinant was looking cross, Mr. GIBSON was growlin', and Mr. PLUNKETT peroratin' profusely, Lord POWERSCOURT weepin' like his own waterfall, the uncrowned King HARMAN, and Lord ARDILLAN, who came over with the Cong-quest, were in despair, and all the rest av the quality, the MURPHIES, the DOOLIES, an' RANNIGANS at their wits' end. But a quick word in the ear av Sir JOHN BARRINGTON did it, and whin we reached the pen, sure enough there were sivinteen stall-feds standin' with their backs to us. They looked as if their skins didn't fit them, to be sure, but anyhow they stood the proddin' an' the *virà voce* criticisms passed on them, an' as we drove home I secretly scored another good mark in favour of the loyal and devoted sivinteen.

Thursday.—We go slummin', an' find ourselves in the dirty depths av the Coombe. Save us! What sights an' smells!

"Ye percaive, Sir," sez I, with a twinkle, "that this isn't a Honey Coombe, anyhow!"

But the Prince, though he smiled, spoke grave and solemn. "It's no laughin' matter, TIM O'ROONEY. Poverty an' bad housin' are enemies that I've been tryin' to destroy in London, an' maybe I'll tackle them here. I'm obliged to Mr. HEALY for his suggestion." (This was, av coorse, annoyin' to the other TIM.) An' he ran up a rickety staircase, an', when we got up, it was a case of stare, I tell you! Howanever, for man, woman, an' child the Illustrious had a soft word; and so pleasant was he, that I had great difficulty in preventin' Mrs. O'MULLIGAN, the sub-lessee of a wan pair back in No. 14, from embracin' the Royal Visitor.

"Sure this is my drawin'-room," sez she, "and, wanst I'm

* We have no doubt of our Correspondent's Celtic terminology being perfectly correct, but are the "Shebeens" and "Leprechauns" exactly what he represents them? Mr. O'ROONEY is the soul of honour and integrity, and we wouldn't call in question any statement of his for a moment. He may accept our distinct assurance on this head, and need not trouble himself to call at our office, or send a friend, as we shan't be back in town again for some time.—ED.



"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

Artist (gazing on the bare Easel, after having sent his Picture to the Academy). "WILL IT BE HUNG?!"

prisinted, I'll take the starch out av all the other ladies up this Court!" We escaped, an', wandering through the dens that huddle round the base of St. Patrick's grey arches and towers, came on the Model Lodging Houses. Ireland is an artistic country, an' these nate villas was built to hold the various models, male and female, used by the painters and sculptors, and generally what they call "the Artist-an class." Sir THOMAS JONES, P.R.H.A., walked round with us, explaining the Models.*

"I should like to see all these poor folk at work," said the Illustrious, thoughtfully; and then Sir THOMAS showed him how to drop a penny in the slit av the letter-box, an' sure enough the *Models worked*. The Prince was delighted, an' sez to me, in a whisper, "Tim, that's quite *Coombe il faut*." An' I laughed, av course, knowin the Italian language well. Glanced at the Labourers' Cottages, but the Labourers were all out, layin' down a crimson carpet on the bed av the Liffy; and I saw me Illustrious Frind would be disappointed, not findin' the Celebrities at home. I promptly engaged him in a bargain for some red herrin's an' scrap iron as mementoes, while I hurried off a trusty Adykong with a secret despatch. Result, when we reached the first cottage, there, in rags and tatters, was seated sivinteen typical labourers, all busy makin' Limerick hams and laoe, weavin' poplin, distillin' whiskey, an' carvin' owls out av bog oak! The Prince gives each honest soul half-a-crown, and then—"Castles."

Two o' Clock. Levée.—I lunch off a private *entrées* reserved and served on a gold plate for myself, and then join the crowd. "Odds, Swords, and Silk Stookin's!" as me ancestor, Sir LUCIUS O'ROONEY, used to say, but it is a gran' sight! The soldiers and sailors bringin' custom to the tinkers and tailors in gettin' up their bravery, the Irish Bar singin' "*Wigs on the Green*," the Provost av Trinity College in a new cocked hat an' with the Book of Ballymote under his arm,† an' Dukes an' Bishops, residents

* Highly interesting: a hint for Holland Park.—Ed.

† "Heads of Colleges" in our day were not usually so adorned; however, Irish University Reform is a subject on which our Correspondent is well-informed. So we will not interfere—yet.—Ed.

an' absentees, an' all the quality squeezin' an' crushin' an' crowdin' to show their legs an' their loyalty to our Future King! There wasn't a hitch, not even among the naval officers, till we came to the door av the Prisence Chamber, and then the boys were compressed like air in a pop-gun. At intervals the door opened; Pop! Bang! a solid lump of Levee-ists was shot into the Prisence! Then the lump disintegrated itself, and its particles resolved themselves into bows and scrapes and crab-like waddles. Wan av these lumps described a graceful parabola, and fallin' right at the Royal feet, splintered into sivinteen pieces, and there were the brave Corporators! "United we fall, divided we stand," they said, as they picked themselves up and made their beautiful bows. I noticed that each of them wore a new decoration, consisting of a brand-new half-crown slung on a blue ribbon, but how they got that half-crown, or what it signified, is a mystery that at this present writin' I dare not divulge.

After "Castling" with the Equerry, I looked in at the Alexandra College, where Miss LA TOUCHE and all her wise and merry maidens welcomed the fairy godmother of their big school. There I met nine real live Girl Graduates in hoods an' caps an' gowns! (The other girls wore gowns, too, but these gowns were—you understand.) The Nine Muses couldn't hold a candle to them, but, b'lieve me, these omniscient colleens had burnt many a candle in quest av the Muses before they dared to call themselves "Bachelors." I venture to suggest to Miss La-Look-but-you-mustn't-Touche—the Dowager Don present—that "Spinsters of Art" would be correcter like; but, with the spirit of *Lydia Languish*, they all laughed at me, scorned the suggestion, and, with one voice, exclaimed "BA!!"

The Visit a downright success, and I hereby record that ALEXANDER THE GREAT never won so great a triumph over his foes as did ALEXANDRA THE FAIR over her girl-friends' hearts in the College that bears her name. It's the blessed truth I'm tellin' ye.* "Castles," and dress for Drawin' Room.

Friday Night.—The Drawin' Room a great draw—all me cousins and aunts the HEGARTYS av Ballysoran came up for it, and brought th'ould yaller chariot with them that hadn't been used since the days av the Union. The HEGARTYS is a proud lot, and was all as rich as ould CROSOOTE long ago, but through the bad times an' the Famine, and the Fenians and Mr. PARNELL and his pack av Irish terriers brought them low in the world, up they would come with the other ancient tribes to make their bows in St. Patrick's Hall. Right well they looked as with noddin' plumes and excursion trains these ancient dames of high degree dropped their curtsies before the QUEEN's beautiful daughter-in-law. They were that happy; that I b'lieve they'd have shaken hands with a Land Commissioner, and proud they were to read the account av their dresses in the morrow's paper. "Miss PENELOPE HEGARTY's train an' cortege av raal gros Corney Grain de poult de poplin profusely plastered with ixpensive boulevards de Irish print"—and so on. I disremember the queer way they talk about petticoats at Court—"feathers and lappets," I should think so indeed! The ostrich that furnished me Aunt PENELOPE's superstructure must av caught his death av could, or hid his head in the sand with shame at the dismentionable figure the poor devil must have presented to all the other ostriches. "Ornaments: garnets" (in compliment to our Ginerall), "raal Irish diamonds, an' bog oak." "Miss BIDEA HEGARTY, same as sither." That was a document to be preserved in the muniment room at Ballysoran! See there now! Forty Addresses from Corporations, Colleges, an' States of Larnin' an' Art! I just gave them wan reply to divide amongst them. Left Provincial Mayor squabblin' over the last corner av it with all the energy in his corporate body, and—"Castles." Laid a foundation-stone, and then off with me to make a Bachelor av a Princess! The Girls gracefully draped the crimson and white round the Illustrious Lady; and there at last was a real *Princess Ida* for you! "Hip, hip, hurrah for the first Royal Mus. Bac.!" We all cheered, and then, at a sign from me, Aunt PENELOPE, the Duke of ABERCORN, an' Miss MULVANY, B.A., led off the strain of "*Come Mus. Bac. to Erin, dear Princess, Mavourneen!*"

Saturday.—Docks an' dinners an' meanderin's with Mr. MAHAFFY. Quiet day, but all want to the entire satisfaction of your Reprisintative, who, havin' played the opening week game, now proposes to rest, and, by your leave, "Castles" till the next move, av which you shall hear in due course.

* We don't doubt a word of it. It bears the stamp of truth on the very face of it.—Ed.

TACT.—The AMEER must be a singularly diplomatic person, if it be true, as reported, that he appeared, out of compliment to the English, in a Russian uniform.

SWEETS FOR SOLDIERS.—The Jam in the Rifle.



DEFEND YOURSELF FROM YOUR FRIENDS!

THAT KIND-HEARTED FELLOW, LOONEY, ALLOWS A LITTLE PICTURE (BY A PROMISING YOUNG FRIEND OF HIS ABROAD) TO BE EXHIBITED IN HIS STUDIO, ALONG WITH HIS OWN MORE IMPORTANT WORKS.

"ONLY HIS PLAY!"

"'ONLY his play!' What! that murderous hug!"
 Cries the suffering Wolf, with an agonised shrug.
 "If the Lion accepts explanation so lame
 As 'It's only his play!' and can't see Bruin's game;
 Then, in spite of his roar and his warlike display,
 I shall think my friend Lion is also at play."

THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW'S NEWS;

OR, WHAT NEXT?

(Very Newest Panic Style. N.B.—For further Illustration see Sensational Press of the hour.)

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

RECEPTION OF THE INTELLIGENCE IN THE LOBBIES.

THE reception of the intelligence in the Lobbies was, says the *Morning Steam-Roller*, even to those intimately acquainted with what may be termed the more family aspect of Parliamentary life, quite startling in its intensity. For the first five hours nobody could be got to believe it; and though several Members who had just seen the PRIME MINISTER calling wildly for smelling-salts, with blanched cheeks and his hair standing on end, went raving towards the waterside Terrace, with their teeth chattering in an agony of terror, they were merely looked out by order of the HOME SECRETARY, who apparently not yet in the secret, imagined that some excellent practical joke had been played upon a few distinguished foreigners visiting the Strangers' Gallery by a well-known high-spirited Radical below the Gangway. Later, however, as the real truth began to get known, the effect in every portion of the building was electrical. Conservatives and Liberals alike, Members of the Government and leaders of the Opposition, staggered towards the tea-room, weeping like children, and shaking each other's hand in silence. Perhaps the most striking, certainly the most characteristic

scene of all, was that supplied by a little picturesque crowd of reporters standing mutely round the prostrate form of the SPEAKER, who, having gone completely off his head, was quietly seated on the pavement, holding his wig under his arm as he endeavoured, with evident effort, but with an appealing smile, to whistle a portion of the bass of "*Rule, Britannia!*"

THE ACTIVITY AT THE ADMIRALTY.

As soon as the true position of affairs began to be fully realised this morning at the Admiralty, not a moment was lost in taking every possible step to hasten on some scheme for the consideration of precautionary measures, without further delay. Orders were at once sent to Portsmouth to refit the *Victory*, and purchase, and put into immediate commission as many of the vessels of the Ryde Steam Packet Company as could be regarded sea-worthy, and available for immediate active service against a powerful Iron-clad Fleet in the North Pacific. Favourable reports were received later in the day from Plymouth, where it is understood that, with the number of extra hands now taken on for over-time work, the *Cumbrous*, *Glutton*, *Swamper*, and *Styx*—all the bottoms of which had, owing to some trifling defect in their construction, suddenly come out during the progress of their respective trial-trips on the measured mile—will be ready for sea in the course of the next nineteen months. The patterns of the guns for these vessels, which are calculated, when chased by an enemy, to be able to steam quite seven knots an hour, are already attracting the attention of the Authorities at Woolwich; and it is confidently expected that, as soon as the vessels are afloat, experiments will be made forthwith to test their capabilities of carrying any at all.

THE FEELING IN AMERICA.

The excitement caused here by the news is tremendous, Wall Street speculators literally tearing each other to pieces, on it being reported this morning on good authority, that the entire fleet of passenger ships on all the Atlantic lines, comprising in all seventeen companies, had been purchased by the Russian Government, and paid for in advance in coupons of a new 13 per cent. loan issued at 32. The result of this announcement had a most exhilarating effect on all



“ONLY HIS PLAY.” (!!!)

“Russian force attacked the Afghans, killing 500 men.”—*Telegram, Thursday, April 9.*
“The Russian Government hope that this unhappily incident may not prevent the continuance of the negotiations.” (*Laughter.*)—*Mr. Gladstone, quoting M. de Giers, the same evening.*

Home Stocks, it being at once foreseen that if the whole carrying trade of the country should virtually go to the bottom of the Atlantic, native produce would command firmer and healthier prices. The fact that the British War Office have also within the last few hours bought by cable 15,000,000 tons of Canned Asparagus has caused a good effect. A long and bloody war is eagerly watched for, and will be hailed by thoughtful politicians of all parties as heralding a brisk period of unusual commercial satisfaction and prosperity.

PUBLIC OPINION ON THE CONTINENT.

THE *St. Petersburg Gazette* (semi-official), referring to the crisis, says that neither the tension on the London Stock Exchange nor the alleged dancing of the hornpipe by Mr. GLADSTONE at a Cabinet Council, are to be accounted for by such trifling incidents as the seizure of both banks of the Indus in force, and the precautionary shelling of Colombo; but it admits that in well-informed diplomatic circles it is thoroughly understood at Constantinople that if the situation becomes a little more acute (*un peu plus chaud*), the SULTAN will not only lend Russia his moral support, but cheerfully guarantee, for a small consideration, half the expenses of the opening campaign out of his own private means by notes of hand to any amount desired, payable at sight.

At Paris the news created at first some slight stir on the Bourse, the Preferred Shares of the *Compagnie des Bains de Mer Chauds Transatlantiques* showing a sympathetic downward movement, but there was a quick recovery later on, the rumour being circulated that in the event of Austro-Hungary and Germany throwing in their lot with Russia, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE would himself at once take the field with half a battery of muzzle-loading artillery and all the available troops now stationed at Aldershot.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

NO. VIII.—CORRESPONDENCE.



It may appear strange, and even incomprehensible to some, but the grievance that seems to produce a larger amount of irritability than any other is Correspondence, whether it be unnecessary, frivolous, and therefore vexatious, or illegible. This last especially is spoken of by many as causing perhaps a larger amount of profane language to be used than even brass bands.

I subjoin some specimens:—

SIR,—I am, I believe, blessed with a remarkably good temper, and I am fain to believe that I am rather singular in that respect, judging from the numerous specimens of dogged obstinacy and absurd irritability that I see around me. But my admirable temper is sorely tried by the mass of utterly frivolous correspondence with which I am deluged. I have, I regret to say, a large family connection, principally living in the country, and my wife, I even more regret to say, has a very large family connection, principally, but not exclusively, I regret to say, living in the country; and as I am naturally looked up to as the head of the family, or rather of the two families, from my presumed ample means, my spotless character, and my lofty position as a Common Councilman of the City of London, my advice is daily sought by some idiotic member of my illustrious race, upon such utterly frivolous matters that I positively rave with indignation, and reply in a way that brings me six or seven pages of pained remonstrance necessitating an ample apology. Fancy, Sir, being asked by an aged but wealthy female relative for an exact description of the dresses worn by the Sheriff's four beautiful children at the Lady Mayoress's Fancy Dress Ball, which, for certain domestic reasons, my wife was unable to attend. Of course I answered somewhat hastily and sarcastically—who would not, under

such provocation?—and back comes such a formal acknowledgment, and such ample expressions of regret at having troubled me, that I was occupied next day for hours in endeavouring to soothe her wounded feelings, and, I fear, in vain. I have lately had to enlarge my overburdened letter-box, and the weary Postman asked and obtained an extra Christmas-box for his additional labours on my behalf, and nearly the whole of it caused by such idiotic, or drivelling, or gushing rubbish as makes me ashamed of my race! C. C.

SIR,—I am a Public man—a Secretary to an important Public Company. My Board meet bi-weekly, and my first duty is to read the letters. They are numerous, and important, and require immediate attention. The time dedicated to that difficult task constitutes the plague and the terror of my otherwise very endurable existence. I am naturally of a very sensitive nature, and a word of irony or sarcasm seems at once to deprive me of the use of my ordinarily good faculties. Our Chairman is a keen, sarcastic, loud-voiced, busy man, to whom every hour is of pecuniary importance. The tray full of letters is placed before me, and my hour of agony begins. And why? Because of the shameful and utterly illegible scrawl in which many of them are written. When I arrive at one of these, I feel I am gradually losing my presence of mind, and, after one or two bad guesses, I find myself in wandering mazes lost. Why, there are some signatures to letters of importance that defy not only me, but even the Chairman, and every Member of the Board to decipher! Fancy a letter apparently with this signature, JOHN ILEYHWOGBYS. If I make a guess, more or less shrewd, at the name, and commence the letter, at my first break-down the sarcastic Chairman bids me spell the word, or else skip and go on, or, as a final degradation, to pass it round, and begin another, with possibly the same result. I remember on one occasion the Chairman, being much pressed for time, was urging me on in my wild career, when, from a fearfully-written letter, I read aloud as follows:—"The goods safe to hand, but, the lard cracking, caused a leakage." A shout of laughter ensued, which was repeated when the Chairman read out: "But the bad packing caused a breakage." Ever since then, whenever I hesitate, some booby kindly suggests that it may be the "cracking lard"—and I blush with anger. Oh, Gentlemen, Gentlemen, write as you please on other matters, but, when writing on business, pray write plainly, and earn the eternal gratitude of thousands of puzzled officials. E. B.

SIR,—What are we coming to as regards Correspondence? Is legible writing to be considered one of the lost Arts, like Sculpture or Stained Glass? I am, I am proud to say, looked upon as a Philanthropist, that is to say that, having abundant means and no expensive vices, I indulge myself in the luxury of doing good. It gives me but little trouble. What I give away is a superfluity that I can well spare, and my character for benevolence enables me to move among my fellow-men with that feeling of superiority, and that look of supreme self-satisfaction, so gratifying to the soul of a true Philanthropist. I read with rapture the glowing terms of admiration with which I am addressed by the needy crowd of applicants for my bounty, my one grievance being the almost illegible handwriting in which they are sometimes expressed. To such an extent does this prevail, that I have almost resolved in future to consign such effusions to the waste-paper basket without any attempt to decipher them, but then who can tell what sad cases I might neglect, or what rapturous effusions of gratitude I might lose!

Some two years ago I purchased the very largest Album that money could procure, and I cut out from the numberless letters I receive all the warm effusions and rapturous appellations, and the almost reverential expressions that flow so abundantly in response to bank-notes or cheques, in token of almost abject gratitude for favours received, and, possibly, for more to come, and these I carefully insert in my "Album of Gratitude," as I have rather prettily named it, and which forms a rather striking feature on my drawing-room table, and to the perusal of which I dedicate many leisure hours. I should like, if you can afford me room, to give you a specimen of what I have to endure in endeavouring to read applications from Ladies, but if not, my remonstrance may still be productive of some good to myself and my brother philanthropists. From obvious motives I decline to sign my name.

Specimen.

HIGHLY HONOURED SIR,

KNOWING your symphony is a very good work, I appeal to your highness with security that I may add a trophy to help me to publish it at home for that most malignant and overclouded race neither in lace, when they expend their ruminating, fearful days, far from the worry of indigestion, born of misguided samaritans and of muslin daughters, &c., &c.

Who could have believed that this proved to be an appeal to my sympathy on behalf of an Institution for the maligned and misunderstood race of Mothers-in-law, where they might spend their remaining peaceful days free from the worry and ill-disguised scorn of misjudging Sons-in-law, and of misled Daughters?



CANDOUR!

Mistress (catching the Butler helping himself to a Glass of "'34" Port). "JAMES!—I'M SURPRISED——"
Mr. James. "So AM I, MU'M! I THOUGHT YOU WAS OUT!"

CAB, SIR!—*Mr. Punch* has to acknowledge some further contributions forwarded to him in response to his appeal on behalf of the Cabman who was disabled in assisting to destroy a mad Newfoundland dog. These donations have been placed in the hands of *Mr. PARTRIDGE*, Sitting Magistrate at the Westminster Police Court, who has kindly taken the case in hand. The generous Donors will be glad to hear that the case has proved to be a very deserving one, and that a substantial sum has been subscribed. The money has been judiciously applied in relieving the Cabman, his wife, and five young children from distress, and conveying them to Devonshire, where they have every hope of being able to earn a living, whilst the balance has been lodged for them in a Post Office Savings Bank.

"UP WENT THE PRICE OF MEAT!"—At that "emporium of hogs and canned beef," as the *Times* calls Chicago, the provision-mongers, having prophesied that in the event of war breaking out they would all make their fortunes, are now known as "The Prog-nosticatorers."

AFGHAN VERSION OF "J'Y SUIS, J'Y RESTE."—I Am-eer and 'eer I am!

THE BALLAD OF THE 'BUS.

(After Wordsworth.)

—A SIMPLE 'Bus,
 Belonging to a London "Co."
 That gets its ten per cent. with ease,
 —Why should it crowd us so?

I hailed a raucous little "Cad,"—
 "There's room for one!" he cried;
 But when I stood upon the step,
 The facts his word belied.

He bore a bag to give you change;
 His voice was very loud.
 The simpleton he overcharged,
 And timid ladies cowed.

"Within this vehicle," I asked,
 "How many may there be?"
 "How many?" roughly he replied;
 "Why don't you look and see?"

"But where is room? I see no room?"
 My wrath I tried to smother.
 He answered—"On one side are six,
 And only five on t'other."

"Two of the five," I pointed out,
 "Must weigh a ton between 'em;
 Two others have such tattered garbs
 As barely serve to screen 'em."

Then did the little "Cad" rejoin,
 "Yet they are only five;
 If you're a-coming by this 'bus,
 I wish you'd look alive!"

"'Tis shameful," angrily I said,
 "To play your fares such tricks!
 If two do take the room of three,
 Then surely there are six."

"You're jolly green, that may be seen!"
 The rude Conductor cried;
 "Until I've got twelve passengers,
 I am not 'full inside'."

"I always travel in a 'bus,"
 I thought it right to say,
 "And frequently I'm over-pressed
 In this atrocious way."

"My little bag I love to bring,
 My paper here I read,
 And, when there's proper elbow-room,
 'Tis very nice indeed."

"A Magistrate has just declared
 You have no right to pack us,
 And—ah! I see *that* person is
 A votary of Bacchus!"

"A nice quintette! The more I look
 I seem to grow the sicker;
 Two elephants—two more in rags—
 The fifth, he is in liquor!"

"But *Mr. PARTRIDGE*, he will see
 These wrongs are not repeated—"
 'Twas wasting words, for with a frown
 The 'Bus Conductor knocked me down,
 And cried, "Now you are seated!"

LORD RANDOLPH was deeply impressed by his visit, when in India, to the "Towers of Silence." The effect was lasting up to a certain point, as on the first night of his re-appearance in the House he held his tongue.

No wonder the Russian news of last Thursday caused a panic in the City. War between England and Russia must naturally affect "Bulls" and "Bears."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 7.



THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES MEET FOR A BENEFIT.

ON THE RIGHT LINE?

THE encouraging news that already six complete miles of the Suakim-Berber Railway had been actually laid, and the first station at Handou reached under the protection of only 10,000 troops, all the while well on the alert against surprise, naturally has had a favourable effect on the Preference Shares, and the first week's passenger and traffic receipts are being looked forward to with much hopeful anxiety. As, however, our old friend OSMAN DIGNA is said for the last few days to have been seen hanging about an advanced signal-box with 3,000 followers, and manifesting a lively interest in the progress of the undertaking, it is hardly reasonable that the speculating public should look for a very large dividend in the earlier days of the working of the line.

It is calculated that with three or four batteries of artillery well placed on the roofs of the carriages, one Parliamentary train, that will be timed to stop at every telegraph-post, may be got through in the day, though the opinion is freely expressed that when the line finally reaches Berber, a well-organised British army of 150,000 men will be all that will be required to insure a fairly steady service between the two *termini*. It may be added that, owing to a certain amount of hazard being involved in any travelling at the present moment, the Company notify that Return Tickets, in the event of any difficulties at Handoub, will be available either by captured camel or flying squadron of the enemy's cavalry.

LATEST NEWS FROM "THE THEATRE OF WAR."—The most acceptable news would be to hear of the bringing out of a really good peace which would be likely to last.

MARBLED BEEF.

Ballad for the Modern Butcher, with acknowledgments to the Shade of Bunn.

I DREAMT that I dined on Marbled Beef,
And found it the best I had tried;
And of all its good points I held this the chief,—
The figure at which 'twas supplied.
But when, as Prime English, I found it as nice,
You tried on the same old game,
And though every carcass cost you half the price,
You charged me still the same!
You charged me still the same!

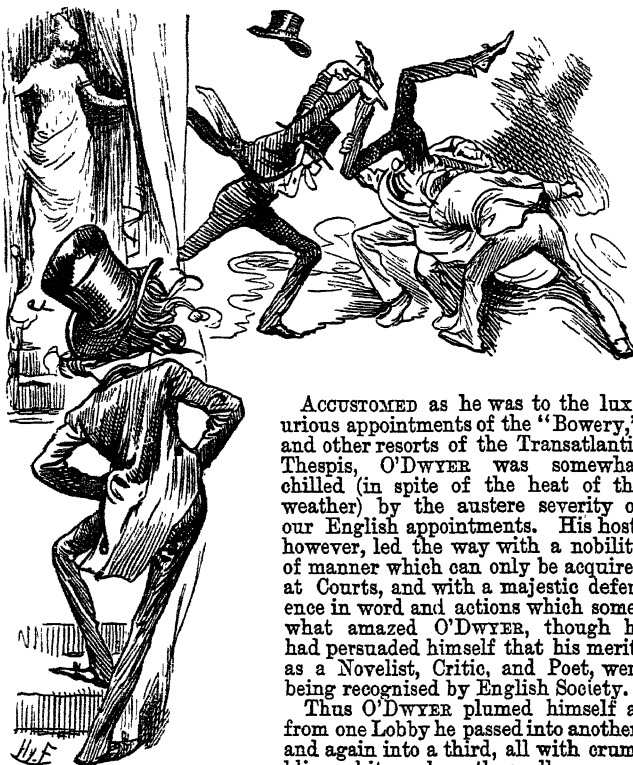
TENDER, IF TRUE.

In a recent advertisement announcing that they are willing to receive Tenders from persons who may be desirous of contracting for the removal of some portion of St. Mary's Churchyard, required for the widening of Upper Street, Islington, the Metropolitan Board of Works, through their Clerk, Mr. J. E. WAKEFIELD, furthermore add that the printed forms, supplied by the Board, are to be enclosed in sealed covers and endorsed "*Tender for Removal of Human Remains.*" This is practical and businesslike, no doubt, but it is nevertheless sufficiently ghastly to suggest that, however much the ratepayers of Islington, many of whom are presumably related to the dead lying in the threatened churchyard, have reason to be satisfied with the contract made on their behalf by the Board, they can scarcely regard the consideration that spirited body has shown for their feelings, as remarkably Tender.

QUITE THE WRONG MAN.

(Our Own Condensed Shilling Dreadful.)

CHAPTER V.—BEHIND THE SCENES.



ACCUSTOMED as he was to the luxurious appointments of the "Bowery," and other resorts of the Transatlantic Thespis, O'DWYER was somewhat chilled (in spite of the heat of the weather) by the austere severity of our English appointments. His host, however, led the way with a nobility of manner which can only be acquired at Courts, and with a majestic deference in word and actions which somewhat amazed O'DWYER, though he had persuaded himself that his merits as a Novelist, Critic, and Poet, were being recognised by English Society.

Thus O'DWYER plumed himself as from one Lobby he passed into another, and again into a third, all with crumbling whitewash on the walls.

"Here, at last, we are!" exclaimed his guide, half raising a heavy curtain, and beckoning O'DWYER to advance. The Novelist stooped to enter below the curtain, when, suddenly, the gas went out, he was propelled from behind by a foot, applied with prodigious vigour, and, as he stumbled forward, his head and shoulders were enveloped in a black bag.

Keen narcotic fumes mounted to his dizzy brain. As he swooned he heard his late companion's voice, strangely altered, exclaim, "Ye spalpeen, we've bagged ye at last!" Then, in silvery tones, a Lady cried, "Prince FLORIZEL,* of Bohemia, is our captive."

Ten minutes later, six men, disguised as "supers" and carpenters, carried a long and heavy package to a cart that had been drawn up at the stage-door of the Mausoleum.

A man sprang on the seat, and the cart drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER VI.—THE CABINET MEETING.

NEXT morning a meeting of the Cabinet, at an extremely early hour, was held in the Premier's official residence. Though nothing more than usual had appeared in the newspapers to alarm the Public, the countenance of every British Minister present evinced, in an even unusual degree, the emotions of terror and alarm.

"Dynamite is nothing—nothing to this daring brigandage in our very midst," said one unhappy tenant of office.

"Prince FLORIZEL disappeared, lost from the heart of our very capital," exclaimed another.

"That means a quarrel with Bohemia at once," groaned the representative of the Admiralty, "and, with our phantom navy, how are we to send a fleet to 'a desert country near the sea.'"

"You are sure the Prince is missing?" said a noble Lord, eagerly.

"Not a sign of him anywhere since the day before yesterday, except that he was seen, last night, at the Mausoleum, with a Stranger."

"I always told you the Mausoleum was a Fenian man-trap," said the Home Secretary, with a groan. At that moment a three-cornered pink note was suddenly materialised, and appeared in mid-air, whence fluttering, it fell on the table.

"They have Mahatmas among them," whispered one wan Minister, deeply read in Esoteric Buddhism. "Madame BLUEWITCHSKY is in the conspiracy."

* By kyind permission of Mr. R. L. STEVENSON.

The note was opened, and contained these dreadful words:—

"A trusty Messenger (must be a Cabinet Minister) wanted. Will be treated with at Z. 33, The Albany to-day. Any attempt to employ Police will result in boiling oil for interesting captive."

(Signed)

DYNAMITE DEATH'S HEAD.

Lots were hastily made, thrown into a hat, and drawn. The unlucky Minister (quite young) on whom the lot fell, set out at once, with Banknotes for five milliards, and the Concession of a Republic for Ireland, in his pocket. At hazard of war with Bohemia, Prince FLORIZEL must be ransomed at any price.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FENIANS' DEN.

IN luxuriously furnished rooms (Z 33, The Albany) three men, dressed in rose, saffron, and peach-bloom velvet smoking-suits, embroidered with monograms in the precious metals, were smoking cigarettes and drinking Kummel out of foaming silver beakers.

A low moan from a captive beneath a Chippendale sideboard, alone broke, now and again, the calm of the festive gathering. The talk was of women and of horses. Three hasty knocks and a low whistle were heard at the door. "Let him in, JACK," said the eldest of the party, "'tis the Envoy from the Cabinet."

Taking up a diamond-studded revolver in his taper fingers, the youth addressed as "JACK" opened the door.

"Come in!" he was heard to say, in a hearty tone, as if recognising an acquaintance, "glad they've sent you. Have you a good thing for the Two Thousand?" The Minister who entered had the air of a man in good society. After shaking hands with the Conspirators, whom he had often met, as he said, in happier circumstances, at Ascot and Newmarket, he took his seat and a cigarette.

"You are prepared to treat?" asked the Chief.

"Yes, five milliards, money down, and a Republic for Ireland; also a Fleet as soon as BRASSEY can get it built."

"You can't say fairer," answered the Fenian. "Between gentlemen business is soon over. Now, JACK, release and ungag His Royal Highness." JACK undid the ropes which fastened a stick between the arms and legs of the prisoner under the sideboard, who was trussed like a fowl. Then he raised him, and dragged to the light—no Prince, but WILLIAM VAN DONOP O'DWYER. All rose respectfully.

"I am sorry, Gentlemen," said the Minister, somewhat hastily replacing his Banknotes and the Concession in his pocket, "that this is a case of mistaken identity. You have been deceived by a very remarkable resemblance, but this gentleman is *not* Prince FLORIZEL, of Bohemia. I do not even know who he is. I wish you good day."

He bowed, and was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.—FREE!

THE Fenian Chief, in whom O'DWYER now recognised the polite Stranger, advanced with stately steps to his trembling captive.

"Sir," he said, "you know too much. Your present position is more your misfortune than your fault, to be sure; but your continued existence would be prejudicial to the fortunes of the cause. You must oblige by showing how a brave man can die!"

JACK trifled with the revolver.

"First, I fear I must have you searched," the Chief went on. "Search him, JACK!" O'DWYER offered no resistance. JACK drew from his pocket the gold-bound note-book, with the crest of the O'DWYERS in blue enamel.

"My own family cognisance," said the Chief. "This is curious—and affecting," he added, seeing the name of WILLIAM VAN DONOP O'DWYER on the first page. "And what," he went on, with trembling eagerness, "is *this*?"

Then he read aloud the notes which, before starting for Europe, O'DWYER had made of a plot for his new sensational Novel. Here are a few of them:—

"Disguised as Grand Old Man, blow up Windsor Castle."

"Let MACDERMOTT carry off Princess ALTHEA to Zanzibar."

"Poison Bishop of London at Tea-meeting of Friendly Girls' Society."

"Why, my very dear Sir," the polished Brigand exclaimed, turning to his prisoner, "my dear Mr. O'DWYER, you are one of us! Why did you not explain all this before? Ah, I remember; the gag. What a pity; but the laws of the game, are the laws of the game! How am I to apologise for this most inconvenient occurrence? Such a very remarkable likeness between you and Prince FLORIZEL, whom we designed to kidnap. Your schemes," he added, returning the note-book, "do you infinite credit, but are beyond the scope of merely private enterprise. Let us meet to-morrow, and discuss them. But you must be longing for the comforts of your hotel. JACK, call a Hansom for Mr. O'DWYER."

Once more, but more happily, the Novelist was taken for Quite the Wrong Man!—for a Fenian this time!

In five minutes O'DWYER was free. In fifty he was speeding to Liverpool, on his way back to New York. He is determined to return, as before, to domestic American manners, and to carefully-selected uneventful incidents. He has had enough of adventurous Romance.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN A DIABOLICAL CHARACTER.

"PLEASE, Sir," said my admirable and excellent Clerk, "Mr. BLACKSTONE SMITH'S compliments, and as he is obliged to go on Circuit, will you kindly look after *Hare versus Lambkin* for him?"

I was more than gratified. This was the first time anyone had sufficiently appreciated my talent to entrust me (in a representative character) with a Brief. It was a grand opening. I felt that once get a footing even as the "devil" of another, my fortune was made. My cheeks flushed with pleasure, and I determined to conduct my case so admirably that my friend should never regret the confidence, the great confidence, he had reposed in me.

My first care was to exercise myself in oratory. Curious to say, that although enjoying, as I have hinted, a not unsatisfactory practice, I had never yet addressed either a Judge or Jury. I thought at first of rehearsing my eloquence in the presence of my excellent and admirable Clerk, but as that estimable individual has a more than usually keen sense of the ridiculous, I abandoned the intention in favour of another audience.

In that Division, to which I have alluded on more than one occasion as the Court of my Hearth and Home, I had frequently been called



The Court of Hearth and Home (Nursery Division).

upon for a defence—I determined to turn this domestic tribunal to account. Thus, on the next occasion I was charged, on returning from my Chambers at 7.30, with "negligence" in forgetting to bring back the current day's dinner (I had undertaken to convey home in my brief-bag some salmon, a chicken, and three pounds of Store sausages), I hastily assumed an old wig, and empanneling my infant sons as a jury, addressed their mother in impassioned accents as my judge. For a moment so strong was my imagination, that the family entirely disappeared, giving place to a Division in the High Court. It was only upon JUSTY (an abbreviation for the name of my eldest son JUSTINIAN) beginning to giggle, and consequently being immediately sentenced to three days' seclusion on a no-pudding-for-dinner diet, that I was recalled to myself. I may here say that I am very strict in extorting respect from my children—I am bringing up all my sons as Solicitors, so that in the days to come they may supply me with additions to my practice. This is so well understood amongst them, that it has long been the ambition of their bright young lives to "give dear Papa his Maiden Brief." After this, my appearance in the Court of my Hearth and Home was of frequent occurrence. Although I regret to say that my Wife refused to preside, on the score that it was "so silly."

It was well that I had made these preparations, for on one memorable morning my excellent and admirable Clerk handed to me a paper, endorsed with the name of my absent friend and instructing him to move at once for the appointment of a Receiver in *Hare versus Lambkin*. As representative of BLACKSTONE SMITH, I assumed a deportment suggestive of dignity and responsibility, and hastened to the Robing Room, near Carey Street. It was one of the proudest moments of my life when I assumed my wig, bands, and gown, conscious that, instead of the morning paper, encased in a half-sheet of foolscap, I was going to carry into Court a *real* brief. As I passed through the corridors, it struck me that many a Q.C. regarded me with respectful apprehension as if they recognised in my grave, determined person a rapidly arriving rival for forensic honours.

Passing by the doorkeeper of the Court, with a confidence that a bitter enemy might have described as swagger, I found myself in the presence of the Division. My heart went out proudly to the entire Bar, and in his Lordship on the Bench I recognised one with whom I was about to enter into a closer professional relationship. It was at this point that I looked round to meet my client—the gentleman who was going to instruct me. I was a little disap-

pointed to discover that the head of the firm, instead of coming himself, had sent a legal phenomenon in the shape of an extremely junior Clerk, of very tender years, to represent him. However, this learned boy soon convinced me that, in spite of his budding youth, his knowledge of the intricacies of the profession with which he was connected was infinitely greater than I could boast; that, in fact, to put it colloquially, he had more law in his little finger than I possessed in my whole body.

Soon after making this rather embarrassing discovery, I was accosted by the Counsel on the other side with a view to a compromise. Up to this moment I (representing the Plaintiff) had considered my conduct irreproachable—that I certainly could have insisted upon being received by the most censorious as the pattern of all the virtues. To my intense surprise, after listening to my opponent's arguments, I found myself (again in my representative capacity) admitting all my faults, and willing to make any possible compromise. I appealed to the legal phenomenon for instructions, when the learned boy sternly reminded me that I (as representing the Plaintiff) was the most injured of persons, and that any surrender was out of the question.

"Well, then," said my opposing friend, the Counsel on the other side, "all we can do is to go in and fight it out. If we don't, they will pass us in the list."

With this he left the corridor in which we had been holding our consultation, and entered the Court. I was about to follow him, when I was stopped by a barrister-friend of mine, who (strange to say) seemed amazed to see me holding a brief. To impress upon his mind that it was genuine, and not a dummy, I thought it advisable to give him a short sketch of the case. After my narrative had consumed some ten minutes, it suddenly occurred to me that the Court might be waiting to hear me move. I looked round for the legal phenomenon, the learned lad—he had vanished! I hurried into Court, and took my place in the Barrister's seats.

"Have they come to *Hare versus Lambkin*?" I whispered to a young Barrister, who was busily engaged in sketching a fancy portrait of the MAHDI upon a piece of blotting-paper.

"Must have," he replied. "They are in the middle of the Divorce Motions."

Got into the middle of the Divorce Motions! Oh horror! I had been passed over!

"What shall I do?" I asked, in deep distress, as the fact in all its naked hideousness became clearer and clearer. Had I not been restrained by etiquette, I should have wept like a child!

"Better address the Court the moment the next motion is disposed of," replied the artistic Barrister. "Perhaps you will get it restored."

Following this advice, I rose to my feet with desperate courage. Then it was that I felt that my knees were made on the self-folding-up principle, and that my voice, after shouting out in stentorian tones, "My Lord!" to the astonishment of all beholders, had assumed the character of a husky and chronic whisper.

My unearthly howl (which surprised me as much as anyone else in Court) caused a deathly silence to prevail. His Lordship, at first a little startled, turned to me courteously and bowed, as if inviting any further communication I might wish to make to him. My knees gave way more than ever, and I became cold and hot by turns, then in the second stage of my voice—the unearthly husky whisper—I gasped out—

"My Lord, may it please your Lordship, the fact is, my Lord—"

At this moment I stopped for very shame, for I could not help feeling that this insistence upon the Judge's official title (which seemed to be caused by some power over which I had no control) was absolutely abject in its fawning meanness.

The Judge good-naturedly bowed, and waited for more. I opened my mouth, but could not make it speak.

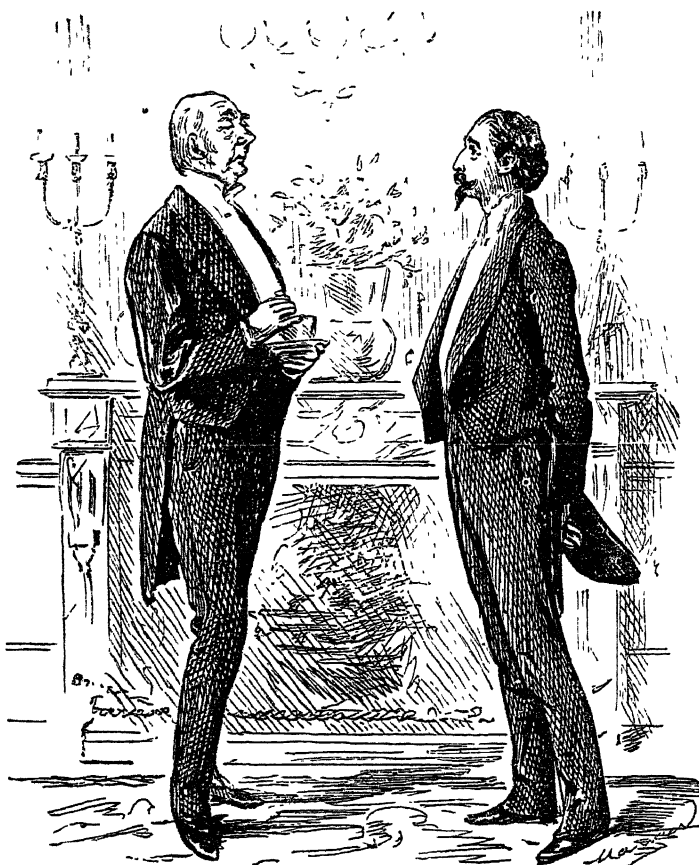
"May it please your Lordship," I heard a cheery voice say, speaking rapidly in crisp, clear, and self-assertive syllables, "but I think my friend is labouring under a mistake. He was kind enough to say that he would appear for me to make a motion, that your Lordship has already disposed of, were I absent. I, however, got back in time to appear myself, and until this moment, had no means of communicating with him."

It was too true; BLACKSTONE SMITH had suddenly returned, and my chance of distinguishing myself as his "devil" had vanished for ever!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

SINGULAR SYNONYMS.—By accounts from Aix-les-Bains, Her MAJESTY one day honoured the Hon. Lady WHALLEY "by a visit at Maison Bellevue (Maison du Diable)." If Maison du Diable is also Bellevue, Pandemonium must have presented the Royal party with a pretty sight.

THE BEARS' LITTLE GAME.—In the hope as well as the expectation of a great war, the Bear speculators were recently, as the Stock-jobbers on the Bourse say, "playing for the bears." Just like their business.



BREAKING THE ICE.

Pompous Briton. "A—A—A COUSIN OF MINE MET SOME PEOPLE OF YOUR NAME RESIDING AT NAPLES. COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THEY MIGHT BE?"

Polite Foreigner. "MY ELDEST BRUZZER AND HIS FAMILY."

Pompous Briton. "OH, BUT THEY ARE GREAT SWELLS OUT THERE!"

KHAN OR CAN'T?

(Two Extracts from an Ameer's Diary.)

RAWUL PINDI, April, 1302.

ALLAH be praised! Though I began here by putting on, by mistake, one of the five Ruski uniforms sent me with a ton of dynamite, on my last birthday, by the insupportable Rhinoceros of the North, the Moscow Czar, yet no one seemed to mind it, and I was not, as would have been only natural under the circumstances, treacherously flayed alive. No—I have had, after all, a glorious time of it with these "Infidel English Dogs"—that is, I mean with these "White British Brothers of the After-dinner Moon," as I called them, I believe, in my speech at the Banquet, when the laughing Rajah DUFFERIN presented me with those six dozen pink satin Dressing Gowns, that Battery of Naval Horse Artillery, together with the Dessert Service and an explosive Mechanical Piano. Yes, everything has gone off beautifully. That smooth-tongued Hyæna of Tiflis, MURZA YAKOUB BLOG, was quite wrong when he said that the King of CONNAUGHT had come by the command of the Empress, in disguise, all the way from All-der-shut, to put poison into the coffee at the Durbar, when the seven hundred and ninety-two spies I brought with me were not looking. No; I am sure he did nothing of the kind, and I found him, as the Interpreter said he had explained to him, "a most nice-spoken young man." Yet am I not altogether at peace.

Last night did I sit up with the Rajah DUFFERIN till the East grew grey with the coming dawn, trying, over a bowl of the excellent spiced and steaming pledge-drink, styled *El-Rhum-Punch*, the sacred beverage, as I have since learned, that wisely accompanies the making of all treaties in the West, to draw straight frontier lines on several new Maps, with a burnt soda-water cork. I did, too, as the Treaty-drink went round, pledge myself to much. To how much, I know not! What matters. *Kismet!* We shall perhaps see as time goes on. To bed reflective.

THE LIMITED MONARCH!

With Apologies to the Shade of Cowper.

"Her Majesty's ship *Monarch*, having then continued on her course at a speed of barely eight knots an hour, finally, when she was distant from Malta fully 250 miles, came to a dead stop, and broke down. After, however, signalling for help all night, she was fortunately sighted and picked up by the steamship *Hampshire*, and eventually towed into port in safety. It has transpired that the chief engineer had already reported to the Admiralty that the condensers of the ship had been very troublesome for the past two years; indeed, the fact was very well known, but no effect resulted from the engineer's report."—*Daily Paper.*

I'm the Monarch of all I survey,
And BRASSEY the fact won't dispute,
For here I've been sticking all day
Like some waterlogged sea-going brute!
O Cheeseparing, where are the charms
That NORTHBROOK has seen in thy face!
Look at me—in the midst of alarms!—
And yet mine's but a typical case!

There are dozens afloat I could name
If matters should come to the worst,
Whose boilers,—with no one to blame,—
Must surely and certainly burst.
"My Lords," with smooth phrase on their lips,
These things with indifference see;
And, being quite unacquainted with ships,
Commission a porpoise like me!

But the upshot of all is quite clear;
If matters go on as they do,
Well, the Navy will soon disappear,
And "my Lords," well—they'll disappear too!
So now that I'm docked, and they fild
That I never was fit for the main,
Let us hope that a thing of the kind
Won't occur—till it happens again!

HER LATEST.—"There's nothing new under the sun in the way of religions," said Mrs. RAM, who has been recently studying the subject; "why there was even an old pagan legend about the soul, called MOODY and—no, I mean CUPID and SANKEY; so even *they're* not new!"

Ha! But here is the merry Rajah-Viceroy come round to wish me "the top of the morning," and present to me, as a parting gift at the Station, two hundred Emerald-Green Bathing-Machines, a ton of HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S biscuits, 12,000 stand of arms, an Iron-plated Railway Omnibus, with conductor complete, and the "Star of India" in dazzling imitation. "Have I ache in the head?" No. And "Do I still adhere to the signatures and undertakings of the previous evening?" As he inquires, he says he will just throw into the present, as a finish, two dozen performing Elephants and five hundred tons of very superior gunpowder, and at the same time pay for my ticket. My answer is a dance of joy upon the platform. The Rajah DUFFERIN seems amused. So do the dear Infidel English Dogs. Allah be praised! A good deal to pay for extra luggage, but off at last!

KABUL, April, 1302.

Perhaps the great over-feeding at the Durbar is responsible, perhaps a chill caught in walking about in the evening in merely the light mantle of the Order of the Indian Star, given me by the humorous Rajah Dog, DUFFERIN, may be the cause,—perhaps some *El-Rhum-Punch* of my own make—who knows? but I am seized with much melancholy. Unwelcome news from the frontier, it may be? The Council of Elders (may the tightest boots of MAHOMET be upon them for a fortnight!) growl curses at me, and put their hands on their dirk-handles whenever I attempt to explain what I have done. What have I done? I give them the two hundred Emerald-Green Bathing-Machines, but they are not appeased. Is it that in my absence the Ruski Hyænas of the North have seized on lands and marshes and places with odd names? No; for, by the Prophet, I was not aware I possessed them. Alas! that I have never learned the geography of my native country! Where, I wonder, did I *really* draw those frontier-lines with burnt soda-water cork? Too much North? Who can tell? Perhaps I was pushed by the joking Rajah? Possibly. Well, if I was, all I can say is—"*Kismet!*"

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 8.



AT A PICTURE SALE.

The Elders (who are indeed the Swine of Afghanistan), are daily growing more troublesome. May they *never* be able to get off the tightest boots of MAHOMET! They tell me if the English Dogs come, as I have promised to assist them against the Ruski Wolves, they will "eat them up alive, as a hungry man eats beef-sandwiches before sunrise." This is awkward, but my reply has been merely a long whistle of Persian malediction; but I shall send secret counsel to the quite killing Rajah DUFFERIN to come now, if he can, with his 30,000 Infidel Red-coated Dogs quietly by some discreet back way, and add that for one more Mechanical Piano and a dozen fresh "Star" Mantles, well spangled, I will see what I can do for him. But it is most perplexing. Why did I meddle with the Map? Why go to the Darbar and pledge myself in *El-Rhum-Punch*? Why? Who can tell? Anybody? No—certainly not. But there—never mind. I am delighted with my Artillery harness, so—*Kismet!*

Have received in cipher from the Hippopotamus of the North, the White Czar, through his pig of an agent among the Zariks, a tempting offer of 2,000,000 dozen of Raki (above proof), the right to fish for Torpedoes in the Caspian, 5,000,000 roubles a month in fresh notes newly printed for the occasion, a slice of Persia, including the Shah's Palace at Teheran, and a perpetual admission, *pro tem.*, to the Upper Boxes of the Italian Opera House at Tobolsk, if I will permit 150,000 of his civilising Ruski Wolves just to look at the picture galleries at Kabul, make a few sketches, and then go back. It is very tempting. Must ask the Rajah DUFFERIN. Must I? Why? Why not? Better, perhaps, get out of the way, and let them both meet and settle it. But how about the Council? But there, I can't help it, if there is a good row. *Kismet!!*

SMALL BY DEGREES.

AIR—"Ten Little Nigger Boys."

TEN British Ironclads floating on the brine:
 REED went out of office, and then there were Nine!
 Nine British Ironclads to defend the State:
 REED cocked his eye at them, and then there were Eight!
 Eight British Ironclads lying safe in haven:
 REED raked 'em fore and aft, and then there were Seven!
 Seven British Ironclads, sound from keel to sticks:
 REED wrote a pamphlet, and then there were Six!
 Six British Ironclads—hooray! JACK's alive!
 REED spoke in Parliament, and then there were Five!
 Five British Ironclads cruising round the Nore:
 REED made a platform speech, and then there were Four!
 Four British Ironclads ruling of the Sea:
 REED wrote unto the *Times*, and then there were Three!
 Three British Ironclads buffeting the blue:
 REED had dyspepsia, and then there were Two!
 Two British Ironclads, big in plate and gun:
 REED was snubbed by BRASSEY, and then there was One!
 Oh, make him Chief Constructor once again, whate'er befall;
 Or soon of British Ironclads we shall have—*none at all!*

A FRANCE AND CHINA QUESTION.—Does "the Conclusion of a Peace" imply the Commencement of a War? It sounds like it, especially as up to this time they haven't been at war. Only killing one another unofficially.

NOTES BY NIBBS.

(Musical and Dramatic.)

MR. COWEN's *Scandinavian Symphony* has been received in Paris at the Winter Circus with enthusiasm. The Parisians could not realise that they were listening to the work of an English Composer. An appropriate subject and thoroughly English for Mr. COWEN would be ANNE BULLEN,—that is, if names go for anything. Our Native Composers are beginning to look up. I congratulate Mr. COWEN, and only wish I could have made a holiday in Paris just to hear the performance of his composition, and there would have been plenty of time to spare for other business as well.



Mr. Cowen (as Apollo) performs his "Scandinavian Symphony" with great success in the Winter Circus Concert, Paris.

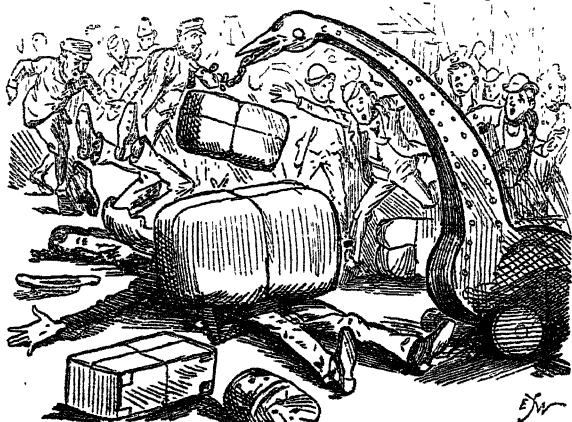
MR. SIMS's *Last Chance* at the Adelphi is not up to his and Mr. PETTIT's *In the Ranks*, nor anywhere near it. He has tried to do too much. Characters there are in plenty, but of the lot of them it may truly be said

Where they goes and how they fares
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The situations in *The Last Chance* reminded me of "old familiar faces" in *Called Back*, *Drink*, *Streets of London*, and *Forget-Me-Not*, though had these been cleverly strung together and the whole lightened with bright, telling and amusing dialogue, no fault could have been found with the Author for using old materials.

Success would have excused anything: but, by the way, I see that this play is advertised as an "Immense Success," and what am I that I should contradict the Messrs. GATTI, who certainly ought to know? Mr. SIMS has been doing a considerable amount of work lately one way and another, and it would be too much to expect that the quality of some of it should not deteriorate; and this, so far as his work is concerned, is what has happened in the piece at the Adelphi. In *In the Ranks* I daresay Mr. PETTIT constructed the plot and excised bits of dialogue. Better have had Constructor and Excise-man PETTIT in to assist.

But the Scenery! Ah! the Scenery is wonderful. The painting is artistic, the "sets" effective, and the mechanical changes marvellous. Sincerely do I wish the mechanical changes were not so



"Going Bale;" or, Craning for effect in *The Last Chance*.

marvellous. Mechanism in a realistic drama up to a certain point?—Yes. But beyond that, it destroys all illusion. Mechanical change of scene in fairy pieces, pantomimes, and extravaganzas assist the illusion. Once introduce the supernatural motive, everything is possible, and nothing is improbable except probability; but as we do expect this in a melodrama of real life, the less of magical changes of scene in such a piece the better.

And then the noises which are nowadays the accompaniments of a mechanically-worked melodrama, all wheels and whistling.

Every change of scene necessitates a momentary dark *séance*, as at MASKELYNE AND COOKE's, with not half so satisfactory a result, during which cab-whistles are blown violently, then there are strange rumbling sounds, and gradually we emerge into a twilight, then the danger-signals cease, the lights are turned full on, and we see what we do see, which is first-rate of its kind.

The Bancrofters of the Haymarket are going to turn the Russian difficulty to account, and fired with martial ardour they will produce *Ours*, which has a Russian Prince in it, and a scene in the Crimea. By the way I didn't know *Ours* was theirs. I thought it was somebody else's. At the St. James's another military revival, *The Queen's Shilling*. So that these two, with *Khartoum* at Sanger's, may be taken as an indication of the warlike sentiment just now popular with our playgoing public.

Apocryphal of Masks and Faces—now coming to an end—Mr. J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's

Peg Woffington (HURST AND BLACKETT) is well worth reading. Mrs. BANCROFT's illustration of more than one phase of *Peggy's* character is admirable, and it will be a long time before we see a better performance than Mr. BANCROFT's *Triplet*.

Not much was to be expected from *The Excursion Train*, which didn't make me laugh at the Palais Royal, though I was, I believe,



UP TO DATE.
Recruiting Sergeant Bancroft quotes Shakespeare to his purpose.



Serious Accident to the "Excursion Train" on the Yardley M'Carthy Lines at the Opéra Comique Station.

in a minority. The train has come to grief at the Opéra Comique, but through whose fault I don't know, not having been present at the accident.

To end, as I began, with music. CARL ROSA deserves all the support he gets, and as much as Opera-lovers can give him. But a few years ago, just at this time of year, the Italian Opera season would have been commencing, and the new *prima donna* or tenor would have been the "talk of the town;" and twenty years ago it would have been the fashionable thing to have taken your stall for the season, and to have possessed a "bone," which when you were not going to use it would be a bone of contention among your poorer friends. What a useful thing was "a bone"! It insured so much attention, such politeness, so many dinners, so many invitations! And now you may have your pockets full of Opera bones, and you are of no more account than if they were free passes to the British Museum.

But CARL ROSA has worked for years to keep the Sacred Lamp of Opera alive in town and country. Last Thursday he brought out GORING THOMAS's *Nadeshda*, which achieved a well-merited success. I have only time to say now that the Second Act is the finest, but the duet in the Third is the gem of the Opera, and a beautifully set gem too. Madame ALWINA VALLERIA and Mr. MCGUCKIN acted and sang admirably. GORING THOMAS has come out splendidly, and, on being called after the Second Act, he came out, before the Curtain, more splendidly than ever. Full particulars in my next.

Perhaps H.R.H the Prince of WALES will next take under consideration the question of a permanent Opera House subsidised by the State, which, if there is any difficulty about starting, it might be considered as an *annexe* of the Royal College of Music, under the direction of the persevering, but modest, CARL BLUSH ROSA.



Nadeshda introduced by Carl Rosa to General Public.

WALES IN IRELAND.

(Our Own Extra Special Correspondent in the Sunny South.)

Monday.—A day made memorable by the presentation of new colours to the gallant Duke of CORNWALL'S Light Infantry, by the divartin' eccentricities of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was left out in the cold, an' by the Prince's good-bye. Concernin' these in due order.

The re-colourin' of the regiment was beautifully executed. It seems that long ago these famous warriors had all been coloured with a coat of red, however knockin' and fightin' about the world from Flanders to Egypt for 180 years had knocked the paint off them. May be the generals were careless about puttin' the red soldiers back in their little box whin they were done playin' with them, or left them out in the rain,—anyhow, they got paler an' pinker as the years rolled on, till at last they were well an' honourably known as the *Light Infantry*. Before they were re-coloured, Colonel STABB (an' I suppose, Majors CUT an' THRUST), had them all properly "drawn up in line," an' an' iligant drawin' it was—with all the lines straight. The Illustrious Field Marshal made them a speech, puttin' in a nice little touch here an' there, and thin prisinted ivery man with a new box of colours, containin' cakes of war-paint specially manufactured for the occasion. They took the colours well, and were marched off to dry in the sun.

Meanwhile the Lord Mayor was in disperation; the Nationalist boys laughin' at him, the Royal Loyalists laughin' at him, internal dissensions and divils of discord annoyin' the poor man all day, an' Night-Mares, chiefly of a breed called "broken Baro-Nite Mayors," disturbin' him o' nights, and now at the end of the week (after he had passed his solemn Corporate word to me that he wouldn't raise a finger on the Prince, but let him go in peace), for the boys to turn on him on the very steps of the City Hall! In vain he rushed to the balcony, wearin' his gold collar av SS., and lookin' as if he'd like to collar the other hisses in the jeerin' crowd below.

"I'll—I'll—yis, I'll tell PARNELL on ye; so I will; an' I'll tele-graft to Cork and Mallow, and—Boo!—oo—oo!" He wept, an' was finally led away and comforted by TIM SULLIVAN, an' that was the last seen or heard of the eccentricities an' atrocieties* av the Head av the Corporate body. After that we left, an' the "good-bye sweet-hearty" cheers mingled with the loud "*O-revoir, O'ROONEY!*" as we swept up the streets to Kingsbridge (an operation by the way thim same streets would be the better av occasionally).

Mallow.—Did well with the Equerry *ong root*. He has written for a new Cheque-book. Tould him, at intervals, to look at the scenery. "Hang the scenery," sez he. "I'd sooner see the ace av hearts"—which shows what an anæsthetic, sleepy sort he was. Besides, he ought to have known by this time that, in the noble game av "Spoil Five," I enjoy an exclusive monopoly av that interestin' card.

At the Station, Mr. O'BRIEN, determined to avenge the insult put on the Lord Mayor, had gathered together sivin brass bands, an' other bands of another sort, to assist in the brayin'. However, the brave Mr. COOKE, the Director av the Company, was not disposed to allow an English gentleman to form a bad opinion av Irish instrumental music, and bundled thim same bands out av the

* Doubtless these very vivid words are to be found in Mr. O'ROONEY'S Dictionary. Ours is an old edition.—ED.

Station; and bekase Mr. DEASY wouldn't go aisy (this is poetry), he was invested with the noble Order av "the Eccentric Chuck," an' one COOKE spilled that broth av a boy, and the plans av the other boys—for this time, anyhow.

We heard the distant strains av a song as we steamed up, an' at first no one dared to tell the Illustrious what it was till I myself makes bould to say, "Sir, that's '*God Save Ireland*.'"
Me frind the Equerry was goin' to cut me head off (I suspect he thought it would be a new way to pay old debts), but the Prince stopped him. "It's a fine sintimint, Mr. O'ROONEY," sez he, "to thim as understands it aright." An' maybe I'll say it meself some day; and the rest av the Staff was silent, an' amazed.

Tuesday.—To Convanmore, Lismore, Curraghmore, and many more places. "The More the merrier" was our motto.

Wednesday.—Cork,—where again we heard the Nationalist tune, and it didn't seem to annoy the Prince a bit, but he hummed it softly to himself, an' smiled. An' then the full flowin' vintage av the *grand vin* av our reception wasn't "corked" a wee bit, as Mr. PARNELL, anxious to avenge the Lord Mayor av Dublin, had fondly hoped. No, Sir, the weather was extra dry, and the wine av welcome extra Superior, barrin' the grunts of a few hungry *sans-cutletts* that was drowned in the cheers av the prosperous well-fed majority.

Sir DANIEL O'SULLIVAN kept order like a very DANIEL come to judgment in a Lions' Den, and the pretty Cork girls, those at least who didn't disfigure their faces with frowns, showered welcomes on us in that soft musical brogue av theirs that goes up an' down in delicate semitones av captivat' chromatics! We visited the School av Art, saw the Milesian Venus, an Irish Girl, with no arms to speak of—praps she had hugged them off with delight at our arrival, and played Elgin marbles with Mr. BRENNAN, the head-master, an' after a look at the lace—Odds! Snowflakes and Gossamers! but it must have been woven by fairies!—we studied "Still Life." That took us some time, an' the Equerry an' I found great difficulty in leavin' the same still. I send you a jar of '74 Potheen Brut in token av me affection, and in memory of the studies from "the Still."

We are now Birds av Passage. Laid the keel av a new tank ship—after which I sang "*Weel may the Keel row*,"—with the "Tie-i-tank" chorus from *Tryal by Jury*—and then across "the glorious water av the river Lee" to Haulbowline—and there in prisince av all the quality av the Sunny South, an' five hundred citizens of renown—(a real good MUNSTER muster—or as me sportin' friends called them a Munster "monkey") the Prince made the best speech iver came from wise Royal lips. I'm not in the Long Bow line now, mind you,† an' I tell you that the tables was fairly turned on the growlin' and howlin', Gnashin'-alists, as the Illustrious sang out, with a sincerity an' depth av feelin' that set all pulses gallopin' like racers, "Most fervently do I hope that it may please God indeed to protect an' save Ireland." Nivir since the days when GARIBALDI an' I won the battle av Spezzia, no, not when I jined the other Ginerals after Waterloo, can I mind so decisive a victory. If ever the sister ship is indeed driftin' on the rocks an' reefs av revolution, a strong pull like this discourse from Haulbowline will wear her off the danger, or me name's not TIM O'ROONEY!

Thursday.—Killarney and Blarney with me Lord KENMARE. Ross Castle literally ruined itself in a grand effort to look picturesque, an' the Lakes laughed with sunshiny smiles. Here after our triumph we rest, and our divarshions bein' av a private nature, I'm bound in honour to keep them to meself. Maybe when you entertain me at that banquet on me return, I'll let you know more. Just now you can't "Ken mair," as me Scotch cousins say.

Aunt PENELOPE would be glad av a copy av the paper, and the Equerry would be 'bliged if you would kindly back the enclosed three months for him.

* Not to hand yet. We trust Mr. O'ROONEY won't get us into trouble with the Inland Revenue Authorities. If he does, this whole passage shall be promptly "excised."—ED.

† *Qui s'accuse s'accuse*, Mr. O'R.; however, we are all with you,—go on.—ED.

GLASS—WITH CARE.—At the Middlesex Sessions last week, an ingenious foreigner named OCTAVIO LINATI, aged, according to the report, "seventy," and therefore old enough to know better, was sentenced by the Assistant-Judge to six months' hard labour for defrauding the Rev. Lord ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS and others. He represented himself as a LINATI, and a Count. Inquiries showed that he was not a Count, and that the noble LINATI Family had not the great honour of ownin' him as one of themselves. "His father," says the report, simply, "was a glazier." Now, there is an antiquated species of chaff, still used in crowds, which consists in telling a person who will obstruct somebody's view, that "his father was not a glazier, and therefore he isn't transparent." Many a true word uttered in jest. LINATI'S father *was* a glazier; therefore he could be, and, what is more, *was* seen through, and sentenced as above mentioned. This is a warning to the sons of glaziers.



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Uncle Ben (severely). "MY DEAR G.R.L.S, DON'T BE INFLUENCED BY APPEARANCES. PRAY GIVE YOUR AFFECTION APART FROM ANY CONSIDERATION FOR GOOD LOOKS!"

Jane and Susan. "I'M SURE, UNCLE BEN, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN VERY FOND OF YOU!"

"WAKING-UP!"

John Bull loquitur:—

A LITTLE Cheque! Well, not so little,
My keen economists will say,
But I'll not grudge one jot or tittle
If 'tis for genuine work I pay.
Yet I confess I have no taste
For inefficiency *plus* waste.

Strengthen your hands? Well, I'm quite willing

If they are hands that work, not squander.
I'll back you up with my last shilling,
But past experience makes me ponder.
Tu quoque smart and endless chatter
Don't seem to me to mend the matter.

Your business is to fit the Nation
With such a Navy that my Power,
Commerce, and Coast, and Coaling Station
Are safe however Fortune lower.
My business is to pay for it,
And I don't shirk it, not a bit!

Muddle and constant minimising
Of labour and responsibility
You *all* can manage, it's surprising
With what gregarious facility.
One thing you're good at, shirk; another
Is at belabouring each other.

But I'm dead sick of shirk and squabble,
Besides, I fancy they may land me
One day in a confounded hobble.
Cave, adsum! You understand me.
Drop them, abandon *blague* and cant,
And tell me plainly what you want.

As to the old eternal bobbery
Between you and the Treasury, why, Sir,
I know, of course, that waste means robbery.
But you can tell me—will you try, Sir?—
What's *needful*, and its cost, about.
Then if I shirk, 'tis my look out.

But don't you fear! This little Cheque
Can—good occasion shown—be doubled;
But whilst you squabble, spur, and peck
Like fighting cocks, I own I'm troubled
With one black doubt, I'd like to settle,
That 'tis a case of *Poi v. Kettle!*

But here's a Cheque, my Naval Chief—
Take it, and set about your work—
Eh? You'll turn over a new leaf?
Cut squabbling, and abandon shirk?
That's right! When Faction cries *peccavi*,
I shall feel safe about my Navy!

"The Cannon's Mouth."

Most of the speakers at the Cannon Street Meeting on the State of the Navy, disavowed party spirit in dealing with this great National question. All the same the Government—and especially the Admiralty Officials—must have felt that, in the words of the Laureate, slightly altered:—

Cannon (Street) to right of them,
Cannon (Street) to left of them,
Cannon (Street) in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd!

Let us hope that this Cannonnade may prove a Cannon-aid to them, in fulfilling one of the first duties of responsible Statesmen in this country.

AN IRISH EMBLEM.

In the *Daily Chronicle* it was reported that—

"As the Royal Carriage drove off, an onion was thrown from Parnell Bridge, which struck one of the footmen."

The Royal *Jeames de la Pluche* couldn't understand why this vegetable, of which he owns he is particularly fond, should have been hurled at him.

"Didn't ye notiss," then asked an Irish friend, "that the outside skin was off, and that the second skin was off, too?"

"I did not," replied JAMES; "but it might have taken my outside skin off, had it caught the bridge of my nose."

"An' what do the two skins off signify?" asked TIM MURPHY.

"Nothing to me," answered JAMES.

"But a mighty dale to the Nationalists," returned his friend; "for thim as threw it meant that nothin' less would satisfy them but the REPALE OF THE ONION!"

[JAMES fainted.]

FRANCE AND CHINA.—A telegram from Peking reports an English-speaking Diplomatist to have said (a long way) after a great European Statesman, that the best policy the Celestial Government could pursue towards the French would be to let them stew in their own GRÉVY. The maker of this remark being an influential Mandarin, nothing was done to him.



“WAKING-UP!”

MR. BULL. “THERE’S A CHEQUE ON ACCOUNT. GLAD TO SEE YOUR FIRM SO ACTIVE AT LAST!”

MANAGER. “YES, SIR,—ORDERS EXECUTED WITH CELERITY AND DESPATCH; AND WE HOPE, BY PUNCTUALITY AND STRICT ATTENTION TO PRESENT BUSINESS, TO MERIT A CONTINUANCE OF FAVOURS!!”

George Swan Hottage,

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

DIED, DURING HIS TERM OF OFFICE, APRIL 11, 1885.

DEATH in the Civic Chair! A fate as hard
As little common. Churlishly debarred—
So sympathy is tempted to complain—
From the full glories of that golden reign,
Brief at its best, which guerdon is and goal
Of civic worth. Yet had our life control
Of its own issues, one might wish to die
On Honour's hill-top, in the noon-day's eye.
'Twas in the Hour of Honour that the dart
Struck him, unwarned, the man of cordial heart.
And Honour is of strong immortal breath,
Not to be checked by the chill hand of Death!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SOCIETY in London, written by "A Foreign Resident," and published by Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, is a very "chatty and win us" sort of book. To all who have read Mr. ESCOTT'S *England*,—and his England is everybody's England,—the Foreign Resident's book will seem as if it were a supply of excellent material for which Mr. ESCOTT could not find room in the later portion of his comprehensive work,—not even in its most recent edition, which is a condensation, in form, since its first appearance in two volumes, and an amplification, in matter, since its second appearance in one volume. There is nothing of the *Count Smortork* about the "Foreign Resident." He "knows a deal," and knows how to tell it. Everybody in London, or out of London, will rush for this book to see what is going on everywhere; to see what is said about themselves, and what is said about their friends, acquaintances, and "people they have met." There is one class of persons our Distinguished Foreigner never seems to have met in *Society*, and that is Musicians. He has evidently an eye for everything that goes on, perhaps he has no ear. Yet, certainly, in this volume, the Musician, be he or she who he or she may, is conspicuous by his or her absence.

Finally the Foreign Resident, who does not seem to have set down aught in malice, explains why duelling is not in vogue. This seems unnecessary, as the book cannot offend anyone, and it would be rather difficult to call out an anonymous Foreign Resident.

The Open Door and Old Lady Mary. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. (BLACKWOOD & SONS), are two of the most homely ghost stories we've ever read since CHARLES DICKENS'S *Chimes*. Most homely and most natural: "creepy," of course, at first, but the creepiness wears off until the reader becomes personally interested in the Ghosts' sorrows. Part of the second story is told from the Ghost's point of view, and it needs no other Ghost to give us further information about the most awful of all "post-mortem examinations" as long as Mrs. OLIPHANT'S Ghost can tell us just as much as is sufficient to interest us all. During the perusal of both stories, but especially in the latter, *Hamlet's* exclamation will often recur to the mind of the reader, who will catch himself involuntarily sighing, "Alas, poor Ghost!" and thinking how far worse off was *Hamlet's* father than *Old Lady Mary*, and how he seems to have made so much of his condition merely for the sake of frightening his son, who, according to some among the best commentators, was only a raw schoolboy just returned for the holidays, with an extra week granted on account of his father's decease and the ascent of his usurping uncle to the Throne of Denmark. But this is to travel out of the record. *Hamlet's* father's Ghost was a long-winded person, of a malevolent and unchristian disposition, who revisited the glimpses of the moon not to repair a wrong which he had committed, but to incite his son to murder his uncle! The morality of Mrs. OLIPHANT'S Ghosts is far superior to this one of SHAKESPEARE'S, and no one who is fond of the mysterious should fail to peep in at the *Open Door* and to make the acquaintance of *Old Lady Mary*.

Annals of the French Stage, by FREDERICK HAWKINS (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is an interesting and instructive work, written in a most readable style. On some points, in the earlier portion of the work, we should question the accuracy of his views of certain historical matters, and it would be easy to point out where his narrative must be "cautiously read," from its being inclined by a bias of which he is not altogether unconscious. But from such faults what historian is altogether free? One thing is made sufficiently clear by Mr. HAWKINS, that Dramatic Authors, Actors, and Managers are much the same all over the world, no matter in what age they live, or to what country they belong. Authors cribbed from foreign dramatists, from romancers, from poets, and from one another. The thefts were excused and the work extolled when the thief was a genius, but if he were not, then woe be to the appropriator of other men's ideas. The French Actors began with devotion, lapsed into licence, and then

were astonished at not being treated as Christians, nor considered as respectable citizens. But in 1698 "social distinctions seemed to be forgotten," and the *foyer des artistes* of the House of MOLIÈRE was the resort of the wit and fashion of the time. "Here," writes one of the company, "the Actresses feel themselves in a measure forced to adopt the tone of high rank, and to observe, above all, a strict regard for decorum." Poor dears! But it must have been a brilliant sight this *foyer*, equalled, perhaps, by the Green-Room of Drury Lane on the night when MACKLIN played *Shylock*, and Mr. POPE complimented him with his celebrated couplet. We recommend Mr. HAWKINS'S *Annals* to all interested in histrionics.

A New Book of Sports (BENTLEY), written by various Saturday Reviewists. Now, at last, we know their little games! But each Sportive Reviewer still preserves his incognito, which secrecy is annoyingly but consistently mysterious. Don't let anyone abuse an article in the *Saturday*, or he may find that he has unwittingly offended the young pugilistic Reviewer who does the boxing, and who is evidently no amateur or theorist at fisticuffs; or he may have outraged the feelings of another Reviewist who is a master of fence, and who, if the offender will only come when he is "called out," will leave his unfortunate opponent quivering on a daisy. The "Riding-School" Essay is very amusing, as most Essays in this line are pretty sure to be. Football "at the Wall" recalls pleasant memories of times when we ourselves were as much "shinned against as shining," and often exclaimed, "O my prophetic soul, my Ankle!" How the strongest went to the wall—he was generally put there, if we remember rightly—and how the weakest went down, and how infinitely superior some of us considered football in the field!

But what a merry time they must have of it on a festival day at the *Saturday Review* Office, when all the young men are gathered together, including the Gentleman who is a practical authority on the "Banjo and Bones," the two who are great at "Tops and Marbles,"—nothing less than the Elgin Marbles, of course,—while quietly in a corner will be seated a meditative pair engaged on solving the permutations and combinations of "Knucklebones" and the mysterious symbolism of "Cat's-Cradle." For all these little games, and many more, are treated of most amusingly in the *New Book of Sports*.

"READY! AY READY!"

Or, More "Naval Intelligence" à la Mode.

PORTSMOUTH.—The news that war had finally been declared yesterday afternoon created, as might have been supposed, a still further stir in every department in the Dockyard. It having, however, been discovered that the hulls of the nine unfinished quick-sailing Cruisers, the designs for which were passed some seventeen years ago, but have been mouldering quietly on the long-shore mud ever since, cannot now be put into effective condition for going to sea for the next two years and a half, the Authorities have lost no time in purchasing all the available Coal-barges in the Outer Basin. These, it is rumoured, are each to carry one of the new 1.1 inch light breech-loading guns, the patterns for which will be prepared some time early next month, and as soon as everything is ready, and the Baltic frozen up, as it is hoped it may be by next December, the whole fleet will be dispatched there with sealed orders.

PLYMOUTH.—The news that war had been declared was announced here this morning by the sudden blowing up of the Arsenal, effected, it is supposed, by the entry last evening of one or two of the enemy's torpedo-boats, that must somehow have got past the Breakwater without attracting the attention of the Policeman on duty. The event has caused a good deal of annoyance and some surprise in official circles, but it is now hoped that energetic measures will be adopted to prevent the recurrence of the catastrophe.

CHATHAM.—The difficulty of manning the Boulogne Long Cheap Sea Route Steamers, just purchased by the Government, of the General Steam Navigation Company, with a view to turning them into Iron-clad Cruisers for service in the Black Sea, has at length been got over. Effective crews have, it is understood, been rapidly recruited from the local Omnibus-conductors and Cab-drivers, who, it is calculated, in their new uniforms, will look "ready for anything." It may be added that great energy and activity prevail at the Admiralty, where it has been decided that, in the event of it being proved that the enormous sums spent annually on Her Majesty's Navy have failed to provide a proper protection for the country, the matter will be intrusted, as best it can, till further notice, to private enterprise, as exemplified in the Mercantile Marine.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.—A startling article appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day headed, "Arming the Liners." It is to be hoped they will do nothing of the kind. Imagine being waited upon by an Interviewer, with a revolver, and the abrupt demand of, "Your Story or your Life!"



"WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW.
A MINISTERING ANGEL—"

Wife (of Retired Militia Officer). "YOU LEFT YOUR REGIMENT WITH GLORY, DEAR; BECAUSE, YOU SEE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS GOING TO BE WAR WHEN YOU RESIGNED."

POOR PREMIER!

Has the irony of Fate anything further in store for Mr. GLADSTONE? He has been forced into War when Peace was his object, he has had to summon Indian Troops to his assistance in the Soudan, he seems to be on the eve of an Alliance with the Unspeakable Turk, and, finally, in a case at Wandsworth Police Court, last Wednesday, it transpired that the friend of his bosom, the PREMIER's own Private Secretary, is a "Primrose"! Here is the extract from the *Morning Post*, which actually printed it without note or comment:—

"Mr. W. H. PRIMROSE, Private Secretary to Mr. GLADSTONE, produced the letter," &c.

The next thing will be for Mr. GLADSTONE to join "the Primrose League," and appear at the Artists' Fancy Ball as *Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield*.

GONE TO THE DOGS.—The adaptation of *Puck* at the Olympic.

THE MAN WHO MENDED THE BOILER.

"Mr. BENBOW, the engineer of one of the steamers in which the rescue of General GORDON was attempted, arrived in London yesterday. Mr. BENBOW was engineer of the steamer on which Lord CHARLES BERESFORD performed his deeds of gallantry on the Upper Nile; and among his friends he is popularly known as 'the Man who Mended the Boiler.' He has come to this country in response to an official telegram."

AIR—"The Saucy Arethusa."

COME, all ye Britons, brave and bold,
Whilst I his story do unfold—
(A better tale is seldom told)

The Man who Mended the Boiler!
An Engineer as deft as brave,
With a name that smacks of the salt sea wave,

And a heart as staunch
As the hull of his launch;
And whenever Britons must meet the foe,
May they have such fellows as brave BENBOW,
The Man who Mended the Boiler!

'Twas with the Nile fleet he set out,
With Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, gay and stout,
Midst the cataract's roar, and the Arabs' shout,

The Man who Mended the Boiler.
Khartoum and GORDON ahead did lie,
When a plate in the boiler did start and fly,
With a puff and a crack,
And the pace did slack,
And the Arabs howled at that bang and that puff,
But they knew not that handful of tars so tough,
Nor the Man who Mended the Boiler!

Whilst the jubilant Arabs did howl and dance,
He surveyed the smash with a workman's glance,
And saw at once that they couldn't advance

With a big blank hole in the boiler.
Did he turn up the job like a muff? Oh, no!
That wasn't the fashion of brave BENBOW,
Midstream and still
He worked with a will
Through a dark Nile night and by morning's light
He had patched up everything right and tight
The Man who Mended the Boiler!

The Arabs looked from the sandy strand,
And thought that the Britons were brought to a stand;
But those Britons they did not understand,
Nor the Man who Mended the Boiler.
Up steam once more! Midst a roar from the shore,
Away up the Nile the steamer bore.

Let each brim a glass,
Whether lad or lass,
In a health to Lord CHARLES and his gallant crew,
With a bumper to BENBOW stout and true,
The Man who Mended the Boiler!

A VERY BAD JOKE FOR THE RUSSIANS.

"PLEASE give me a *Penj-deh*!" is the latest demand of the Northern Cormorant. It is to be hoped that the English policy will be *Penj-deh* wise, and not pound foolish. There! BRITANNIA is avenged!

DOUBTFUL SECURITY.—Russia's Policy of Assurance.

THE "BILL" OF THE SESSION. (*Which MUST be Paid.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 13. — GRANVILLE and the Markiss joined hands to-night over bier of Lord CAIRNS. A truly touching scene, showing political parties at their best. An exquisite simplicity and tenderness about Lord GRANVILLE's speech, which he modestly made but the introduction to the reading of letter from SELBORNE, himself bereaved. The Markiss not less happy because not more affected. COLERIDGE's speech a little jarred on sensibilities of the House, wrought up by what had gone before.

"An elegant oration," says stout Lord BRAMWELL—"faultless in diction, perfect in elocution, but reminds me (except in its absence

of passion) of those impromptu funeral orations delivered over the graves of dead patriots in France, or the eulogy of a French Academician over the corpse of his predecessor."

Truly beautiful, but not sure if scene hadn't better have closed with the rougher tones of the Markiss.

In Commons, Members gather in great gravity to learn whether it's Peace or War. Members generally content to await statement from GLADSTONE. Only ASHMEAD BARTLETT insists upon associating himself with crisis by putting questions he knows beforehand won't be answered. Nor are they.

GLADSTONE does not say much, but manner means a great deal. End not come yet. Still waiting, putting our trust in possibility of satisfactory explanation, but keeping our powder dry.

RANDOLPH emerges from Towers of Silence, and delivers speech on affairs in the Soudan. This arises on Motion by HARTINGTON,

approving calling out of the Reserves. LABBY thinks opportunity convenient for protesting against the retention of forces in the Soudan. HARRINGTON and GLADSTONE both deprecate discussion on policy till Vote of Credit is brought on next week. But RANDOLPH got his speech ready, and not going to be put off by arguments of that kind. "The policy of our large military operations in the Soudan," he said, "has never yet been debated in this House," at which Members visibly shuddered.

"Look here, RANDOLPH, don't you know," said Sir PEEL, "this is rather going it. Here you've been gallivanting through India, riding on elephants, and tiffing with Rajahs, whilst we've been debating almost night after night, and from all points of view, affairs in the Soudan. Then you come and coolly say the matter hasn't been discussed, and that therefore you will open a debate upon it! This is too much, even for me," and Sir PEEL wagged himself out of the House.

Pretty to see the PREMIER on going out to Division stop to shake hands with RANDOLPH.



"Sweets to the Sweet."

"Dear me," said the young man, mopping the unbidden tear. "How fond they all are of me, and how glad to see me back. I wonder now how much they'd subscribe among them to get me off on another tour?"

Business done.—Calling out of the Reserves approved. Progress with Seats Bill.

Tuesday.—Sometimes complained that present race of Irish Members devoid of national humour. A good deal in general statement, but occasionally national character breaks through encasement of dull mediocrity. So happened to-night. Parnellites mad at reception of H.R.H. at Dublin. O'BRIEN determined that Mallow at least shall do its duty. Goes down there with HARRINGTON. Takes crowd of roughs from Cork and bands of music. Proposes to take possession of station, and howl at Prince and Princess when they arrive. No disguise about this. O'BRIEN at least doesn't mince matters; neither did the Mallow police. Bundled the lot out of station, incidentally administering to HARRINGTON what BULWER with extrajudicial air alludes to as "well-merited rap on the knuckles."

This afternoon Parnellites gather in ominous numbers. PARNELL rises, and before SPEAKER interposes, manages, in form of Question, to charge Police with "brutal attack on the people of Mallow," (whom he accidentally mentioned had come from Cork with return-tickets). All this passed off very well. PARNELL the very man for situation. Never made a joke himself, nor saw one in any situation. Irish Members all kept their countenances. BULWER spoiled the game first by inquiring in his solemnly prim manner, whether it was true that HARRINGTON had got "a winner." But cream of the joke skimmed by T. D. SULLIVAN, who, preserving his gravity almost to the last word, affirmed that O'BRIEN, HARRINGTON, and the boys from Cork had gone down solely with view of serenading His Royal Highness and the lovely Princess, and that the Police, with unaccountable aversion to national music, chivied these innocent lambs out of the Station to a distance, where their languishing music might not strike on the Royal ear! This brought down the House, and, amid roars of laughter, business was called on.

House pegging away in Committee on Seats Bill. Sort of wholesale Christening Party; illimitable troops of infants in arms, repre-

sented newly carved-out Divisions, brought up. DILKE proposes to name each in succession. On behalf of the family, local Member suggests another name. A little friendly conversation. Name decided on, infant christened; next one brought up; and so on to the still distant end.

Business done.—Progress with Seats Bill in Committee.

Wednesday.—"Turn again, R. N. FOWLER, twice Lord Mayor of London, and let me congratulate you upon your re-election, and felicitate the City upon its choice."

"Ah, is that you, TOBY? Thank you. You're very good. Everybody's very good. COLFRIDGE's bit of Latin this afternoon very good, though unexpected. Might have given me notice, and I'd have got up a little thing in Greek to give him back. Yes, it's nice thing to have been re-elected. But it's not all beer and skittles at the Mansion House. A good deal of it's turtle. No one but a Lord Mayor in October knows what a terrible thing turtle is. You think not? That's all very well up to fifty plates in a year. But when it comes to three hundred, turtle's trying. Only just getting back health after last year, and I'm in it again. But calls of duty must be met, and I'm not the man to shirk 'em."

Business done.—Christening Party still going on. Got a score or so of fresh names distributed.

Thursday.—Too bad of MCCOAN so recklessly to hurt sensibilities of PARNELLITES. It is well known that nothing is so foreign to their nature as "under cover of a Question to make a gross insinuation," whether against Member of the House, or otherwise. And here's MCCOAN, in usual breathless style, wanting to know whether Messrs. O'BRIEN, HARRINGTON, O'CONNOR, and DEASY, who went to Mallow with avowed intention to insult the Prince of WALES, "are the same persons who have sworn allegiance to the QUEEN, her heirs and successors?"

The Parnellites bounded to their feet like one man. But TIM HEALY came to the front. In vain the SPEAKER, by strategic movement, attempted to close incident by calling on Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL, who had next Question on the paper. The CAMPBELLS were coming, but TIM HEALY had come. In ordinary circumstances he would have submitted to slightest indication of SPEAKER's desire. But this outrage was too much. In vain the SPEAKER called on CAMPBELL; in vain CAMPBELL, a peaceful retiring man, attempted to strike in.

"I rise to order!" shouted TIM in that voice constructed to shake Empires. SPEAKER at length gave in, and TIM, in voice trembling with emotion, continued:

"I ask you, Sir, whether it is admissible for the Hon. Gentleman under cover of a Question to make a gross insinuation of perjury against Members of this House?"

The mere contemplation of such a thing was too much for honest TIM, whose voice, opening with a stormy roar, closed in a tender quaver. As for JOSEPH GILLIS, tears filled his gentle eyes. Plainly, if this sort of thing were not checked, somebody would, "under guise of a Question," be accusing Lord SPENCER of murder, and TREVELYAN of complicity in abominable crimes. CALLAN, in the excitement of the moment, found himself on his legs, incoherently shouting "Shame!" but subsided with great promptitude when he found he had caught the SPEAKER's eye.

To some minds these emotionable outbursts will seem an interference with business. But they serve to raise the moral tone of the House.

Grand CROSS brought forward amendment on Egyptian Loan Bill, which RANDOLPH kicked up and down floor of the House. Collapsed at Eleven o'clock, and Christening Party got to work again. Stirring fight as to whether a certain district should be called Penistone or Holmfirth.

"Sort of a Penistone or half-Penistone question," said DILKE, impatiently. "Would go odd coin to settle it."

Would have been settled but for FIRTH, who as usual got backs up of Conservatives with well designed speech about Holmfirth.

"There's no FIRTH like HOLM," said E. CLARKE. "We are bound to divide now." Which they did. Forget how question was settled.

Business done.—Grand CROSS got a fall. More of Seats Bill.

Friday.—More of ASHMEAD-BARTLETT and the Seats Bill. Former came on at Question time, as usual, the latter immediately after. Christening Party now got over to Ireland, and is, naturally, a little noisier. One of the infants coming to untimely end, JOSEPH GILLIS proposed to "wake" it. SPEAKER wouldn't hear of it. Subject dropped.

SONG OF THE HARD-UP TRADER.

If Trade be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?

MADAME NOVIKOFF'S "PAGE."—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

WALES IN IRELAND.

(Concluding Adventures of our Extra-Special Correspondent.)

As I write, everything an' everybody, includin' the deck av cards that was so useful to me, is packin', and being packed up. I'm busy revisin' the List of Honours and Titles that we mane to scatter about before we go home; and I'm bothered bekase of some half dozen "Garters" bein' missin' out av me Dispatch Box, and the new Baronites an' Dukes all gettin' shuffled up just as I had sorted thim. There is no more unreasonabable wild-fowl than your brand-new Baronite. However, here goes to wind up this immortal Dairy.

Monday.—Home by "Limerick, the Beautiful, as everybody knows." Loyalties and Disaffectionists mixed up at Station. Some av the latter very much mixed. Small scraps av black calico flutterin' like the wings av dissipated Scarecrows, and sometimes "the howlin' av Irish wolves," as a poetical an' play-actin' ancestor av the Princess wanst called them, reach over eyes an' ears. However, we know that it's only Mr. WILLIAM O'BITTER-BRINE, M.P., playin' his ugly tricks, and that his "wolves" are all "hirelings."

Tuesday.—"Castles." Grand Review av Sunday Scholars an' Scholaresses in the Park. Wet day, and so the wee ones looked like a lot of pious pinkeens as they laid their drenched devotion at our feet. After piety, Punchestown, an' after both, an' indeed durin' both, the Deluge! Punchestown—a meetin' founded originally in your own Honor's honour—turns out all sloop, slush, slithers and splash, an' no one, bar a mermaid or a water-baby, could enjoy it. Even the Equerry was sad, an' I think it only right to tell you why. He axed me to tell him something to back for the Swimminghome Cup, an' I gave him a horse called *Omadhaun*, considerably layin' agin' him myself to 'blige the Equerry. Fine start, an' they all do well for the first five fathoms, *Omadhaun* gettin' off with a long slow stroke, pullin' a dozen to the minute! I bid me friend observe the solemn majestic stride with no vulgar hurry about it, peculiar to the strain av all the *Omadhaun* breed. For all that the unreasonable man looks frustrated as they come round the first time with *Omadhaun* apparently coverin' their retreat! Ye might cover them with a table-cloth (if it had been about a quarter mile long). Now they're lost behind the hill. Ha! they come to the "double." See! Pink has evidently a slidin' seat! Now they rise at it like trouts! Three down! Three riderless steeds sailin' out into the west! "Case of double and quits!" sez the Illustrious, with a cheerful chuckle. Ridin'! Pullin'! Featherin' low! Flecked with foam! Creepin' up to each other's girths, each horse with a bit in his mouth, an' each Jockey with a bit in hand! Hooray! they sweep into the straight. What's this? The colours av the Equerry's fancy are divisible! At last we see him, swingin' along in stately fashion three fields off!

"Why, he's nowhere, Mr. O'ROONEY!" sez the Equerry, shuttin' up his glasses with a short snap; "an' I really must say that altogether, and when you told me so distinctly, 'pon honour! don't you know, it's hardly quite the—"

What could I do but comfort the poor man? "Look at him, Equerry," sez I, "isn't it beautiful? Blood of the *Omadhauns*, but it's a great race! Sure, there he is, *drivin' them all before him!*"

Wednesday.—Now and for ever the Bridge that spans the wild torrent av the tempestuous an' rushin' river Dodder is properly christened. It is to be "BALL's Bridge," in memory of the finest dance that ever Irishman stepped to since the days of FLANNAGAN's Ball. It would have done your eyes good to have seen DICK MARTIN and EDWARD GUINNESS footin' it bravely with Royalties as became the leaders av six thousand salutatory citizens! It was late in the evenin' before I jined in the Royal Jig, owin' to being obliged to take part with Aunt PENELOPE and all the HEGARTYS in the Mullingar Minuet, but when I did shake a leg and sint a soul-stirrin' "Hoo!" ringin' down the big barn (for that's what it was), the inhouseism was just thremendous, so it was, as "Hey, diddle, diddle!" played big Mr. LIDDELL, and all the exalted party laughed to see such sport, and applauded the deeds av O'ROONEY.

It was after that AUNT PENELOPE whispered to me that she wanted to introduce me to NORAH HEGARTY. NORAH was a soort av cousin av mine, an' I hadn't seen her since she was a bit av a child. Now she was grown up—an' as I looked into her big, grey Irish eyes, as clear, an' yet as soft as the colour av the Twelve Pins on a Spring mornin', and listened to the sweet music av the bewitchinist brogue that all her inxpiniv eddication hadn't extrackted from her—aye! an' took her little hand to lead her out for the last dance, an' made her laugh tellin' her stories av the days when she was a Girshee, I forgot me duties, lost me Note-book, disremembered AUNT PENELOPE, made the Equerry a present of his I. O. U.-s, an', in short, determined that she was a kind av Cousin to be at "wanst removed."

I confess to a squeeze an' a whisper, an' I record me appreciation av Aunt PENELOPE's sympathetic slumbrocity. . . . The dear girl insisted on the whole party accompaning me to Belfast to witness the last journalistic duties I shall perform.

Thursday, an' cetera ad fin.—Belfast pours forth its pent-up loyalty. Takin' me advice, the PRINCE turned, like the attractive Magnate he is, to the North! an' the result was, a rush an' a flash av Northern Lights, that blazed on every hill, an' in every sturdy north country heart. More dancin', and a power of beauty at all the functions. I've seen an' heard the "Belles of Shandon," disported meself with the dainty damsels av Dublin, an' laughed with the Limerick lasses; but these Angels av Antrim are p'raps the finest—(Be quiet, NORAH agra!)—any way, they have fairly reversed a certain Royal record of long ago. The Illustrious has had an Irish cold, but is better—so have I, several "Irish colds," an' am much better.

So it all ended. Me Illustrious friend gave me gracious congratulations, an' his cigarette-case, an' a promise to lunch at Castle Hegarty when he comes over next. In reply, I could only say that he had behaved all through his visit like the Prince an' gentleman he is. The Equerry (who is now doin' well with the rest av the *Suite*, an', like meself, "gettin' home" rapidly) is to be the best man. I mane to be a resident absentee for the future, and if you Mr. Punch, and all kind friends over your side, will only wish us well, and prepay those prisints, there won't be a happier or loyaler pair in Ireland than—(here I must remark that I have just heard from Sir BARNEY ULSTER BURKE)—Sir TIMOTHY an' Lady O'ROONEY to command! "At Home" every fifth Wednesday in Leap Year. There's NORAH callin' me to know if I think shamrocks will go well with orange-blossoms? Good-bye! Bless you!

HOW TO UTILISE AN EXPLOSION.

THE *Morning Post* having told us how a fair American Actress breakfasted with the PREMIER on the day of the "Admiralty Outrage," and subsequently performed with great success at the theatre, reports of a similar character are to hand by hundreds. We reproduce a few that have already reached us:—

Mr. J. L. T.—I was in the Booking-Office when he heard a loud noise, which for a moment prevented him from continuing the calculations in which he was engaged. Almost immediately regaining his composure, he returned to his labours, and found that every place in his theatre had been taken for three months in advance.

Mr. H. I.—I was conversing with Miss E.—N. T.—r in St. James's Park, on their road to the L.—m, when the ground was shaken under their feet. The fair *artiste* uttered an exclamation of astonishment, when Mr. I.—G, with great presence of mind, assured her there was no cause for alarm, and finished the anecdote he was narrating about the immense sums realised in America.

Mr. P.—s, the well-known inventor of the celebrated *Savon*, was washing his hands when the explosion occurred. The piece of soap he was using was actually jerked out of his grasp by the force of the concussion, but being from his own manufactory was of such admirable quality that it suffered no damage.

A Gentleman walking under the Admiralty wall at the time of the outrage was thrown to the ground with enormous force. Being picked up by the bystanders, he smilingly explained that he "was all right, as the A.—y braces he had in use were constructed to bear any possible strain." On examination it was found that his confidence in the admirable article was not misplaced.

A Shoe-black stationed in Spring Gardens insists that he saw a mysterious foreigner shortly before the explosion happened. He distinctly remembers the exact time, as only a few minutes previously he had been opening a packet of the celebrated N.—n Blacking.

JOHN JONES asserts that he heard the report as far away from London as Battersea, where he sleeps at night, being employed during the daytime at the celebrated G.—e Dinner at the C.—n, Piccadilly, which is nightly crowded by the *élite* of Society, wishing to enjoy an excellent *table d'hôte* banquet and some capital part-songs at the moderate charge of three shillings and sixpence a head.

Mr. G.—L, the world-famous perfumer, asserts that the smell of the gunpowder or dynamite, on the fateful Thursday, was so strong ten miles from the scene of the explosion, that he was forced to scent his handkerchief with his "Fruit Bloom Bouquet," which is renowned as the strongest and best scent in the civilised world. The effect of this course was magical, and for leagues round the inhabitants believed, from the delightful fragrance surrounding them, that the cherry trees had burst into blossom.

Lastly, our own Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, of Pumphandle Court (whose contribution to our columns is, in consequence of the explosion, held over till next week), was on the point of receiving a packet of papers from an influential client when the outrage took place. On his recovering, both client and papers were gone, and our learned friend's memory was so affected by the shock that he could not call to mind the name of the client, although he had no doubt whatever that the documents must have been manufactured by Messrs. P.—E AND C.—R, the long-established law and general stationers, whose stock of fancy articles has reached an extraordinary degree of excellence.



UNTIMELY!

Patient (with Limited Income). "OH, DOCTOR, DON'T LET ME SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS THIS TIME—JUST AS OYSTERS ARE GOING TO BE CHEAP AGAIN!"

THE FIRE-IRONY OF FATE.

Premier pipes—

If not a good Driver, I'm prime as a Stoker.
In Egypt I stirred—'tis the part of a *Poker*.
And what with our blunders, and what with our wrongs,
We've been going it lately like "*Shovel and Tongs*."
Now, just as the furnace appears in full blast,
You'll see me fall back on the *Scuttle* at last.

THE OFFICIAL OLLENDORFF.

New and revised Edition, containing many phrases likely to prove most useful on land or sea in the event of any Continental Warfare.

EXERCISE I.—FOR THE NAVY.

Is our coal run out? It is (run out). Why do we not sail to the nearest coaling station? Because all the coal of the nearest coaling station has been burnt by the small cruiser of the prudent enemy. You are jesting. Pardon me, I do not jest at all. I perceive the large ironclad of the enemy. Will you tell them not to fire at our unarmoured ends? Is it possible, they are firing at our unarmoured ends! Let us load the big gun. Why can we not load the big gun? Because we have not the large powder. Have you the enemy's big gun (the big gun of the enemy)? No—the enemy has our big gun. Who has our fine ships? The enemy has them. Is that a whale advancing, or a torpedo boat? It is not a whale. The enemy have the fine torpedoes, but we have not the strong wire nets. Has the foreigner our wooden Admiralty official? He has not our wooden Admiralty official, but he has our good ships. Will your Czar thank the economical Admiralty of the trusting Englishmen? He will, Sir!

EXERCISE II.—FOR THE ARMY.

(a) *On the March.*—We have the blue spectacles, the Japanese umbrellas and the amusing parlour games, but we have not the surgical appliances. Has the cook of the regiment the good Australian beef? He has none of the good Australian beef, but a good deal of the compressed English horse-radish. Your ugly camel has the red

mange. All the ugly camels have the red mange. Have we plenty of the fresh water? We have not the fresh water, but we have the empty water-tanks. I have the tinned meat of the wealthy contractor, and I have also the severe stomach complaint (or the severe complaint at the stomach).

(b) *In the Field.*—What gun has the enemy? He has the good gun. Have you the Martini-Henry rifle? I have the Martini-Henry rifle, and the composite-case cartridges. Why does the General alter the letter of the candid correspondent? The action is beginning, though we have not yet all our troops.

We have only to keep on firing a little longer and we shall win the battle! Why do you not keep on firing? Because I cannot get the composite-case cartridge out of the Martini-Henry rifle. How much is my gun worth? Is it worth as much as that of your friend? I should prefer to have the Brown Bess of the brave ally, or the leaden peashooter of my naughty boy.

Are the Cossacks coming? They are. Let us form square and fix the bayonets. We have fixed the bayonets, but they are bent. Are they soft? They are (soft). We will draw our swords. Some of the swords will draw, but they will not out. It is fortunate, then, my dear friend, that we have the Gardner gun. Why do you not fire the Gardner gun? It is jammed. We are very (*très*) unfortunate (*malheureux*). We must not trust everybody. Shall we surrender? We will not surrender, since we do not prefer life to death. Will the War Office of the Englishmen be mentioned in the despatches of the General of the victorious enemy?

All the Difference.

[Lord R. CHURCHILL, speaking on the anniversary of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S death, said he would back the Primrose League against the Caucus.]

THROUGH a long thorn-strewn path the man you praise
Climbed up to Power after many days.
You, too, would climb. But what does SHAKESPEARE say?
The "Primrose-path" leads—well, the other way.

RUSS IN URBE.—The *Pall-Mall Gazette*.

TENNYSON TACKLED.

I.

THE FLIGHT!

Companion Poem to "The Fleet." A Rejoinder.

You—you—if you have failed to understand
How ships are built on paper at Whitehall,
Have picked up from the *Pall Mall*, second-hand,
Facts which but after all
Make circulation great—

Your Isle,—where you possess the snuggest berth,
The tangled lanes, clear stretches of the sea,—
Might feed your Muse; of matter you've no dearth.
So why this unprovoked attack on me,—
This—regular slate?

You—you who, I admit, can write,
If you have talked of "kicking" to my face:—
Well, prays I ought to seek the Isle of Wight,
And kick you at your place;
And may—though late, though late.

II.

THE BARD.

Another Companion Poem. A Reply.

YUM-YUM,* if I have failed to understand
The tons, and guns, and "ends," whereof they brawl,
At me, at least, can no man point the hand.
For hypothetical
Purely, is all I state.

YUM-YUM, if any man has starved the Fleet,
If any man has his head punched for this,
Kicked by a million boots along the street,
That sight I would not miss,
Nay, nor arrive too late!

And what, if flying collars and a face
Familiar once in Highland tour with me,
I saw thus pelted in the market-place?
Well, well, so might it be;
And, if deserved, First-rate!

* YUM-YUM, believed to be Japanese Muse of Hypothetical Poetry, corresponding to "You, you."



GUY FAWKES TENNYSON BLOWING UP THE AUTHORITIES OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Song of the Soudan.

BERBER, GLADSTONE!—
Have you *any* plan?
Yes, Sir, *several*!
Trust the Grand Old Man!

One for the Liberal,
One for the Rad;
And others, in a pigeon-hole,
Equally mad and bad.

NOTE AND QUERY.—A Conservative paper speaks of Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT as "A Politician of Note." The "Note" must surely be a "Note of Interrogation."

THE POET LAUREATE (ADAPTED) FOR PRINTERS.—"So careless of the type *he* seems."

PROBABILITY.—"The Lion's Share" in Asia becoming small by degrees and beautifully less.

Kudos for Kennington.

MR. PUNCH hears that Mr. O'CONNOR POWER has been invited to stand as Liberal Candidate for the Kennington Division of Lambeth, and has agreed to do so. The return of *such* an Irishman, at once patriotic and loyal, able and earnest, eloquent and temperate, for an English seat, would be a satisfaction to Ireland's well-wishers, a credit to the Constituency electing him, and a precedent full of happy augury and scarcely measurable promise. *Mr. Punch* wishes more POWER to Kennington's—political—elbow!

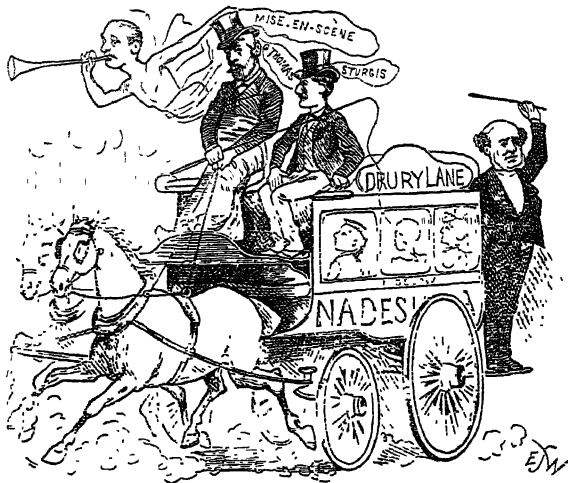
Song of the Czar.

[The *Daily News* Correspondent at Baku, on the Caspian, says it is rumoured that the Czar intends to assume the title of "Emperor of Central Asia."]

PEN a line, pen a line, Baku man!
Make me an Emperor fast as you can.
I'll drive all the Englishmen into the sea,
For there's not room in Asia for them and for me!

NOTES ON NADESHDA.

THE Second Performance of *Nadeshda*. Delighted to meet people coming out because they couldn't find room in the house. Good sign this. I am in time to look round before Opera commences. House full. I have also leisure to examine the libretto, which I see is by Mr. JULIAN STURGIS. "JULIAN STURGIS," let me see, don't I know



Carl Rosa Omnibus Company. Conductor, Alberto Randegger.

his name as a novelist, or a draughtsman on wood, and a drawer of horses? If all these, he is JULIAN The Accomplished. But I fancy I am wrong. The music is by ARTHUR GORING THOMAS, of whom there was once a sketch in these pages, with a horn accompaniment suggestive of the "Goring." On this his latest work I make him my sincere compliments. It was "written and composed," the title-page informs me, "for the CARL ROSA COMPANY," which was a plucky speculation on the part of CARL ROSA. In the next page of the book is given a list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, which, besides the principals and the "Serfs, Armed Servants, Pages," &c., includes the names of—

Conductor Mr. ALBERTO RANDEGGER.
Mise-en-Scène Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

The latter name being put in as if it were that of the Good Fairy of the piece—the *deus ex machina*,—the machine being the practicable 'bus, who will put everything to-rights, and make everybody

happy ever afterwards. At this point of my forecasting I am suddenly interrupted by loud applause, and, looking up, I see some one standing up in the orchestra, and bowing.

At first sight I feel inclined to exclaim, "Hullo! why that's Lord GRANVILLE! what on earth is he doing here?" when, by the aid of my opera-glasses, I ascertain that it is Mr. ALBERTO RANDEGGER, whose appearance is hailed with delight, for now we know that the Show is "just a-goin' to begin." It does begin, in the politest way, with an Introduction. This is as it should be between

Nadeshda, or No-Duster, Housemaid in the service of Voldemar.

strangers. The Introduction is most successful. In fact, it goes a very great way towards promoting the harmony of the evening. Up goes Curtain, and here we are in Russia!

The Poetic Librettist thus describes the scene in his book, "Mid-summer in Russia—a smiling sunny land, through which a river flows." What a pity it is, and what a number of commentators would have been thrown out of employment, had SHAKESPEARE only been half as communicatively descriptive as JULIAN the Accomplished! He tells us, as he must have previously told the good Fairy, AUGUSTUS MISE-EN-SCÈNE, "There is a bridge over the river. Beyond the river is a ripening wheat-field,"—yes, I watched it, it was "a-ripening" all the time, and no doubt is still going on beautifully, so that in

another night or two it will be full harvest-time,—"*and beyond the wheat, in the distance, is a castle.*" Yes, there it was, sure enough. "*Serfs, both men and girls, are making merry.*"

These are something like stage-directions. Evidently JULIAN the Accomplished continued to get the Genius MISE-EN-SCÈNE under his thumb, much as the Fisherman did with the Genie in the *Arabian Nights' Story*.

"Look here," says JULIAN, sternly, and not to be trifled with, "mind you have a river flowing, a bridge over it, a ripening wheat-field, and everything I want; because, if you do not, I shall have the whole description printed in the book, and the audience will know whom to blame if everything isn't in its proper place. See?"

Poor Mr. MISE-EN-SCÈNE promised it should all be there—and there it is. And "the Serfs, men and girls," are "making merry" in the way a Chorus always will make merry, whether they be Serfs or Nobles.



"THE TWO NOSES."

Triumph of Art. Mr. McGuckin as himself and George the Third.



Mr. Leslie Crotty supposed to be Ivan, but as Mr. Weller's song says, "This here's the bold Tur-pin!"

The music is very spirited, and Mr. MISE-EN-SCÈNE's action good. Then in comes a black-looking rascal, whose name the well-informed person next me says is *Podsnap*. This I receive with incredulity, and refer to the book, where I find that the Villain of the deepest dyed black wig and willany is called *Ostap*,—which name has in it a combination of the stable and public-house,—both very natural, he being a Serf, and employed in some menial office or other. He makes some apparently rude remarks,—and here, without reference to the book, I cannot help observing that it is difficult to distinguish the difference between an Opera in English and one in Italian,—at all events, at some distance off.

From the book by JULIAN the Accomplished I gather that *Podsnap* is telling us in song that—

"The wolf she has fled away
And has left her whelp for our annoy."

Which is probably some Russian idiom, for which I take JULIAN's word. But *Podsnap* only gets laughed at, and then in comes *Nadeshda*, and when *Podsnap*, who is her ruffianly adorer, and the merry-making Chorus leave her a minute to herself, she takes advantage of it to sing a charmingly orchestrated song, "*O River, dear River!*"

After this song, which is, I venture to think, the gem of the Opera, and given by Madame ALWINA VALLERIA in her very best style, *Nadeshda* runs off to join the merry-makers,—they are still at it outside, somewhere in among the ripening wheat, or all among the barley,—and enter two personages whom at first sight I take to be GEORGE THE THIRD in his younger days, and DICK TURPIN the celebrated highwayman.

I can scarcely realise the fact, but there they are, both of 'em, in Russia, travelling together as comfortably as possible on foot without any luggage or servants,—and I am not going to disturb the illusion by consulting the book or the programme, where, I am bound to say, I subsequently find that these two gentlemen are respectively *Voldemar*, and *Ivan*, his bad brother. I am overrunning my limits, so must dismiss the story, briefly keeping, as I have got accustomed to them, my own nomenclature for the characters.



The Princess Natalia. No pocket to put her handkerchief in. Must carry one. Got such a bad cold.

GEORGE THE THIRD then (for I firmly believe that what I am witnessing is an episode in that monarch's early life, only that for political reasons not unassociated with Mr. GLADSTONE and "an arrangement," the names have been changed, and the story made Russian) falls in love with *Nadeshda*, a Housemaid,—real name "No Duster," because she always uses a broom,—of whom



Three Bishops in Uniform, representing perhaps the Church Militant in Russia in attendance on the Princess. (Can one of them be the Archbishop of Yorke?)

Podsnap the Potboy, and DICK TURPIN, the Gentleman Highwayman, are also enamoured.

GEORGE THE THIRD's Mamma, played with much melodramatic majesty by Miss JOSEPHINE YORKE,—if she were a soprano she might be the "YORKE and ALBANI," but she isn't,—is naturally against the match, and comes on attended by, apparently, three fighting Bishops, in military uniforms and mitres, to stop it. She doesn't succeed, for DICK TURPIN kills *Podsnap* the Potboy, and TURPIN, who doesn't ride to York, but is brought to YORKE on a litter, explains that, after stabbing him with intent to kill, *Podsnap* had succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes in an attempt on his own (*Podsnap's*) life, and that as far as he (TURPIN) is concerned, GEORGE THE THIRD may marry No-Duster, and be hanged to him. So the Duchess of YORKE withdraws her objection, and all ends happily by about eleven o'clock. The acting and singing good; some of JULIAN the Accomplished's Russo-English delightful. The Orchestra too loud,—it is very fully orchestrated,—which necessitates prolonged and exciting strife between Singers and Musicians. MR. MISE-EN-SCENE has done his work well, so has Conductor RANDEGGER. Its composer, THOMAS, has done exceeding well, and so has the enterprising CARL ROSA, who, I trust, will be stimulated to fresh efforts in the cause of Opera by his present successful production. NIBBS.

MELODIES AND MODELS.

AMONG the chief attractions at the forthcoming South Kensington Show are expected to be the following:—

An "Early English Cabinet," combining Strength with Durability, exhibited by Lord SALISBURY. Has no Divisions. Highly-polished Nobs, not made to be drawn out. Drawers for Secret Despatches. N.B.—The art of construction is now lost.

Models of—1. "A Patent Torpedo." 2. "Novel Diving Apparatus." 3. "Plains of Central Thibet." All exhibited by the Balloon Society.

Competing Specimens. Exhibited by all the principal English Companies, for Prize for the "Most Thoroughly Uncomfortable Railway Carriage in Existence."

Miniature Ditto. Specially recommended as toys for the Families of Railway Directors.

Several "Skeletons of Habitual Travellers by Omnibus." All showing interesting compound Distortions of Back-bone, Compression of Ribs, Malformation of Lung Cavity through constant asphyxiation, &c., &c.

Specimen of a Patent Pump—"The Interviewer." Exhibited by the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"An Artificial Digestion." Warranted to assimilate and retain any quantity of Charitable Funds. Qualms absolutely unknown. Exhibited by the Liberty and Property Defence League, with entire approval of the City Companies.

"Design for Conversion of a Cabbage into a Sirloin of Beef" (nearly perfect). Exhibited by Dr. RICHARDSON.

"Teetotal Bitters"—a Perfect Substitute for Hops, also a Substitute for Champagne Cup at Hops. Exhibited by the United Kingdom Alliance.

"The Mechanical Railway Porter." Warranted to answer all questions correctly, and without unnecessary *hauteur*.

"Magneto-Electric, Self-Folding, and Instantly-Reversible Tricycle." Although so compact that it can be put in a waistcoat-pocket, it is also capable of astonishing both the Equestrian who ventures within fifty yards of it, and the Paralytic Invalid who is fool enough to ride it, and to whom it can be confidently recommended as the only substitute for a Shock from a Powerful Battery, combined with a Violent Convulsion of Nature, which has yet been discovered.

"Specimens of Self-Jamming 'Boomerang' Cartridges, 'Telescope' Swords," &c. Exhibited by command of the War Office.

A CITY GUILD IN TROUBLE.

THERE is a subtle vein of humour in Mr. Justice DAY that he endeavours to conceal with as much effort as some of his learned Brethren make to display their want of it. His Ludship had, last week, with the assistance of no less than five Counsel learned in the law, to determine whether it was imperative that the Worshipful Company of Masons should have a Court of twenty-four Assistants to carry on its affairs. The original Charter, granted by his most religious and gracious Majesty, CHARLES THE SECOND, was produced in Court, and is described by the irreverent Reporter as a very wizened and musty-looking document. It prescribes that twenty-four Assistants shall be appointed; and although it was stated that there was little or nothing for them to assist in doing, the Judge silyly remarked that there might be something for them to receive, and so he decided that twenty-four should be the number, and ordered the poor Company to pay all the costs, which will probably be the means of curtailing their bounteous hospitality for some time to come.

I am not, I regret to say, intimately acquainted with the inner life of this Worshipful Company, or whether Masons are an increasing or diminishing race, but some of the City Guilds are, I believe, rapidly becoming small by degrees, if not beautifully less. It does so happen that, some years ago, I was personally acquainted with the last surviving member of the Worshipful Company of Pavors, and, with that audacity that belongs to mature manhood, I proposed to him to resuscitate the moribund Company, and instil into it a renewed life worthy of so useful and so ancient a fraternity. After the usual time allowed for reflection, the Last of the Pavors assented. My friend was to be the Worshipful Master, I was to be the Wine-Warden, for which important position a lengthened acquaintance with City hospitality had well fitted me, a mutual friend well acquainted with accounts,—that is to say, other people's accounts, his own had not been particularly prosperous,—was to be Rentee Warden, and a nephew of mine, who was evidently intended to shine in Society, if Society had not been so very expensive, was to be the Clerk, with a salary of £200 a-year to commence with.

The inquiry naturally arises, whence were the funds to come to supply—Firstly, the fees for the Master and Wardens; Secondly, the Salary of the Clerk; Thirdly, the Banquets, so absolutely necessary to the existence of a City Guild. Questions easily asked and as easily answered. Be it then known unto all men that there are two kinds of City Guilds, or Mysteries, as they are properly called. The one kind are the Swell Companies, who abound in Wealth, in Benevolence, in Education, and in the grand Christian virtue of Hospitality. The noblest of all noble institutions are they, and long may they remain unsullied by the grasping hand of hungry Radicalism! But there is also another kind of Guild, and these, being almost penniless, scrape together a few paltry guineas by making Liverymen at reduced prices. It was on this hint that I spake to my solitary Pavior.

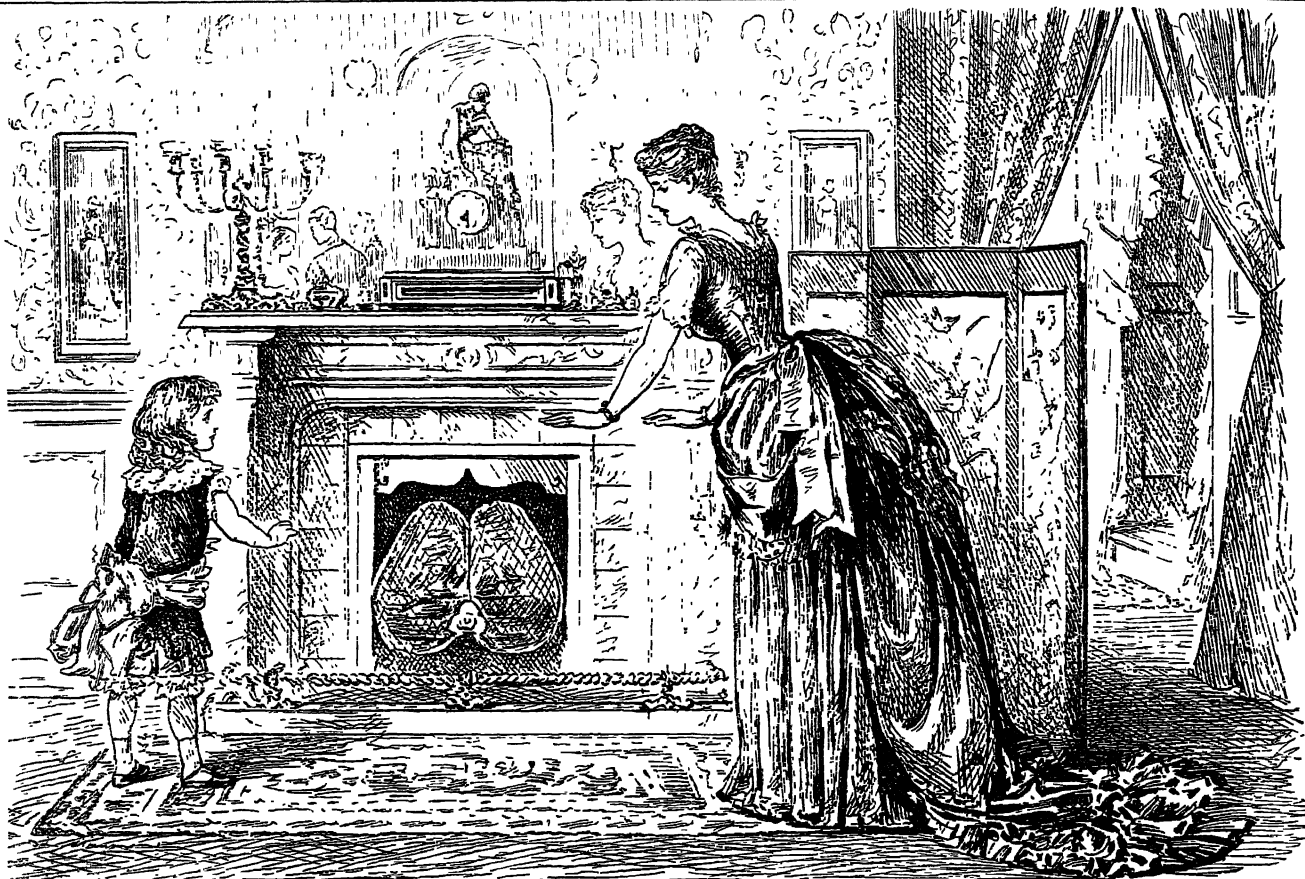
"If a man," said I, "is desirous of becoming a Liveryman in order to get a vote for the City, let us offer him a large discount for ready money, and to any agent who will bring fresh victims, a large allowance on bringing a quantity. I know that this is done constantly on a very large scale, and a small reduction in the entrance fee will bring us in a princely income." The whole thing was arranged, the final conditions were to be settled at a banquet to be given by our prospective Master, when, sad to say, he fell suddenly ill, was ordered off to Brighton, and never returned. The Pavors' Company thereupon ceased to exist, and is no longer to be found in the list of City Guilds, but I believe that Messrs. MOWLEM, BURT AND FREEMAN are ready to testify that, despite that fearful calamity, City Pavors are doing as well as can be expected.

Should the Masons wish to bring this somewhat Past Grand Company to its former condition of splendour, and prosperity, and popularity, they had better apply at once to one who is, at present,

AN OUTSIDER.

P.S.—My terms are very moderate. Five per cent. on the fees, and an invitation to all Banquets.

LORD TENNYSON'S USE OF "YOU YOU" IN HIS ANTI-GOVERNMENT POEM.—"You You," of course, stands for "double-you," that is "W." What "W"? W e.g.,—W. E. G.!



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Visitor at Country House. "BY THE BYE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO I WAS THIS MORNING, MARGUERITE!"
Small Daughter of the House. "No; who WERE YOU?"

THE POLITICAL "MRS. GUMMIDGE."

A "DICKENS" OF A SITUATION.

MRS. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE had been in a low state for some time, and had almost burst into tears when a chill gust from the North, coming suddenly, and—to her—unexpectedly down the chimney, had blown the lid off the bubbling saucepan, and the soot into the stew therein.

"I am a much-crossed cretur," were Mrs. GUMMIDGE's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and everything goes contrary with me."

"Oh, it'll soon leave off," said Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL—meaning the North wind,—“and besides, you know, it's not more disagreeable to you than it is to us.”

"I feel it more," said Mrs. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE.

It was indeed a very cold, cheerless day, with cutting blasts of wind, which seemed to blow from every quarter at once, but from the North and East for choice. Mrs. GUMMIDGE's peculiar corner of the fireside seemed—to her at least—to be the chilliest and most uncomfortable, as her seat was certainly the hardest. She complained of the North-Easter and of its visitation just at this time and at her back, which she said gave her the "creeps."

"It is certainly very uncomfortable," said Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL. "Everybody must feel it so."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. GUMMIDGE.

So at dinner. The fish—from which she had expected great things—were small and bony, and the stew was smoky and burnt. All acknowledged that they felt this something of a disappointment, but Mrs. GUMMIDGE said she felt it more than they did, and again made that former declaration with great bitterness—"I'm a much-crossed cretur", and everything goes contrary with me."

Later, when Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL came home to tea, this unfortunate Mrs. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE was knitting in her corner, in a very wretched and miserable condition. Her knitting—a nondescript piece of work—seemed to be a regular Egyptian labyrinth for complicated tangle, and a very Penelope's web for inconclusiveness and

power of alternate weaving and unweaving. "Cheer up, Grand Mawther!" cried Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL. (Mr. PEGGOTTY meant Grand Old Girl.)

Mrs. GUMMIDGE did not appear to be able to cheer up. She dropped her knitting with a gesture of despair.

"What's amiss, Dame?" said Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL.

"Everythink!" returned Mrs. GUMMIDGE. "Including you," she continued, dolefully. "You've a willing mind to face the troubles before you, but you ain't ready. I'm sorry it should be along o' me that you're so unready."

"Along o' you? It ain't along o' you!" said Mr. PEGGOTTY, good-naturedly, and perhaps without quite meaning it. "Don't ye believe a bit on it."

"Yes, yes, it is!" cried Mrs. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE. "I know what I am. I know that I am a much-crossed cretur", and not only that everythink goes contrary with me, but that I go contrary with everybody. Yes, yes. I feel more than other people do, and I show it more. It's my misfortun."

One really couldn't help thinking that the misfortune extended to some other Members of that House, besides Mrs. GUMMIDGE.

"I ain't what I could wish myself to be," said Mrs. GUMMIDGE.

"I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and they makes me contrary. I wish I didn't feel them, but I do. I wish I could be harden'd to 'em, but I ain't. If I felt less, I could do more. I make the House uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it. It's far from right that I should do it. I'd better leave the House. I'm a much-crossed cretur", and had better not make myself contrary here. If thinks must go contrary with me, and I must go contrary myself, let me go contrary alone at my own place. I'd better leave the House, and retire and be a riddance."

Mr. PEGGOTTY-BULL, whose countenance had exhibited the mixed traces of many feelings, including puzzlement, impatience, and profound sympathy, looked upward at a portrait of an ancient, but buok-like and somewhat Hebraic personage upon the wall, and, shaking his head, with a lively expression of those mixed sentiments still animating his face, said, in a solemn whisper,

"She's been thinking of the Old 'Un!"



THE POLITICAL "MRS. GUMMIDGE."

MRS. GUMMIDGE-GLADSTONE. "I AIN'T WHAT I COULD WISH MYSELF TO BE. MY TROUBLES HAS MADE ME CONTRAIRY. I FEEL MY TROUBLES, AND THEY MAKE ME CONTRAIRY. I MAKE THE HOUSE UNCOMFORTABLE. I DON'T WONDER AT IT!!!"

JOHN PEGGOTTY-BULL (*deeply sympathising—aside*). "SHE'S BEEN THINKING OF THE OLD 'UN!"—*David Copperfield.*



A GRACEFUL APOLOGY.

Snookson (to the Duke of Banbury). "I HUMBLY BEG YOUR GRACE'S PARDON FOR MY PRESUMPTION IN VENTURING TO ADDRESS YOUR GRACE, BUT I AM MOST ANXIOUS TO APOLOGISE FOR THE UNFORTUNATE BLUNDER I MADE LAST NIGHT, AT MRS. GATHEREMALL'S, IN MISTAKING YOUR GRACE FOR THE BUTLER. MY ONLY EXCUSE IS, THAT NEVER HAVING HAD THE HONOUR OF MEETING YOUR GRACE BEFORE, I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR GRACE BY SIGHT!"

"MAGNA EST VERITAS;"

Or, Truth on her Travels.

LEFT my time-honoured retreat, the Well, at daybreak. Fancy I have lived too retired a life of late. What says my friend MILTON? "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary." Quite right. Virtue to be effective must be *en evidence*. So in spite of DEMOCRITUS I shall "sally out" and take a turn round.

Find myself in Central Asia talking to a son of Holy Russia, one General HAIRCUMBOFF. Ask him what he is doing there. Answers that he is "fulfilling Russia's Heaven-appointed mission of civilising Asia." Has been at it for years, and hopes one day to "crown the edifice"—in India and Constantinople. Ask him if I can be of any assistance to him in so noble an enterprise. Looks at me significantly through his spectacles, and replies "Rather!" Am glad to hear it, and ask how. By "simplifying the situation," he answers. I do not quite follow him, so he endeavours to explain. Explanation rather confuses me, however. His evident impatience is relieved by receipt of a telegram, which he reads eagerly. "Ha!" he cries, "Don't advance—unless obliged to." Quite so! Then I must be "obliged to" as soon as possible. They must oblige me by "obliging me."

Again I fail to follow him, but subsequent events throw a light upon his meaning, and "simplify the situation"—though not the facts—amazingly. HAIRCUMBOFF sets to work to "avoid a conflict." He does so by calling one side of the river where he has no business, "our bank of the Kushk," and advancing thereon. He then organises what he calls "pleasure-trips" and "reconnaissances." When I inquire *why* he calls them so, he replies, "What's in a name?" Finding that his "pleasure-trip" alarms the Afghans, he calls their alarm "audacity and arrogance," and acts accordingly. That is to say, after "an energetic summons" (equivalent, in fact, to the preliminary "Now, then, Sir!" of a "chucker-out") he made a "pacific advance" (equivalent, again, to the act of "collaring" on the part of the "chucker-out"), and finding that it is not taken in such good part as he expected, pitches into the "audacious and arrogant ones," and kills some thousand or more of them. And so, by the

aid of a military picnic, some convenient phrases, and a massacre, the situation is satisfactorily simplified. HAIRCUMBOFF is jubilant. I ask him what part he thinks I have played, or can play, in this little tragedy-comedy of perverted facts and misapplied phrases. He replies that I had offered to assist him. I say I shall be glad to do so, *by editing his telegrams and despatches*. He scowls, says I am audacious and arrogant, and is about to make a "pacific advance" on me, when I dazzle him momentarily with a flash of my mirror, and take my flight, convinced that I cannot at present be of much assistance to Holy Russia in Central Asia.

My next visit is to the Editorial Sanctum of a London newspaper. Editor asks, "to what happy circumstance he owes the honour of my visit?" I say report informs me that there is an opening on his paper for—well, in point of fact, for Myself. He fidgets in his seat, and hesitatingly inquires, "In what capacity? I explain that, being, from my nature, independent of those limitations of time and space which even the most energetic and indefatigable Specials cannot entirely surmount, I might make myself generally useful, especially in distant parts, communications from which are slow, uncertain, and by no means always reliable. I say this with a comfortable inward conviction that he will jump at the offer. But he doesn't. He jumps, indeed, but it is rather as though he were suddenly bitten by a mosquito—or his conscience. (I conclude, subsequently, that it *must* have been the former.) To "simplify the situation," I mention the words, "Central Asia." He jumps again, this time more violently than before. I proceed to say that, some five minutes ago, I parted with General HAIRCUMBOFF on the Kushk, and that I can tell him— But here he actually jumps from his seat at once. "For Heaven's sake, *don't!* It's more than my situation is worth to listen to you!" I am puzzled.

Regaining his composure, with an evident effort, he tells me, that "reports on these matters reach him through the—ah—usual channels, that at present he has *not* an opening for Me, and that he fears my particular services would neither be useful to the Paper nor appreciated by the Public. I am surprised, and say so. He assures me I am entirely mistaken. He tells me that Truth as a Special Correspondent, especially in foreign parts, with "a free hand," would completely upset all the parties, nearly all the papers, and most of the potentates and financiers, the latter especially. Nobody, he affirms, wants any more of the Truth than is likely to be useful to himself and his own side, and damaging to his own opponents. This is of necessity a limited quantity. The uses of Falsehood, in this sense, are, on the contrary, unlimited. "But," say I, "I thought that you made rather a special boast of your strict allegiance to Truth." "That," he replies, "is part of the game. Everybody," he continues, "worships you—*while you keep in your Well*. But when you come out of it, and stand at our elbow like this, you—*you really upset us*."

"As regards General HAIRCUMBOFF, then," I begin, when he impatiently interrupts me. "Hang General HAIRCUMBOFF!" he ejaculates. "The trouble I've had to put a fair face upon his proceedings, even though aided by his own ingenious Muscovite glasses, by official optimism, and by feminine *finesse*, you would hardly believe. To furnish diurnally a sophistical special-pleader with a bouncing title, the one worthy of MEPHISTOPHELES, the other of MENDEZ PINTO, is, I assure you, no light task."

"Why attempt it?" I inquire. "There is reason," he replies, "in the roasting of eggs, and in the writing of Leading Articles." If you know anything against HAIRCUMBOFF and his friends, don't bring it *here* and increase my difficulties. Take it to BOSKY of the "Rataplan," who is on the opposite tack. He'll welcome it, — so much at least of it as makes for his case. You cannot, in reason, expect *any* of us to welcome more."

I leave him. But I do not go to BOSKY of the "Rataplan." I feel indeed that I can be of little more service in Newspaperdom than in Central Asia.

I am away back to my Well again, there to "Wait till called for." It seems probable that my retirement will long remain unbroken.

MASTER'S LUGGAGE.



Hartington and Northbrook (together). "Hi! Stop! GUV'NOR SAYS YOU MUST MAKE ROOM FOR THIS!"

"My Man Ch-ld-rs," loquitur:—

POUF! Talk about packing! I wish the Old Man
Had to do it himself. *He'd* a jolly fine time
With his "leaps" and his "bounds." Wish he'd hit on a plan
To make matters go as they used in his prime.
But oh! dear me no! Times have altered, you see,
And so the old gentleman leaves it to me.

It's a precious tight fit! He's a fancy of late
For all sorts of "extras," and all must go in.
I can't get it to. Mine's a very hard fate.
Thought the crib would be easy, with *kudos* to win.
Win? Why it's all loss, always gravelled and stuck,
And as for "a bit up my sleeve,"—no such luck!

Pouf! There, just in time—though it looks like to split.
If the straps stand the strain very long I'm—Hillo!
What, *more* to go in? There's no room, not a bit.
Come, this is too jolly absurd, don't you know.
Some day he'll be coming no end of a cracker.
He'd best find another portmanteau—or packer!

It is said that DICKENS'S *David Copperfield* has become very popular in France. Glad to hear it. "How art thou translated?" But—more important—how about *David Copy-right*?

PROBABLE TITLE OF A NEW WORK [NOT YET IN THE PRESS].—*The Confirmed Bachelor*. By Lady HAYTER.

"THE FEELING."

"Stop, able Editor, I pray,
The lines that off you're reeling.
What's this you tell of, day by day,
'The Feeling'—what's The Feeling?"

"The Feeling! 'Tis a moment's flush
Prompt into ice congealing,
A public spasm, a shriek, a rush,
That's what we call The Feeling.

"'Tis first a military haste,
For instant battle 'peeling,'
And then some months of wait and waste,
That, also, is The Feeling.

"The wild desire to meet the foe,
Then for his mercy kneeling;
It seldom comes to more, you know,
The momentary Feeling!

"The Feeling clamours for advance,
And then for backward wheeling;
The Daily Papers lead the dance,
And hurry on The Feeling.

"The Feeling lives on 'Horful News!'.
That paper-boys are squealing;
The Feeling grudges ships and crews—
Unpatriotic Feeling!

"Canard-like doth The Feeling fly
Through Marts where men are dealing,
And stocks are low, or stocks are high,
Obedient to The Feeling."

"And what shall be the end of all?"
"Ah, *that* there's no revealing;
Except that many a People's fall
Has followed on The Feeling!"

A MISLEADING MISNOMER.

POOR Master CHARLES FISHER BOURDAS, who died the other day from concussion of the spine, caused by thumps on the back bestowed upon him by the "big boys" at King's College, might, if he *could*, poor lad, reasonably demur to the title bestowed upon that act of boy brutality by the Newspapers. "Horse-play," they call it. Wild *Ass*-play would perhaps be better—but even that is weak. The brutalities and bestialities continually classified—and too often tacitly condoned—under the euphemistic heading of "Horse-play," are far greater and grosser than the Public is apt to imagine. It is scant consolation to poor young BOURDAS's friends that he died the victim not of murder, or even manslaughter, but of—Horse-play! They who choose to "play" like brute beasts should be punished like brute beasts—with the lash!

To Our Own Mary Anderson.

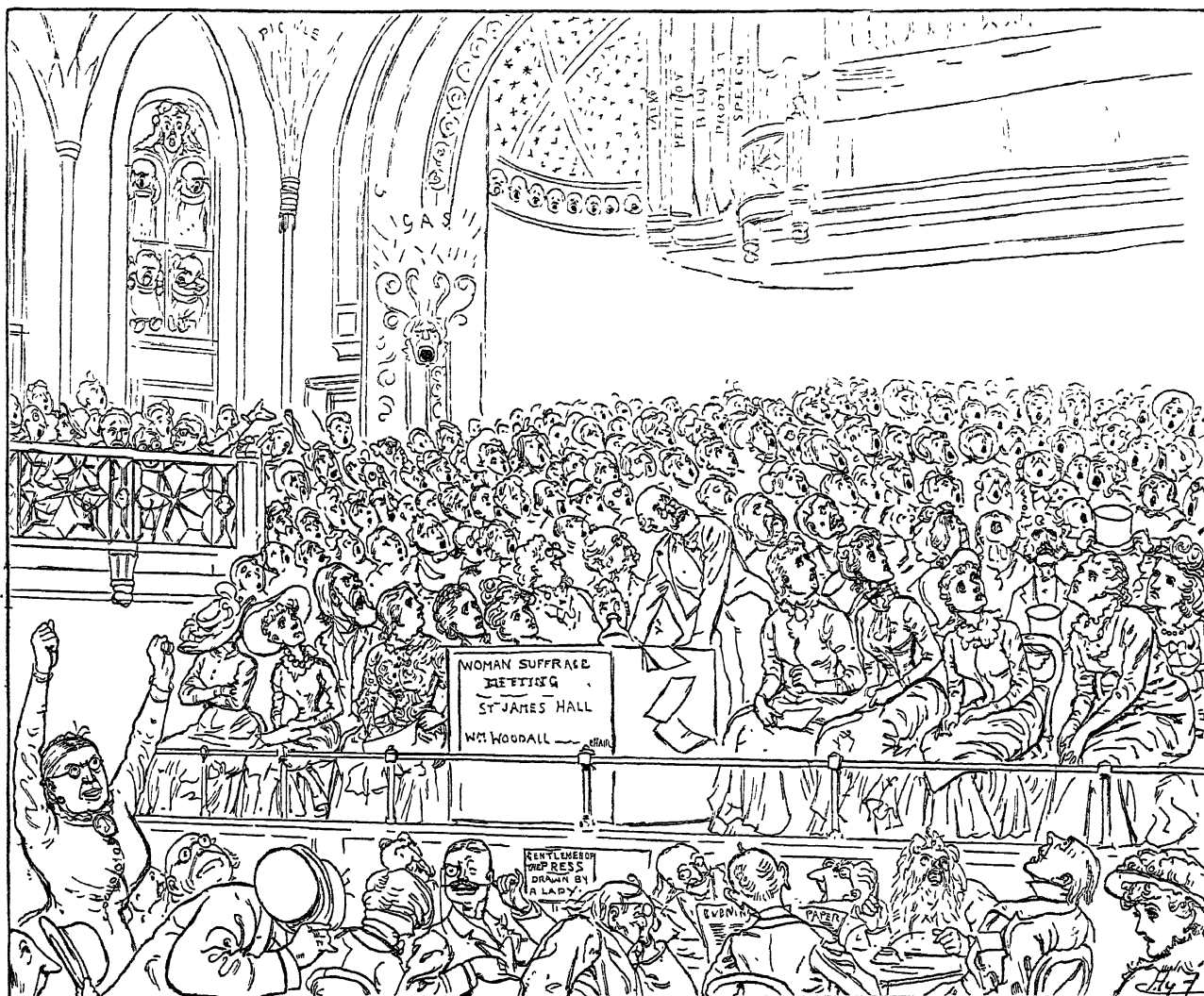
(On her Farewell Performance at the Lyceum.)

OH, fare-thee-well, our own MARY AN-
-DERSON! farewell for a while!
In a ship you'll be steaming
To Amerikee,
And we shall be dreaming
Of thee,
MARY AN-
-DERSON, we'll be thinking of thee!

"IF."

DOUBTLESS "your If is a great peace-maker." But will the italicised "*if*" in Lord TENNYSON's hypothetical anathema against the orderers of our Fleet, make *his* peace with his late fellow-voyagers on board the *Pembroke Castle*?

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 9.



"PLACE AUX DAMES!" A TURN-HIM-OUT MEETING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 20.—DAVID DAVIES is, unmistakeably, a Welshman. But often, in discussing public affairs, manages to typify JOHN BULL. DAVID's oratorical attitude a little peculiar. Stands with fingers interlaced, twiddling thumbs, whilst he "chucks out" at House roughly framed sentences.

"I don't know," says he, just now, "whether we have enough ships—but we *should* have enough."

"That's JOHN BULL, to a shade," says SOLICITOR GENERAL, looking admiringly at the rugged Member for Cardiganshire, with his odd accent. "J. B. hasn't a notion as to what's the truth about the Navy. Hears a great deal said about it, particularly by persons in Opposition; and, when he hears W. H. SMITH eloquent on the subject, has a slight suspicion that, bad as things may be, the Navy couldn't have gone to the dogs in four or five years, and perhaps ex-First Lords of the Admiralty would be wiser to take a back seat during discussions on this particular subject. But he feels, as DAVIES says, that we *should* have enough, and the Government are wise in looking to it."

DAVID scouts all notions of economy in the matter. "I shouldn't mind," he says, "if we had half a dozen Iron-clads too many lying up till they were wanted"—as if they were a lot of clay pipes, in process of colouring. Also the martial soul of the Member for Cardiganshire "wouldn't mind if there was a bit of a brush, so that we could see what our Iron-clads were like."

On the whole a luminous generous view of the subject DAVID takes, always twiddling his thumbs as if that were part of the machinery of his vocal organs, which indeed it seemed to be, for when he accidentally unloosed his hands he suddenly stopped just as he was about to order a couple of dozen or so of torpedoes, and feeling round for his hat, dropped into his seat.

Next to this the speech of the evening was by W. J. HARRIS, elected last year for Poole. Not quite sure it wasn't his maiden effort. Evidently made great efforts to get it up. Meant to come round to the Navy by-and-by. In the meantime began with wheat. Twenty-six million quarters of wheat we consume in a year, it appears, and only grow nine millions! Now that, of course, won't do. Seventeen million quarters short is very serious. HARRIS struggling out of deficit, about to show Committee where they were when Chairman interposed. Said "all this had nothing to do with the question," and before HARRIS quite knew where he was, BRASSEY was at the table, humming and hawing in his ridiculous fashion over an inadequate Navy. Never saw a man so honestly astonished as the hapless HARRIS. Sat with voluminous notes clutched in his right hand, mouth slightly parted, eyes distinctly starting in his head, slowly gazing round House. Look arrested, when it fell in that direction, by finding BRASSEY on his legs at the Table, plainly wondering how it was that Secretary to the Admiralty was addressing Committee whilst he (HARRIS) was sitting down silent. Why, he'd only just opened his speech, and hadn't yet accounted for that seventeen million quarters of wheat!

Business done.—HARRIS left sitting.

Tuesday.—House crowded in every part. GLADSTONE to move Vote of Credit, perhaps to give some fateful news from far-off

Afghanistan. In absence of ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, STAFFORD NORTH-COTE assumed the function of Leader of Opposition, and put questions to PREMIER. Nothing particular said in reply.



A NEW RÔLE FOR HER.

"Mr. Bull, Sare, I teach you. I am for the Liberty of the Press!"

As soon as Questions were over, PREMIER observed walking out of House at rate of four miles an hour.

"Ha, ha!" cried WOLFF, rubbing his knees. "I thought when critical moment arrived it would come to this. You see, RANDOLPH, he's positively running away. Can't face prospect of taking Vote of Credit for War. Has given up everything to Russia on the frontier, humiliated England, gone down on his knees to the CZAR begging him to be good enough to take whatever he wants, and now he's positively running away from the House of Commons!"

"HENRY DRUMMOND," said RANDOLPH, sternly, "don't be an—WOLFF."

GLADSTONE reaching Bar faced about and stood for a moment with a paper in his hand. SPEAKER making believe to discover him there slightly started, and called out "Mr. GLADSTONE!" "A Vote of Credit," says GLADSTONE. "Pass friend with Vote of Credit," says SPEAKER. Captain GOSSET sheathed the drawn sword, the PRIME MINISTER marched back to the Treasury Bench, and proceeded to explain the Vote of Credit. Read his statement; listened to with grave attention by the House. No bluster, no bounce; a simple matter of practical business. Russia challenged England to a fight. Very well. Let's see how much it'll cost to begin with. Say six millions and half, which, with four and a half to close Soudan account, makes eleven.

"That's about the figure, I think," says GLADSTONE.

"Very well," says the House. "If you want any more, don't be afraid to say so."

The whole business over in twenty minutes, and House again in Committee on Seats Bill. Parnellites got up one or two little diversions, but OTWAY not to be played with; so, by Eleven o'clock, Bill through Committee, and Christening Party dispersed.

Then JOSEPH GILLIS rises, and wants to discuss *Clôture* arrangements. To the impartial mind of this great man it appears that under existing Rules, SPEAKER and Chairman of Committees enjoy dangerously arbitrary authority. JOSEPH just beginning to wax eloquent and convincing, when *Clôture* suddenly descends upon him in form of Count Out. This was a little unexpected, the House being more habituated to see JOSEPH Count than to find him Counted. But he bore the indignity with his accustomed unruffled demeanour.

"It's me arguments that soars 'em," he said, as he tied up his papers and dropped them in the capacious recesses of his coat-tail-pockets. "But they'll have 'em yet. If I don't do it afore, I'll make the speech on the Appropriation Bill."

Business done.—Vote of Credit brought in.

Thursday.—House been in Committee all night on Civil Service Supply. Vote for disturnpiked roads in Scotland stoutly opposed by Parnellites. HIBBERT in charge of votes expressed mild surprise. Irish votes not included in business of the evening. Thought he was going to have nice quiet time. But just as he was walking along Scotch disturnpiked road admiring beauty of the scenery and steadiness of the rainfall, suddenly upon turning corner comes upon SEXTON, HEALY, and the rest, who say he shall go no farther to-night. "Dear me," says HIBBERT, nervously—"so pleased to meet you

here. Rather a surprise. Thought you were waiting elsewhere for CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. But so delighted to meet you. May I ask what you want?"

Certainly he might, and through five long hours they told him. Fact is, Ireland does not get subvention for roads, therefore Scotland shall not have it. This put with great clearness and firmness, JOSEPH GILLIS contributing not less than six orations to clearing up any doubts that might remain in HIBBERT'S mind. Division at last, and Vote agreed to.

Then we stumble upon a perfectly delicious disclosure. It appears there's a water-way in Ireland called the Ulster Canal; made at enormous cost; maintained at heavy annual charge. When nicely finished, discovered to be practically useless; didn't go anywhere particular; during last five years has earned about £1 a week, whilst £1,100 a year being spent upon keeping it up.

"What can we do?" piped HIBBERT in mournful treble. "You say, 'Sell the Canal,' but nobody'll buy it. We might give it away, but who'll take it?"

Then came a voice, sharp and clear, across the floor of the House. "I'll take it," said JOSEPH GILLIS. And the Secretary to the Treasury sat down, utterly flabbergasted.

"It was done in a moment of impulse, TOBY," JOEY B. told me afterwards. "Of course it'll be a nuisance to me. What can a man do with a Canal? He can't carry it about with him; he can't fold it up, and put it away in the attic till it's wanted. But the fact is, I'm not so hard-hearted as I'm painted. This 'ere

Government's in a bad way; everything goin' agin 'em. This Ulster Canal seems like to be the last thing that'll break 'em. Besides, HIBBERT's such a good fellow; it was pitiful to see him looking round the House, and asking who'd take the Canal. So, on the spur of the moment, I said I would. And I'll be as good as my word. I know there's not much of a market for second-hand Canals. But I'll stand the racket."

Business done.—JOSEPH GILLIS takes the Ulster Canal.

Friday.—A lively night to finish up week withal. First news that the French Chargé d'Affaires left Cairo. GLADSTONE says knows nothing of it. Short while after gets up and says he knows a great deal. Telegram received from Sir EVELYN BARING "French Chargé d'Affaires has left." Comes in hot haste another messenger; turns out he brings conclusion of message. What Chargé d'Affaires has "left" is not Cairo, but "some papers."

"Half a telegram may be better than no information, but it sometimes leads to misapprehension," says the bewildered BOURKE.

Finally Conservatives and Parnellites form sudden alliance and defeat Government on Irish Registration Bill. Things going more than ever "contrairy."

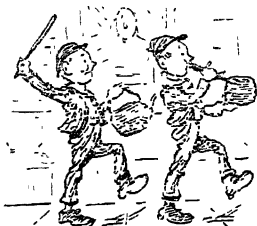


The New President of the Working-Man's Conservative Association—"A Horny-handed Son of Toil."

THE LAW OF "LOAFING."

A GRADUATE of Trinity, Cambridge, described as a teacher of mathematics, was lately pulled up at Wandsworth for begging. The sole evidence for this charge was that of a Constable, who said that, in consequence of information which he received at the Putney Police-Station, "he went out, and heard the prisoner ask for bread." That was all. Defence—downright destitution and starvation. The "prisoner" said "he was literally starving and fainting with hunger." Further, in reply to the remark from the Bench that, as he was an educated man, he must know that begging was not allowed, Prisoner pleaded that "in asking for a piece of bread he was not aware that he was begging." But begging he was; for although the sitting Magistrate (who dispensed as leniently as he could the law he was of course bound to administer) forbore to send him to prison, and "allowed him to be discharged," he let him off, however, "with a caution." But does the Vagrant Act or any other Statute really declare asking for bread to be a punishable act of mendicancy? This perhaps is a point which might be referred to Counsel's opinion. But even if entreaty for a morsel of bread be really illegal, it may still be suggested that in the matter of mendicancy what the Law says is not all Gospel.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.

Musical Instruments. Exhibited by Dumb-Crambo Junior.

Kettle-drum and Pan-pipes.



Cornet.



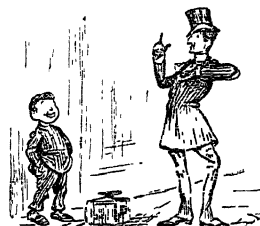
Bass-oon!—Bass Vial and Horn.



Pick!-o, low!



Try-angle.



Ho! Boy!



Trump-pet!



Lute.



Git-tar. (Lowering the Pitch.)



Spinet.



Harm on'y 'um!



A-cordy-un.

QUERIES ANSWERED.—Who ought to speak as the Representative of the Working Man? A HYNDMAN? No, a FOREMAN. What's the herb that's most easily carried in one hand? The one that's a little parcelly. (Oh!)

TEARS, IDOL TEARS!

(After Tennyson, with a Twist.)

[Madame ADELINA PATTI's farewell performance at San Francisco seems to have been a veritable *rale* of tears. The *Diva*, we are told, broke down into speechless sobbing, the ladies were all weeping wildly into their pocket-handkerchiefs, dozens of men were sniffing suspiciously, and "there was not a dry eye in the House, except that of the 'Buttons' at the front door."]

TEARS, maudlin tears, I marvel what you mean!
Tears from the heart-deeps of the *Diva* fair.
Sob-shake the breast, and swell the swimming eyes,
In looking on the hysteric Audience-host,
And thinking "I shall sing to them no more!"

Bright as the dewdrop on the lily pale,
Brought by her friends and in big *bouquets* hurled,
Sad as the weeps which redden every nose
And flood the general pocket-handkerchief,
So sad, so bright that lachrymal outpour.

Ah, queer and rum those cambrics, silks, and lawns,
At piping-eyes of sobbing womanhood,
And e'en at bearded buffers piping-eyes,
Bandana big, and tiny snowy square,
At every nose—save, "Buttons" at the door!

Crass as the snivellings of a sickly boy,
Silly as those by fiction's fancy feigned,
Wrung from a smut-nosed slavey; hollow as rot,
As tommy-rot, or tippler's maudlin woe:
Idol-drawn tears, the Age's bane and bore!

QUITE THE RETURN TICKET.

As there has been a question raised in some quarters as to the possibility of the initial and completed portion of the Suakim-Berber Railway being opened for pleasure traffic in the approaching Whitsuntide holidays, it is satisfactory to know that the following Time-Table has already been drawn up, and will appear in its proper place in the current month's *Continental Bradshaw*:—

SUAKIM TO BERBER (VIA OSMAN-DIGNA)—INDIRECT ROUTE.

DOWN.	Early Fast.	Mail. 1 2 3	Parl. 1 2 3	Ord. 1 2 3	Exp. 1 2	1 2 3	Cheap Fast 1 2 3
Suakim	a.m. 2 0	a.m. 9 0	a.m. 12 0	p.m. 2 15	p.m. 5 40	p.m. 7 15	p.m. 9 0
Handoub	2 10	B	12 50	7	..	F	9
Otao	A	11 5	1 17	Arrival uncertain.	5 50	Saturdays only.	Never heard of again.
Osman-Digna..	Stop.	{ ar. 4 3 dep. *	7 26		D		Stop.
Berber		C	G		E		

A. This train, though it does not stop, is generally blown up here by friendlies' mine, the station, sleepers and refreshment department having been previously removed over-night.

B. Stops by artillery fire only.

C. Surviving passengers sent on from Osman-Digna the week after next in chains. No return tickets issued for this train.

D. First and Second class passengers, not wishing to be sent across Central Africa in gangs and sold a bargain at Mtempa, are advised to alight at the previous station and hide in the Mimosa bushes, and, if they can, catch the 9 17 up train for Suakim.

E. Does not arrive on Sundays without diplomatic intervention.

F. Besieged here on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays till relieved by treachery.

G. Accompanied by 15,000 men as far as Osman-Digna, but does not get much further.

N.B.—Refreshment Room and Gallows at Osman-Digna Junction. Arrangements made for Schools and Pic-nics. Vide Special Handbills.

MORAL FROM THE CASE OF DE TEYSON v. WARING.—Beware all London party-givers and think of WARING! Don't lay down mats on the pavement, but remember what Lord COLERIDGE has laid down on the subject. No one has any right to make the pavement a source of danger to a fellow-subject. Oh, that the peelers of oranges would remember this, and have the fear of other peelers before their eyes! There was an old and mysterious advertisement in these words, "No Door Mat to-night." This should be the party-giver's motto, or the person who is himself caught tripping over the mat will have matter for an action.

ROBERT'S TESTIMONIAL.



HAVE herd a Common Counselman, or sum sitch pheelosofur, say as how as the only thing as was quite sure for to cum to pass was the impossebel. I ony thort so wunce, but now I nose it. For the one thing as in the hinnerency of my art I rote down, ony a few weeks ago, as a meer fleetin vision of fancy, with no more thort of its cumming trew than if I'd a torqed of praps being won day a Deputy Alderman, or a Hirish Hem Pea, or sum sitch Orty Offishel, has hac-

shally cum to pass, and I've bin presinted with a Testy-moniell, and that too from them as I most respees, that is, my feller Waiters as nose me best. It was guv too at a dinner, all in proper style, and Brown took the Cheer, having me in his seat of honner on his rite and. We wasn't charged nuffin for the room, as it was on a Satturday, allus a slack day with us, and young Mr. SWERTUN sent us a nice peace of Sammon—jest praps a little hoverhiced—but Waiters mustn't be Chewers—witch, the lad said, cum from Rome, but I wasn't quite sitch a fool as to bleeve that, till I recklected as it ment the Yung Senier Partner, and werry kind it was of both on 'em, but they is a ginrous cupple, and a credit to their country as natives.

We hadn't no reglar hor-douvers but we all had a nice glass of gin and bitters, jest to giv us a start, and then we set to work like a emadginary Court of Aldermen! I says emadginary, coz Aldermen ain't sitch werry grand trenchermen as the hungry Publick thinks. I coud pick out won or too well seasoned Deputyts as 'ud beat 'em all holler. Our Maynu was simple but satisfying. We didn't have not no Soup, no thankee, we nose too well what soup is by the time Satterdy nite cums. But the Sammon afoursaid, one simple arntray, kidneys, Rum-stakes, and Biled leg of Mutton, ain't so werry bad wen you're reel hungry, as we all was.

We was waited on by a pore feller as we all simperthises with. His story is a werry sad un. He once filled the hi office of Assistant Waiter at the Manshun House, and there conseved such a absorbin passhun for green Sharttruse that it faredly overcome him, and he had to suckkum, and take a faltering step-down on the ladder of life. May he be a hexample to all on us!

The Guvnors sent us up two bottles of remarkabel fine Old Port, ony jest a leetle caulked, with their complemens, and wished us a plezzant evening, witch was werry kind of our hemployays, as the French calls 'em. We hadn't not no musick. We did jest try "God save our grayshus Queen," but as we cum to a full stop in the werry fust werse, we thort that praps it was as well to give it up.

So we soon cum to the sherrymoniell of the heaving, and a werry himposing one it were. The Plate was displayed in front of the Chearman on a butiful sheet of reel tissue paper, and was much admired by all on us. I need ardy say as it consisted of six solid silver Tee Spoons, all exactly alike, with my old fammerly crest of B, hengraved on 'em in hold English. BROWN's speech I look upon—if you can look upon a speech—as a werry model of wot such a speech should be. Short but broad, frendly, yet respectful, highly complimentary, yet strickly true. And I don't mind confessing that wen he guv the whole mass of silver into my trembling and, and said, "ROBERT, my Tulip, there 'll be one a peace for all the pledges," tho' the word did sound jest a leetle Porn-Brokerish, it brort the tears into my old eyes with hemotion. However, it was of coarse necessary, as I should pull myself together—so I did it. With regard to my hone speech, my nat'ral self-respeck makes me hold my tung; but BROWN told me afterwards—and BROWN is, on all important coashuns, Truth itself—that he thort that, upon the hole, he had never herd a speech that so much reminded him of Mr. GLADSTONE in his best days. We all had boxes of sweets, as they does at the swell Livery Companies, like the Butchers' and the Jiners', ours was a sixpenny box of Jewjubes.

I am told by one of the Gentlemen as is Walley to a Hunder

Secondary of State, that this here year 1885 is to be one of the most remarkablest and one of the most staggeringest of moddern times, and BROWN also tells me that a Mr. ZADKEEL, who is werry offin either rite or rong, has sed summat werry much to the same puppus. With two sitch authorities in a cord it seems foolish to dout 'em. And if I may presoom to judge from my own pussional egspierience it woud seem to confirm what is coming for to pass. Two things as appened to me all-reddy, such as never even crost my mind in my wildest dreams. I have bin asked for my Haughtygraff by the most grashus and the most britest of all Lady Mareesses, and I have receeved a reel silver testymonial from my fellow man. Wot more may be in store for me, or what the next 9 months may bring forth, who nose? but, be that as it may, as deeply as my old fammerly crest is ingraven on my butiful testymonial spoons, so deeply will my reokleotions of the two great ewents of my umbel life be engraven on my grateful Art, adding sumwhat, though umbly, to the other important ewents of this probably ewentful year. ROBERT.

MORE TO FOLLOW.

MR. CHILDERS deserves much praise for the details of his Budget, but his great financial achievement is undoubtedly his unexpected pounce upon the Gin-drinker. Gin is not absolutely a necessary of life, and, in an age of criminal luxury, it is as well to begin somewhere,—even if it be at the bottom of the social scale,—in dealing with gross self-indulgence. If, however, the war, if there be a war, last, as experts tell us it must, several years, Chancellors of the Exchequer, who will have to find not fifteen but a hundred and fifty Millions, will do well to follow so excellent a lead; and perhaps the sooner Mr. CHILDERS, with an eye to the future, follows his own example, the better.

At a moment when the trumpet blast is heard at every West End Club, nothing could be more popular than a sudden impost of three shillings and sixpence a bottle, say, on champagne. Anyhow, the experiment might be tried as a feeler, and if hailed, as we feel sure it would be in every right-minded quarter, with enthusiasm, the field could soon be rapidly enlarged, and the other proximate superfluities of life could follow literally by the heap.

With a tax of, if necessary, five hundred per cent. on little dinners, diamonds, new hats, drawing-rooms, wedding breakfasts, three-volume novels, dados, false hair, *objets d'Art*, foot-warmers, prize cucumbers, Dukedom, scented soap, fox-hounds, Caviare, double-barrelled surnames, and all the other accepted "extras" of modern existence, the veriest Jingo could scarcely fail to face the grim "circumstance of war," if not with absolute exhilaration, at least with some consciousness of its material expense.

WORTH MENTIONING.

THERE are still some few things that they do manage better in France, and one of them is the Salon, that is as far as the public are concerned. They are now charging ten francs for entrance on certain days, and the surplus goes to the benefit of some charitable or national fund. This ten francs is an excluding price, and insures the comfort of those who detest a crowd. Why should there be invitations for a Private View Day? What is the result? Why, that the Private View Day, owing to the hospitality and generosity of the Academicians, and to various other causes operating more or less directly, is one of the most crowded days of the season, and offers about the worst chance of obtaining anything like a fair view of the pictures.

"Of course, you've not seen the pictures?" is what everybody sarcastically says to everybody else on Private View Day; and only a few persons who really love Art for its own sake, and who start early to do the galleries conscientiously between ten and one, would be able to answer that they had seen the pictures, or at all events, the principal paintings of the year. The tickets for Private View Day should be a guinea each, and the surplus on the ordinary charge for admission could be devoted to the Artists' Benevolent Fund. Then on other days admission should be two shillings from the hours of opening up to midday, and from then till closing time one shilling. On Sundays the Academy should be open to the public free. The additional take from the guinea tickets on the Private View Day, and the extra shillings of the Morning Show, would more than suffice to defray the expenses of whatever additional labour might be necessitated, and the work so equalised among the increased number of beadles, cheque-takers, cleaners, hat-and-coat men, &c., that everyone of them could get his one day's rest in the seven. An occasional Evening Show by electric light could be thrown in at five shillings ahead, with a band discoursing sweet music. We respectfully present these suggestions to the President and Council, and are perfectly aware that though they must be ultimately adopted in some form or another, they will receive no sort of consideration at the moment.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY ARGONAUTS.

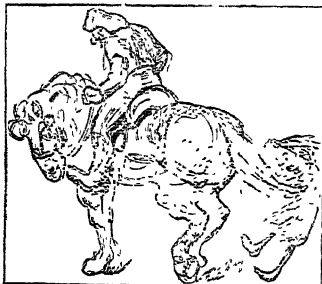
James Lamborn. Del. 1885.

SVAIN.

OUR ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE—OR GUY'D.



No. 172. Poison'd Paper; or, Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? Consultation on the case of a Bilious Lady. "Prithee, why so pale? Is it in consequence of the yellow sofa, or the generally jaundiced tone of the room?"



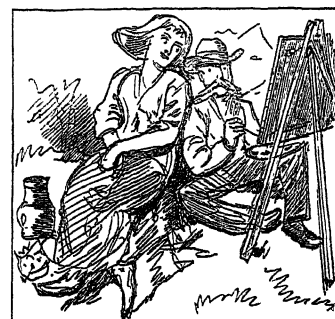
No. 869. The Kindly Knight, "Marry come up! Don't touch his tail. He kicks!"



No. 160. Love me Little, Love me Long. We've got a sort of notion that it is a portrait of a Mrs. Tall-boots. If so, much, but not everything, is explained.



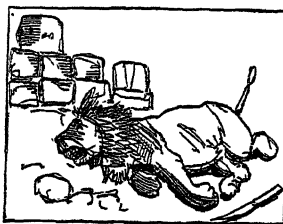
No. 1081. Extract from the picture. It is supposed to be Lord Wolseley on horse-back, and might be entitled,— "Not quite up to his Weight."



No. 963. Found Out; or, The Naughty Little Portrait Painter. "Do go away!" said the Artist, nudging the Model. "Here's my Wife coming, and she'll never believe," &c., &c.



No. 1044. A Mistake. "Beg pardon, Miss. This is the Gentlemen's Bathing Machine."



No. 769. Still Life. Stuffed Lion and Stilton Cheeses.



No. 111. Theirate Bather; or, Very like a Veil. "What's the good of giving me a Veil when I asked for my clothes?"

PLAY-TIME.

Not much leisure for Plays this week. NIBBS being away for quiet, —tran-*quill* NIBBS,—our Mr. GROWLER went to see *Taykin* at Toole's, which he says is a sufficiently takin' piece, and as to *Bad Boys* at the Comedy, he observes that the title is excellently chosen, as no one will be disappointed. You can't expect *Bad Boys* to be *Good Boys*, and, as Boys will be Boys, so *Bad Boys* will be *Bad Boys*. A fellow who has seen its original *Clara Soleil* in Paris, says it was amusing enough there. We must get our Mr. GUSHER to go with our Mr. GROWLER; between the two we might get at the truth,—if anyone cares to hear it, which we very much doubt.

Open House deserves a word or two more than we can give it this week. *Jack Alabaster* is the most suitable part Mr. THOMAS THORNE has had for some time. The dialogue is purely H. J. Byronic when he got into the punning vein, for there is much in it which, had it been in doggerel couplets, would have been excellent matter for burlesque. It is a weak story not particularly well constructed, with

stagey devices, and seems to be rather the first farcical suggestions towards making a comedy than even a highly-finished farcical comedy.

The Banquet given to Mr. HENRY IRVING, on his return from America, was a big success for Messrs. SPIERS AND POND. It was, for a large public dinner,—and anathemas on all large public dinners say we,—very good and well served. But why a dinner? Why not "A Warm Reception," with smoking allowed, and commencing about ten o'clock. All the friends and admirers could come and do the shake-hand business, and unite in what the French term a "punch" in honour of the Guest of the Evening—a phrase that reminds me of the old song once popular, "*Beautiful Star*," which, by someone with a turn that way, and time to do it, might be parodied thus—

"Guest of the Evening,
Beautiful! Beautiful Guest!"

but for this we must wait until someone starts a *Levé* or a *Drawing-Room* in honour of Miss MARY ANDERSON's departure. To whom we say *Au revoir*!

GROSVENOR GALLERY GEMS.



No. 16. Despair; or, Why she didn't come down to Dinner. "I can't get the box open," she cried, "and all my clothes are inside!"



No. 6. Robert Browning, dressed up as a "well red person," and very angry. He is evidently saying, "Now then, what are you laughing at? You don't see anything absurd in me, do you? No, I'm not an advertisement for cheap mother-of-pearl studs. Yes, my shirt-front is a well-studded effect. If you want to laugh, just look at Gladstone over there!"

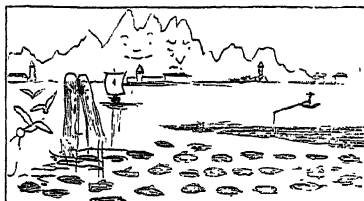


No. 43. Packed up in her own trunk!



No. 69. Ancestors of the Beckwith Family preparing for Swimming Match in ancient Aquarium. Very cold. Who'll take the first header?

No. 1. Stealing the Watch while she sleeps. — "Somebody coming! I must get under the bed!" The thief is taken in the act by the Artist.



No. 156. Dabs. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." Just look at 'em!



No. 128. Lady fishing, accidentally catches a gentleman in a light-blue cap (Cambridge), who is swimming. Little man in dark-blue cap (Oxford) on opposite bank exclaims, "Hi! don't hurt him! he's my brother!"



No. 54. "I'm not myself at all,"—this portrait of Mr. Gladstone would say if it were a speaking likeness.

Note.—Mr. James Whistler has created quite a sensation this year in the Grosvenor. Everyone is talking of his great work, "The Invisible Girl; or, Absence makes the Heart grow Fonder."

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

Iliad, Book xviii.

(ADAPTED TO THE DAY.)

<i>Achilles</i>	MR. GLADSTONE.
<i>Pallas</i>	BRITANNIA.
<i>Troy</i>	RUSSIA.
<i>Iris</i>	PUBLIC OPINION.

"THY want of arms," said IRIS, "well we know, But, though unarm'd, yet, clad in terrors, go! Let but ACHILLES o'er yon trench appear, Proud TROY shall tremble, and consent to fear; GREECE from one speech from that tremendous tongue Shall take new courage, and to strength be strung."

She spake, and passed in air. The hero rose; Her ægis PALLAS o'er his shoulder throws; Around his brows a silver cloud she spread, Rhetoric splendours flamed around his head. Forth marched the Chief, and, far above the crowd, High on the rampart raised his voice aloud; With her own shout great PALLAS swells the sound, TROY stands astonished; so can speech confound. As the loud trumpet's brazen-mouth from far With shrilling clamour sounds the alarm of war, Struck from those walls the echoes float on high, And far to North and far to East they fly. So high his golden voice the hero rear'd, Hosts dropt their arms, and marvelled as they heard. New texts the puzzled penmen promptly found, And flouting scribes and mouthing chiefs "came round." Aghast they see the vocal lightnings play In the late-rous'd veteran's grand old way. Thus from the trench his valiant voice he raised, And thus his foemen stood, confounded, mute, amazed!

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

On the Stage—and Off, published by Messrs. FIELD AND TVER, is amusingly written, and will be found both interesting and instructive by those who think of taking to the Stage as a profession. It does not profess to give the manners and customs behind the Scenes at the first-class West-End Theatres, for to these the Author never seems to have attained; but as he writes simply as an outsider, without any theatrical influence to assist him in obtaining an engagement, his experiences are most useful to the majority of those who think they will make their living by the Stage, and who have simply to go to an Agent's, and put their names down on his books just as a Tutor, or Governess, or Servant in want of employment, has to go to an Agency to put his or her name down, and take the chance of what may turn up. As to the Advertisements which from time to time appear in the Theatrical Trade-journal, he says:—

"It can hardly improve the reputation of the profession in the eyes of the public, when they read advertisement after advertisement, ending with such lines as, 'None but sober people need apply.' 'Must contrive to keep sober, at all events during the performance.' 'People who are constantly getting drunk need not write.'"

We believe that the failing which rendered such advertisements necessary is fast disappearing. The work is evidently written by one who has suffered, and it somewhat reminds us of the "Letters by a Young Gentleman of Fashion, who had recently gone on the Stage," which appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages, and which were intended as a warning to those meditating the same step, not against taking it, but against doing so hastily and without most careful consideration. When writing naturally, the Author's style is bright and pleasant; but he evidently prides himself on an occasional sentimental effect, which has a strong smell of the footlights about it. What *Sir Peter* at the close of that memorable interview said to *Joseph Surface* we say to the Author of *On the Stage—and Off*. Otherwise, we heartily welcome the little work, and recommend its perusal to another anonymous Author—the gentleman who wrote *Obiter Dicta*.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

He. "AH! I'M AFRAID I'M NOT WHAT I USED TO BE! I'VE CHANGED A GOOD DEAL, YOU KNOW, IN THE LAST FEW YEARS!"
 She. "OH, BUT ANY CHANGE IN YOU MUST BE FOR THE BETTER!"

THE BROKEN COVENANT.

Nor closed! Nor can be yet,
 Howsoever craft may glose,
 Howsoever pride may fret.
 'Tis a book we dare not close,
 Till a fair account is set
 In the face of friends and foes.

Not for contest do we yearn,
 Be our patient stand the sign.
 With no fire of hate we burn,
 To no foolish feud incline;
 But *this* page we may not turn
 Till 'tis read to its last line.

For the covenant is there—
 See, the ink is scarcely dry!
 It is clear as hill-top air,
 As the sun in cloudless sky;
 Casuist plea or wordy blare
 Cannot hide it from Truth's eye.

Broken! Yes, as soon as made—
 But by whom? Shall Justice wait?
 No. Though armies be arrayed,
 Though the foe be at the gate;
 Least plain Honour be betrayed
 Which should be inviolate.

So we cannot close the score
 Whatsoever danger's stress;
 Though soft friends of Peace deplore,
 Though word-juggling sophists press,
 We must stand for Right,—no more.
 But not one iota less!

Still the question open stands!
 Be it brought to the book's test.

Better clash of biting brands,
 Than base stoop of Honour's crest,
 Than the folding of weak hands
 In dishonourable rest.

No! the mailed hand must hold
 The recording pages wide
 Till the utter Truth is told,
 The unpaltering test applied.
 Courage, Chief! Be firm, be bold,
 For the land is at your side.

Unseen behind you stand
 All its ranks of manhood, still!
 They approve that clenched hand,
 And, if need arise, will thrill,
 Form, and follow that keen brand
 With unconquerable will.

FINANCIAL PARADOX.

In a recent *Times* Money Article it was recorded that "money could hardly be lent to-day, and there was consequently plenty of it to be obtained by those who had to borrow." This consequence rather seems to require explanation.

STEERAGE AT ST. STEPHEN'S.—Responsible politicians of all parties in the House of Commons have very creditably abstained from pressing questions as to diplomatic communications with the Russian Government upon Mr. GLADSTONE. They have conformed to the request commonly posted at the stern of an excursion steamboat:—"Please not to speak to the Man at the Helm."

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES.

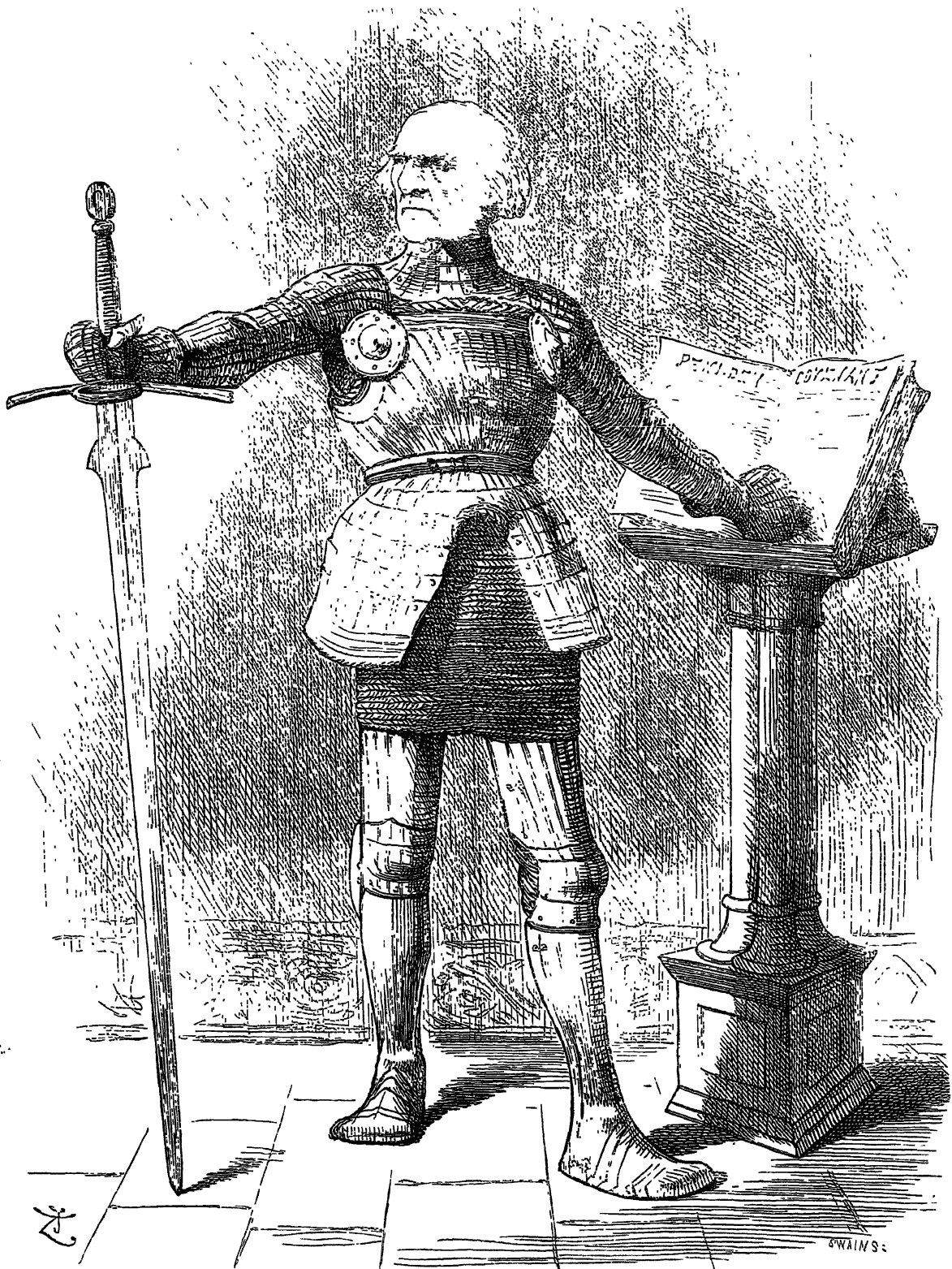
"The Marines will be sailing at dawn to-morrow, and will take with them the best wishes of all in Camp, and the warmest compliments of the general Staff. This splendid corps has done great work here, and has been the terror of the Arabs." — *Daily Telegraph Correspondent at Suakim.*

ALWAYS ready for the front,
 Always game to bear the brunt
 When and wheresoever;
 Always handy, and at hand—
 Much we owe that plucky band,
 Courage-fired, and clever!

Bravo, Boys! Let lubbers chaff,
 On them you have turned the laugh
 In a hundred scenes;
 England has her eyes upon you,
 Seals the praise your pluck has won you—
 Tell that to the Marines!

PREFERENTIAL PATTEN.—It is announced that in prospect of a General Election next November, the Council of the Social Science Association have resolved that it is undesirable to hold a Conference in the present year. Social speechifying is postponed to political palaver. What's the odds?

NEW READING (FOR THE LYCEUM).—"Facilis descensus Avernus." It is easy to get into the Pit. (N.B.—This translation is free. The Pit seats are not.)



THE BROKEN COVENANT.

"WE CANNOT CLOSE THIS BOOK, AND SAY WE WILL LOOK INTO IT NO MORE."

See Mr. Gladstone's Speech, April 27th.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 27.—Grand Old Man made one of his grandest old speeches to-night. Vote of Credit came on Motion to go into Committee. House crowded from floor to ceiling. Expected that announcement of Peace or War was on the lips of the PREMIER as he sat on Treasury Bench waiting to begin. Meanwhile, House, tied and bound by its own regulations, compelled to listen to ARTHUR O'CONNOR whilst he learnedly expatiated on the technicalities of moving Votes of Credit. As a rule when O'CONNOR gets up Members get up too and leave the House. To-night, with rare luxury of full benches, cannot be blamed if he made the most of his opportunity. Till he'd finished GLADSTONE couldn't begin. Might finish any moment, so Members sat and waited, if they did not listen. HARTINGTON explained practical bearings of situation, and affair supposed to be over. House saw, with low moans of despair, CHAPLIN, ARTHUR BALFOUR, W. FOWLER and W. H. SMITH rise in melancholy succession. Now surely here's the end.

A full hour already wasted in discussion of procedure, whilst GLADSTONE sits waiting to deliver his momentous message. Conversation might have ended with W. H. SMITH. But a ponderous figure moved on the Treasury Bench, a profoundly wise countenance gleamed over the crowded benches, and a deep familiar voice was heard distilling words of counsel and reproof. It was HARCOURT—actually HARCOURT!

"Bet you two to one HARCOURT makes this thing, just finishing, last another hour," said JAMES LOWTHER, seeing a sudden opening for business. "Do it in ponies?"

"I've given up riding," said J. G. TALBOT, whom JAMES addressed. Pity for TALBOT that betting's out of his line. JAMES was just near enough to lose. HARCOURT succeeded in bringing about a further waste of fifty-five minutes, after which GLADSTONE got to work, and delivered speech worthy of the historic occasion. Conservatives had intended to at least raise debate. But yielding to enthusiasm that throbbed through the House when PREMIER sat down, they refrained, and Vote of Credit carried by acclamation.

Civil Service Estimates after this. Irish Members took the opportunity of making an attack upon the system of appointing Committee Clerks. Great desire to hear J. REDMOND on this subject. But he sat silent and contemplative.

"They're a clever lot, after all, the boys," said Sir PAT O'BRIEN, gazing upon them with a certain fondness. "This is the way they have little goes at each other without the appearance of striking. They don't forget JOHN REDMOND was a Committee Clerk before PARNELL found him an opportunity of filling a position where he can avenge years of servitude by safely insulting the SPEAKER. Don't go for him openly, but seize opportunity in Supply to make out that Committee Clerks are body of ne'er-do-weels pitchforked into comfortable berths by grossest favouritism. It's very clever. But I'd like JOHN REDMOND better if he'd had the courage to say something in favour of his old pals." *Business done.*—Vote of Credit agreed to.

Tuesday.—Always say House of Commons best business Assembly in the world. More than ever convinced to-night. Spent night after night in Committee, debating and dividing on particular points in Seats Bill—such, for example, as, whether City of London should have four Members or two, and whether Pembroke and Haverfordwest should be united. Thought these points generally settled. But Rules provide that, on Report stage of any Bill, questions debated in Committee may be all gone over again. Haverfordwest question remarkable for bringing out WILLIAM DAVIES, Member for county, a mute, inglorious DAVIES hitherto, but now moved to passionate eloquence by GORST, who, in unguarded moment, refers to Haverfordwest as a Welsh town.

"Haverfordwest," said the indignant D., "is a purely English town;" at which Members well up on the Frontier question laugh. "Why," cried the increasingly indignant D., in unmistakeable Welsh accent, "I was born in it!"

That ought to have settled the question—but didn't. Members roared with laughter. Doubts of their general sanity disturb DAVIES'S mind. Begins to wish he was safe back in Haverfordwest, which he proceeded confidentially to inform Committee is "a large town, with a small population."

Business done.—Seats Bill re-argued on Report.

Wednesday.—Found RANDOLPH in low spirits this afternoon. "No, TOBY, it's nothing to do with domestic troubles. WOOLFFY is as affectionately docile as ever. GORST and I have quite made up the little tiff which disturbed the serenity of our Party before I went to India, and ARTHUR BALFOUR has joined us again for the ninth time. We are a united and resolute Party, we are we are. What troubles me is the necessity for 'saying things' about my respected Leaders. Had to do it this afternoon. Understand they didn't like it; but their feeling nothing to the anguish I suffer."

Quite true. RANDOLPH had another go at his respected Leaders on Seats Bill, protesting against their right to settle matters in conference with Ministers. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE meekly explains, speaking of himself and Gentlemen on the Front Bench as representatives of the Opposition. "I will not," he added, "in presence of the noble Lord, call them 'Leaders.'"

This mollified RANDOLPH, but what he regrets is the necessity for having from time to time publicly to reprove them.

"The only way I see out of the difficulty," says J. G. TALBOT, a man of peace, "is for us to quit Front Opposition Bench, and let RANDOLPH fill it." *Business done.*—More rediscussion of Questions settled in Committee on Seats Bill.

Thursday.—W. E. G. provided genuine sensation for House to-night. Just after questions were over, PREMIER discovered walking down the floor of the House, clad in white sheet, with a candle in right hand. "Peccavi! Peccavi!" he cried, as he slowly paced the floor. Arrived at the table, he asked permission to refer to his speech of Monday night, when he had, as he said, "introduced references of a highly polemical and controversial character with regard to the proceedings on the Vote of Credit in 1878." PREMIER pleaded that he had not meant to do this. He had been led by circumstances to which he said he need not refer; though here he cast a glance towards the corner seat below the Gangway opposite, which brought a blush to the ingenuous face of its occupant.

"I was rather in a funk for a moment, I can tell you, TOBY," RANDOLPH said, afterwards. "Thought the Old Man was going to peach. Of course everybody knew I was 'the circumstance' that led him into this pickle. I interrupted on Monday with reference to 1878, and, as usual, he exploded like a can of dynamite. But he wouldn't let on about me. Was half inclined, when he sat down, to borrow the sheet, and what was left of the candle, frankly own up, and exonerate the old boy. Whilst I was thinking it over, SPEAKER called on Orders of the Day, and it was too late."

GLADSTONE'S apology a great success. Conservatives handsomely cheered him. NORTHCOTE, almost blubbering, shook hands with him across table, and there was a momentary Millennium.

CHILDERS brings in Budget. Always a little self-important—H-ere C-omes E-verybody CHILDERS, as GIBSON fills up his initials. To-night bursting with importance and a deficit of Fifteen Millions. "The biggest deficit," he tells the House, "since Crimean War." Will hardly speak to GLADSTONE, who never had a deficit at all. Only just notices NORTHCOTE, who has done pretty well in this line, but never came up to Fifteen Millions.

"Really don't know what we shall do with CHILDERS now," DILKE says, with a sigh. "He's that stuck up as to be quite unbearable. Wish we could get him away for a week or two, till he's simmered down."

House in highest good-humour, though not quite so respectful to CHILDERS as he imagines it should be. Even laughs and cheers when he mentions deficit. But, on the whole, reception favourable.

"A curious people this," muttered M. DE LESSAR, looking down on the scene from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. "They have to provide over a Hundred Millions sterling for twelve months' expenditure, and they laugh and joke and chaff the good old pompous CHILDERS as if someone else had to find the money. They couldn't possibly be in higher spirits if the deficit of Fifteen Millions were a surplus in hand. It is very droll."

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Friday.—Markiss tried another fall with REDESDALE and was heavily thrown. Engagement took place on Northfleet Docks Bill. Been thrown out on technical breach of Standing Orders, which the Markiss thinks might be condoned. REDESDALE thinks not. The Markiss fumes, but REDESDALE firm as a rock, and Markiss retires discomfited. "Odd thing," he muttered, between clenched teeth. "Can face GRANVILLE, and have baffled GLADSTONE, but always beaten by this wooden figure-head."

Business done.—Irish Registration Bill through Committee in Commons.

Latest from Rome.

"THERE'S been an English Pope," said one of the Irish Bishops to a distinguished Cardinal; "but there's never been an Irish one."

"Yet," observed his Eminence, thoughtfully, "there ought to have been. In no nationality could there be found a more fitting representative of the Papacy than among the Irish."

"We're flattered by Your Eminence's opinion," replied the Bishop; "but on what does Your Eminence, as an Englishman, found it?"

"Why," returned the Cardinal, "were an Irishman Pope, just think what Bulls he'd infallibly make!"

FROM A RECENT "CONTENTS BILL" OF A DAILY PAPER.—Prospect of Peace! Recall of the Duke of CONNAUGHT to India!



"WILFUL WASTE MAKES WOFUL WANT!"

The Vicar's Daughter. "HERE'S SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW FOOLSCAP PAPA HAS SENT YOU TO COVER THE JAM POTS, COOK!"

Cook. "OH, IT'S A PITY TO WASTE THAT, MISS. SOME OF MASTER'S OLD SERMONS WOULD DO JUST AS WELL!"

LORD RANDOLPH'S LAMENT.

"SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is expected to retire to the House of Lords at the end of the present session, resigning the Tory Leadership in the House of Commons to Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH."—*Weekly Paper.*

I've travelled among Eastern men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, MICHAEL, did I know till then
Your deep duplicity!

'Tis past, my Hindustanee trip!
I'm burning for a row.
For this transmitted Leadership
I never will allow.

Sir STAFFORD's place, I *did* expect,
Would soon be in my reach;
And shall my projects now be wrecked
On such a quiet Beach?

My presence checked, my flight revealed
Th' ambition that you nursed;
But of all claims to which I'd yield
Yours really are the worst!

POSTHUMOUS REPARATION.

DESCANTING on a vast improvement alleged to have been effected in the episcopacy of the Established Church, the *Times* observes that:—

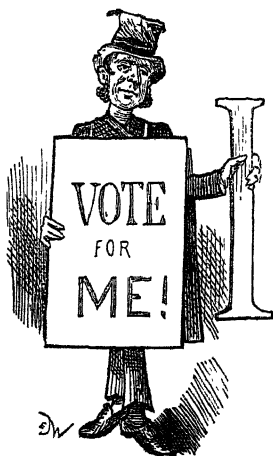
"This change may be variously explained, but so far as it has been due to any one man, it is Bishop WILBERFORCE who must have the credit for it."

And this great episcopal Reformer was in his lifetime a character of notoriety expressed by the nickname of "SOAPY SAM"! How many politicians and other public men at present objects of popular derision, contempt, and caricature, will be discovered, after their disappearance, to have been first-class fellows! *De mortuis nil nisi quam optimum.* Reputation is like port wine; when laid down it improves marvellously with age. And, moreover, they that are gone are insensible of injury.

RUSSIAN ADVANCE.—Not to Herat, but in the City. Last Saturday "Russians advanced two." This looked satisfactory.

THE MEMBER FOR THE STRAND.

(By a Middle-aged Playgoer.)



T is no less strange than true that,
ever since I was a boy,
When my parents looked upon me
as their only pride and joy,
It has been my sole ambition, of my
mind the single bent
An especial London District in the
House to represent.
Heaven bless Redistribution! It
entitles me to hope
That my legislative talent soon will
find its proper scope;
For no sooner shall the Bill come
into force than I will stand
On the hustings for election as the
Member for the Strand!

What a district! But what difficult
constituents to serve!
Could I think that from such voters
my fidelity could swerve,
Or that with their lightest wishes I
to trifle could attempt,

I should certainly regard myself with something like contempt.
I, the Actors' Representative! With joy my heart is thrilled
When I think I may be chosen by the gay Bohemian guild,

By the members of the easiest "profession" in the land,
To defend their public interests as Member for the Strand!

That proposals have been made to me I candidly must own
By the Districts of St. Pancras and of Mary, high Le Bone;
And the modish Saint of Hanover (not Georgy of the East)
Has entreated me to sit for him, a dozen times at least.
To his latest deputation I replied "'Tis all in vain;
I can *not* consent to represent your fashionable fane,
For I've registered a vow that I will ask the mummer-band
To advance me to the dignity of Member for the Strand!"

Could a candidate be anything but confident and cool,
If proposed by HENRY IRVING, and if seconded by TOOLE?
If he knew that ELLEN TERRY wore his colours on her breast,
And was canvassing from house to house all day at his behest?
I will rally them around me, all the now familiar names,
HENRY NEVILLE, PENLEY HILL, with THOMAS THORNE, and DAVID
JAMES;

And, if I can but prevail on them to take me by the hand,
I shall head the poll triumphantly as Member for the Strand!

And when once in old St. Stephen's I have ta'en the oaths and
seat

On behalf of my constituents be sure I'll do what's meet;
In the side of the Lord CHAMBERLAIN I mean to be a thorn,
And to make all captious critics wish they never had been born.
When they worry my electors I shall move the House each time
To commit them to the Tower till they purge them of their crime.
Actors' pensions and theatrical subventions I have planned,
And I'll realise my projects when—I'm Member for the Strand!



HOPELESS!

"*Enfant Terrible*" (such a *Clever Child*!—so observant!). "GRAN'MA, I DON'T THINK YOUR MOUSTACHERS 'LL EVER BE AS GOOD ONES AS UNCLE GEORGE'S!"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

I AM INSTRUCTED TO REFUSE MY CONSENT.

"I AM afraid, Mr. BRIEFLESS," said my benevolent-looking neighbour, helping himself to port, "that you have proved in your own person the truth of the adage, 'There is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip.'"

I admitted that certainly in the course of my professional career I had had many disappointments. I added that I was of a sanguine temperament, and still hoped some day to have an opportunity of addressing a Judge with or without a jury.

"So you shall," replied my rosy-cheeked, silver-haired companion, with a benevolent smile. "I should not be surprised if you did not have such an opportunity; say, to-morrow."

I was much surprised. Until then I had taken my neighbour (whose talk had been principally of hunting, fishing, and labourers' cottages) for a large-hearted country gentleman, the philanthropical lord of a model manor. When we had joined the ladies I asked our host who he was?

"Not know?" was the reply, uttered in an incredulous tone. "Why, my dear boy, it is Mr. GOODFELLOW, the head of the eminent firm of Solicitors. I thought that you would like to meet him."

Like to meet him! Why it had been the dearest ambition of my life! And here I had spent the precious minutes between the appearance of the claret and the disappearance of the coffee in relating adventures dealing rather with the disappointments than the successes of a life spent at the Bar. Be it clearly understood that had I known who my neighbour was, I should not have, of course, in any way attempted to influence him directly. I would merely have striven to create a favourable impression, and perhaps have related an anecdote or two suggestive of my extensive practice and legal acumen. As it was, I had told him a number of stories, in which I had figured invariably as a discomfited hero. This is a bad habit of mine which my wife continually attempts to suppress, pointing out to me that I cannot hope to get work in a grave sober profession if I turn myself into ridicule. This is a view, however, I

cannot take of the subject, as I point out to her that, however unfortunate, disappointed, nay, even heart-broken I may be, I am never ridiculous. Still I would have been better pleased had I kept my tongue under greater control, and left many of my sayings unsaid. As for Mr. GOODFELLOW, he had been a capital audience, and had laughed heartily at all my autobiographical reminiscences. My friends generally do laugh at my autobiographical reminiscences—I do not. Shortly afterwards the guests departed, and I saw no more of my neighbour.

On the following morning on entering my Chambers, my excellent and admirable Clerk gave me a paper with the observation that he supposed he had better enter it in the Fee Book.

"The Fee Book!" I exclaimed, in joyous tones. "Why, PORTINGTON, you surely do not mean to say—"

"Yes, Sir, it is," replied my excellent and admirable Clerk. "But it is only a Consent Brief, sent you as a compliment, I imagine, as all you will have to do, Sir, is to say you appear for the Defendant and consent—that's to say, Sir, if you take the trouble to turn up."

"I am surprised at you, PORTINGTON," I observed, severely. "When have you known me to neglect the interest of my clients? 'Take the trouble to appear,' I shall give the matter my very best attention."

On examination I found that the Brief had been sent me by Mr. GOODFELLOW, and was more than gratified to discover that I had evidently, in spite of my autobiographical reminiscences, not forfeited his respect.

I was soon robed and in the Division in which I had to give my consent. The Court was very crowded, and I therefore had to take one of the back seats devoted to the Bar. I looked at my papers, or rather paper, and found that my acquiescence was desired to a decree consisting of about a dozen paragraphs. This ceremony was to be performed during the hearing of a "short cause" known as "*Re Tompkins, Black versus White*." While I was attempting to discover whether I appeared for BLACK or WHITE, and who on earth was TOMPKINS, two gentlemen approached me hurriedly. To my knowledge, I had seen neither of them before.

"Mr. BRIEFLESS," said one of them, excitedly, in an undertone,

for the business of the Court was going on, and only whispering was possible. "I am instructing you, and, as new matter has been introduced, I am afraid we cannot consent."

"I think you should," replied the other, with equal excitement, "for you see your concession cannot injure the remainder-men."

"Oh, you think not?" I observed, not exactly understanding what it was all about, but merely to keep the ball rolling.

Then the two turned round on one another, and had a long and angry altercation, in which I occasionally caught the words "cestuique trusts," "co-parceners," "borough English," and "base fee." From this I gathered that "*Re Tompkins, Black versus White*," must be a suit not altogether without complications. At length the gentleman who was instructing me, appealed to me.

"Of course, deferring to you, Sir, I do not see it is safe to consent," he said, and I gave him an approbatory nod.

"Not even if we waive the right of detainee in the copyhold matter?" urged the other, with almost painful earnestness.

"I am afraid we cannot go as far as that," replied my Client, more in sorrow than in anger, and he appealed to me.

"Certainly not," I replied, in accents of regretful determination. "I do not see how we can consent."

"I thought you would agree with me, Sir," responded my Client, in a tone suggestive of a kind-hearted warrior gloomily announcing a victory which had cost both sides fearful and irreparable losses.

The representative of the other side bowed his head in mournful resignation, and left us. He had scarcely gone before I heard the Judge saying something about "TOMPKINS." His Lordship was apparently having a long confidential chat with a Queen's Counsel, who seemed to be explaining something to him of an intricate character. The Judge smiled now and then, as if he were saying, "Come, you are going a little too far, I can't allow you to do that!" I craned forward to hear what it was all about, but could not succeed in gathering much, as two elderly juniors (whose ages united would have amounted to something over one hundred and twenty) were talking in a loud undertone about the superiority of Portuguese over Egypt as an investment. "Where have we got to?" I asked one of the disputants, with the Freemasonry of the Bar.

"*Re Tompkins, Black versus White*. You see, Portuguese, although rather low at present, for years have averaged fifty," was the answer.

As I imagined! The Judge was hearing our case. At this moment his Lordship who had found something or other urged by the Q.C. "too much," smilingly shook his head and caught my eye. I smiled in response, and also shook my head, wishing to give him my support. The Judge seemed much astonished and even angered at this demonstration. He returned to his chat with the Q.C., dropping his voice to an even more confidential tone than he had hitherto adopted, as if he were resenting my interference as that of an eaves-dropper who had forced himself into a matter of purely private interest to parties other than himself. This so nettled me, that, to my own surprise, I found myself actually on my feet, and speaking.



"THE REFUSED CONSENT."

(Design for a Historical Cartoon, by a very Junior Member of the Briefless Family.)

"My Lord!" I exclaimed, with the voice and attitude of an accusing spirit, "I appear for the Defendants, and I cannot consent!"

I was perfectly frightened at the effect of this announcement. Had the Court been blown up with dynamite, I do not think that the Judge and Q.C. could have been more surprised. The latter turned round to me in an appealing manner, and urged, with tears in his eyes, that I should consent, offering to give up something extremely technical (and which I did not in the least understand) as a reward for my concession. So impassioned was the entreaty, that I was on the point of granting the counsel's request, when my Client whispered, with much agitation, "No!"

"I am instructed that I cannot consent," I replied, with a dignity that must have been extremely impressive. The tone would have been equally fitting to one of the Council of Ten calmly ordering a trembling malefactor to the torture-chamber.

The Q.C. sank down into his seat the picture of despair, while his junior threw a glance at me such as might have been expected from the weeping widow of a warrior looking through her tears at his conqueror. The Judge, at first a little astonished, as if he had been a Privy Councillor suddenly caught in the act of robbing a jam closet by his Sovereign, soon regained his composure, and, so to speak, pulled himself together. He showed by his demeanor that he was determined, having happily regained the path of virtue from which he had been seduced for a moment, never again to leave it.

"I was under the impression when this matter was brought before me," he said, with grave displeasure, "that all the parties interested had given their consent."

The almost weeping Q.C. looked up from the depths of his desk imploringly, as if entreating, on account of a long and arduous career hitherto blameless, for consideration, for mercy.

"I find now," his Lordship continued, indignantly, "that I misunderstood the situation. This being so, I must revise the order I was about to make *ab initio*."

And then his Lordship delivered himself of a harangue spoken in a loud voice and addressed to me personally, as if appealing to me for endorsement, which was simply harrowing in its effect on the other side. The poor Q.C. absolutely writhed in his agony as technical point after technical point was apparently decided against him. I say "apparently," because I frankly admit that I did not in the least understand what it was all about, and confined myself to bowing graciously now and then to the Judge, as if to assure his Lordship that he was doing his work capably, with my entire approval, and that, in point of fact, had I tried, I could not have done it better myself. The Judge concluded by complimenting me personally upon having persuaded my clients to sacrifice their own interests in the cause of equity and justice. I was rather surprised at this, but very pleased with the general result, and left the Court to receive the congratulations of those who had instructed me. On reaching the corridor I found a fearful row going on. The Clerk who had sat behind me, and who had disappeared in the middle of his Lordship's argument, was having a terrible altercation with another gentleman from the same office. I smilingly approached them.

"Well, I think that was managed very nicely," I observed, with a modesty that I intended should be appreciated—I could afford to be sportive after my triumph.

"Nicely!" said the new-comer, turning upon me like a tiger. "Why, Sir, didn't you observe that the firm must have had two cases before the Court, and that we were opposing the wrong one?"

"What!" I cried, absolutely aghast with horror, "do you mean to say that I ought not to have refused my consent!"

"Certainly," was the immediate and very angry answer. "And I hope you will forgive me for saying it, Sir, but we do expect Counsel to show some discretion, and see at a glance when a very patent mistake has arisen."

This was my first and last brief from GOODFELLOW'S!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

"PUT ME IN MY LITTLE URN."

[Inscribed to Sir SPENCER WELLS and the Cremationists who recently met, and discoursed thereon, at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene.]

Put me in my little Urn,

On the modern plan;
For Cremation do I yearn,
Practised at Milan.

SPENCER WELLS, your good advice
I would fain prove true,
With my ashes, neat and nice,
Pleasing to the view.

Put me in my little Urn.

'Twill be done, they say,
Where my footsteps often turn,
Somewhere Woking way.

Though it gives some peopleshocks,
There they can cremate;
What remains send in a box,
With the name and date.

Put me in my little Urn,

And, if I may speak,
'Mid those patterns I discern,
Something very Greek.

Afterwards you'll wave your hand,
Pointing to the shelf,
"Yonder JONES'S ashes stand.
Chose that Urn himself!"

IRVINGISH.—Why not re-seat the Speaker's Gallery, and Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, and the cramped places under the Gallery? Make them comfortable for the Public, charge half-a-guinea, and let them be booked by the first comers at the Box-Office of the House of Commons in the Lobby, and be reserved all night. Much better than the present rough-and-tumble system. The Orators before a paying Public would be on their mettle, and, through the small charge to the Gallery, the days of PITT would be revived.

HARRY ON THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, old Turmuts? Gone mouldy, or moon-struck, or wot? Sticking down in the Country, like you do, I tell yer, is all tommy-rot. It's Town makes a man of one, CHARLIE, as me and the Nobs 'as found out, And a Snide 'un like you should be fly to it. Carn't fancy wot you 're about. Old RUSKIN, I know, sez quite t'other, but then *he* is clean off his chump. Where's the *Life* in long lanes with no gas-lamps? Their smell always gives me the 'ump. Come hout on it, Mate, it'll spile yer. It's May, and the Season's begun, All the Toffs is in Town—ah! you trust 'em! *they* know where to drop on the fun. Don't ketch *them* a-Maying, my pippin, like bloomin' old Jacks-in-the-Green, A-sloppin' about in damp medders, with never a Pub to be seen. No fear! We've primroses in tons—thanks to Beakey—for them as can pay. And all other larks as is larks, mate, they know meet in London in May.

It is all very well, on a Sunday, for jest arf a dozen or so To take a chay-cart down to Epsom, and out down the May as yer go. I've 'ad 'igh old times on that lay, CHARLIE, gals, don't yer know, and all that, Returning at dusk with the beer on, and May branches all round yer 'at.

With plenty of tuppenny smokes and 'am sanwiches, CHARLIE, old man, And a bit of good goods in pink musling, it ain't arf a bad sort o' plan. Concertina, in course, and tin whistle, to give 'em a rouser all round, And "Chorus" all over the shop, till the winders'll shake at the sound.

That's "May, merry May," if yer like, mate, and does yours ancetrar a treat. But the Rural's a dose as wants mixing, it won't do to swaller it neat; That's wy the Haristos and 'ARRY, and all as is fly to wot's wot, Likes passing the Season in London, in spite of yer poetry rot.

Country's all jolly fine in the Autumn, with plenty of killing about,— Day's rabbitia's not a bad barney, and gull-potting's lummy, no doubt; But green fields with nothink to slurter, no pubs, no theatres, no gas!— No, no, it won't wash, and the muggins as tells yer it will is a hase.

But May in "the Village," my biffin, the Mighty Metrolopus,—ah! That's Paradise, Sir, and no kid, with a dash o' the true lah-di-dah. Covent Garden licks Eden, I reckon, at least it'll do me A I; Button-oler and Bond Street, old pal, that's yer fair top-row sarmple for fun!

Wy, we git all the best of the Country in London, with dollups chucked in. *Rush in herby!*—aseuse the Hitalian!—Ah, mate, ony wish I'd the tin; I'd take 'em a trot, and no flounders! It's 'ard, bloomin' 'ard, my dear boy, When Form as is Form ain't no fling, as a German ud say, *fo der quoy*.

I'd make Mister RUSKIN sit up, and the rest of the 'owlers see snakes, With their rot about old Mother Nature, as *never* don't make no mistakes. Yah! Nature's a fraud and a fizzle, that is if yer can't fake her out With the taste of a Man about Town, ony sort as knows wot he's about.

Well, London's all yum-yum jest now. Hexhibitions all hover the shop, I tell yer it keeps one a movin'. I'm on the perpetual 'op, Like the Prince. Aitch har aitch is a stayer, a fair Royal ROWELL, I say. (I lanted a quid on *that* "Mix," but I can't git the beggar to pay.)

"Inventories" open, you know. Rayther dry, but the *Extrys* O. K. It's the Extrys, I 'old, make up life, arf the pleasure and most o' the pay. Yus, Princes, and Painters, Philanterpists, Premiers and Patriots may gush, But wot ud become of their Shows if it weren't for the larks and the lush?

Lor bless yer, dear boy, Pictor Galleries, Balls, Sandwich Sworries and all,— It's fun and the fizz makes 'em go, not the picter, the speech, or the squall. Keep yer eye on the Buffet's my maxim, look out for the "jam" and the laugh, And you'll collar the pick o' the basket, the rest is all sordust and chaff.

That's philosophy, CHARLIE, my pippin; the parsons and prigs may demur, But if you would foller *their* tip, wy, you'll 'ave to go thundering fur. Ah! "May, merry May!" up in Town, fills your Snide 'un as full as he'll carry Of laughter and lotion. That's gospel to Toffs and yours scrumptiously, 'ARRY.

QUITE A NEW LINE OF ITS OWN.

(Suakin to Berber. Official Report.)

THE first half-yearly meeting of this now flourishing little line was held yesterday inside the Company's temporary Zareba, hastily thrown up for the purpose at Otao, and was largely attended by "friendly" and other shareholders interested in the success of the undertaking. Upon the Chairman, who was fully armed and prepared for any emergency that might arise during the reading of the report, taking his place, a few falling shots from the adjacent scrub, apparently aimed at the outgoing Directors, created some slight momentary excitement, which, however, speedily quieted down on the not altogether unexpected announcement being made that neither the Ordinary, Preference, nor Debenture Stock holders would anyone of them receive any dividend whatever.

The fact, the Chairman proceeded to point out, was not one that need discourage those who had embarked their capital in the concern, inasmuch as the line had, during the past quarter, been worked under singular disadvantages.

The continual blowing-up of the permanent way, and shelling of the stations, signal-boxes, and rolling stock, had greatly added to the item of "Expenditure," while the receipts from the passenger traffic, he regretted to add, had, unfortunately, to be set down as *nil*. This was partly owing, no doubt, to the untoward circumstance that the very first excursion train of the season was captured in a cutting near Kobak, and sold with its contents then and there into slavery.

This had destroyed confidence in the regular working of the line, while the fact that the one season-ticket holder, an Arab Gentleman residing in Kordofan, was believed on several occasions to have murdered all the Guards, Stokers, and Engine-drivers, for the sake of securing the coal and stuffing of the carriage-seats, and carrying it all off on camels, purposely concealed in a secluded siding, did not lead the Directors to anticipate any very substantial increase in their profits in this direction. He was, at the same time, happy to state that the appearance of two new Mahdis in the neighbourhood of Berber, led him confidently to look for a large temporary up-traffic of homeless fugitives in the coming Autumn. On the whole, the Balance-Sheet was not all he would wish to see it; but he thought he might honestly say that there were many encouraging features about it. After a rather stormy protest from an armed minority, which was, however, allayed by the getting into position of two Gatlings, the report was unanimously adopted.

STUPIDITY TO THE STARVING.

"If foolishly rejected at the tables of the rich, these larvae should be a reward for the toil of the bread-winner."

Why not, Eat Insects? p. 52.

"My starving friends, your clamour bores, Why don't you turn Insectivores? You want an inexpensive treat, I offer 'Insects good to Eat.' You talk, at times, of 'Rising,'—rise, Like fish, and feed, like them, on flies! They're excellent! The Reverend SHEPPARD Has tried Grasshoppers, freely peppered. The Grub of timber,—plank or tub,— Should be the toilers' daily 'grub,' And neither beef nor veal is safer, At table, than the common Chafer. Wireworms, those eligible imps, Are a cheap substitute for shrimps. Why should you spurn from pans and pots The food that suits the Hottentots? Or quite reject from sauce and curry What fattens the Australian Murri? The very Caterpillars cry, 'Bake us with butter, boil, and fry!' You do not let their prayers prevail, Nay, you neglect the common Snail! Alas, your ignorance, my friends, Too often in starvation ends!"

So Science spoke, but should I meet The head of Science in the street, Stuck on a pike by eager friends, And stuffed with what she recommends, With caterpillar, grub, and fly, I might not greatly mourn, not I; But think of FOULON and the food He offered to the multitude, Whereby at length it came to pass That his dead mouth was stuffed with grass!

Drawing the Cork.

THE Prince of WALES was last week unanimously elected an honorary member of the Royal Cork Yacht Club. For a nervous mariner what a delightful Yacht Club to belong to! No danger of shipwreck in a Cork Yacht. That's the sort of thing for us, my buoy! This is the Club from which a Dr. TANNER was expelled for heading a mob that behaved like geese, in hissing the Royal party. Well, if the Cork Club's floating Capital's in first-rate condition, it won't be the worse for the loss of one Tanner.

THE LATEST SUGGESTION FOR OUR TROOPS IN THE SOUDAN.—"Leave well alone!"



"JACK IN OFFICE."

The "Buttons." "'CLUB DOESN'T OPEN TILL NINE, SIR!"

Big Member. "OH, THANKY. (Ironically.) YOU'D BETTER TURN ME OUT, THEN!"

OUR COPY OF THE INVENTORIES.

First Landing. Initial Impressions.

MOTTO for the latest growth of the (Somers) Vine at South Kensington, "Always the same." It may be taken as an established fact that "the Fisheries and Healtheries were very much alike—especially the Inventories." However, there is one notable alteration for the better—the improved approach. The Subway from the South Kensington Station to the entrance in the Exhibition Road has swept away the army in single file of ragamuffins that used to be drawn up last year opposite the palings to the Gardens of the Natural History Museum. We begin to love Subways, and perfectly adore Blow-holes, which are things of beauty, and joys for ever! But for the rest, this and any other like display might be aptly called "The Advertisementaries." Perhaps the decorations of the Hall are in better taste than those of 1884. The splendid pictures illustrating the advantages of "Somebody's Furs," and "Somebody else's Washable Wall-papers," have been painted over, and on this occasion we have frescoes of the Progress of Science and Art. Some clever draughtsman has depicted side

by side the modern time and "Ye Olden Days." For instance, we have a nineteenth century watch-manufactory and a mediæval clockmaker's, a bridge designed by DA VINCI and the most recent triumph of American Extension Architecture, a steamboat of the last century and an ocean mail of the present. But these frescoes in many cases create a false impression, by suggesting that, on the whole, invention in the past was more picturesque and ingenious than invention in the present. This is particularly the case in the *tableaux* devoted to iron-beating, where the old-fashioned hammer looks infinitely more imposing than "the Bessemer process." As of old the magnificent equestrian statue of the Heir-Apparent to the British Throne is stationed in the centre, the effigy suggesting by its attitude that it is the favourite occupation of H.R.H. to gallop recklessly through a number of hot-house plants.

Item.—Isn't it rather a slight to those popular caterers Messrs. SPIERS AND POND to make H.R.H. cantering away from "the Set Dinner?" H.R.H. cantering while they're catering and de-canting!

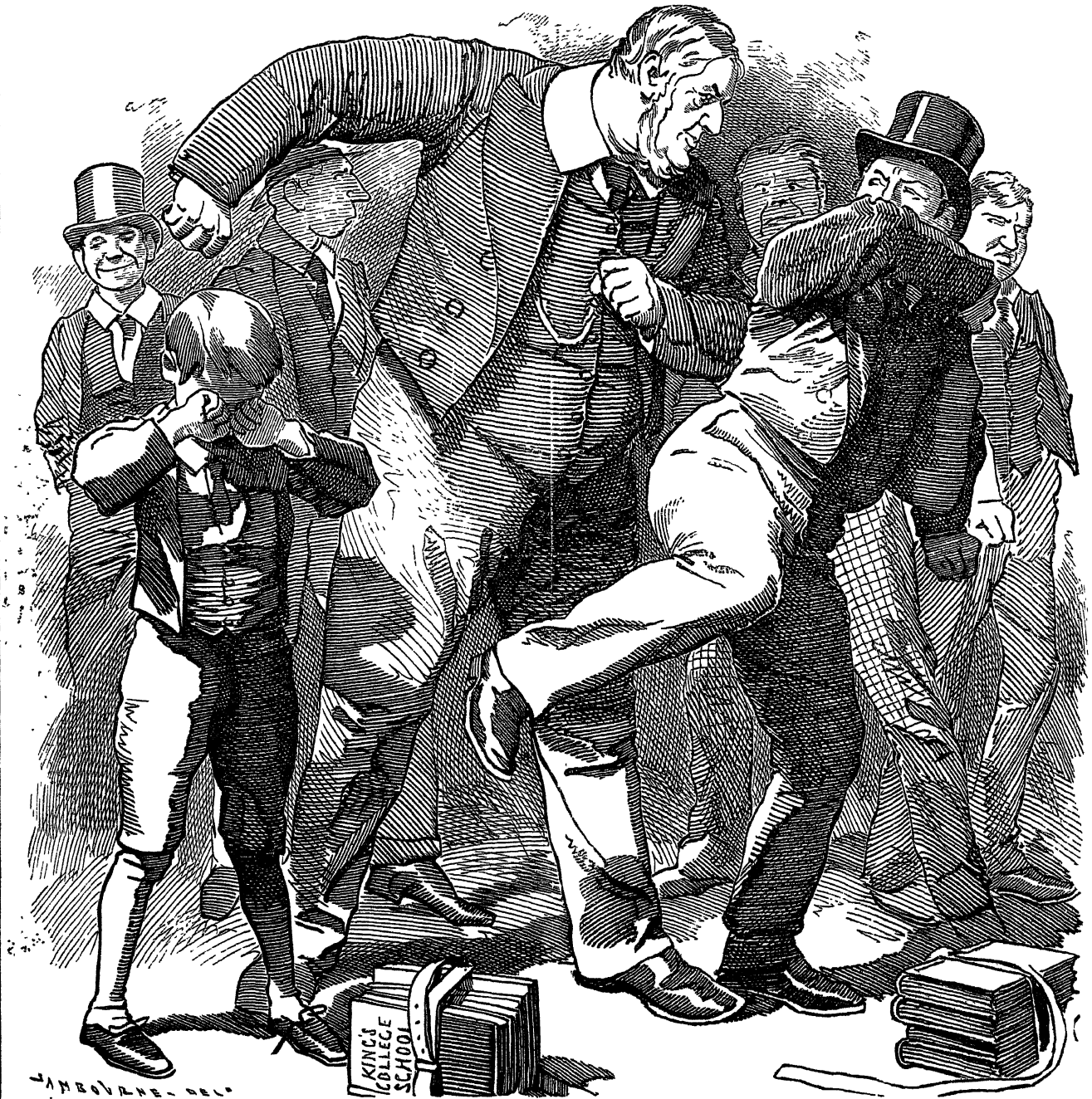
Another old friend was the "Opening Ceremony."

On the occasion of the Fisheries two years ago, many of the officials startled an unprepared world by appearing in the most magnificent uniforms. One gentleman assumed the Field Marshall-like garb of a Deputy Lieutenant, while another (connected with the Literary Department) suggested, by his "get up," that, at some time or other, he must have been in the Cabinet of a Foreign Government. On the present occasion "morning dress" was *de rigueur*, and the sight, consequently, was not nearly so impressive. It is better, at all events, than coming in "night dress"—no, we should say "evening dress," only night is the antithesis of morning—but not so imposing. The Committee selected the Conservatory for the function, no doubt with the intention of developing the idea (suggested by the position of the statue in the Entrance Hall), that the Prince of WALES has an unreasoning devotion to hothouse plants.

The time of weary waiting before the arrival of the Royal party was amusingly filled up by a variation of the pastime of "the Derby Dog." A Potentate, in an elaborate turban, who, no doubt, had the scene been laid in his own country, would have ordered the entire Assembly to be then and there beheaded, was kept knocking about, trying to find a seat. For some ten minutes he was utterly ignored by everyone, being very properly regarded as "a Nigger, from somewhere or other." Rendered reckless by this neglect, the unhappy Potentate ventured to take a chair hypothe-cated to a "Member of the Press." He was instantly ignominiously ejected, and was unceremoniously hustled hither and thither, until recognised by some one "who knew him at home," when he was hurriedly furnished with a chair of honour, and cordially recognised by Royalty. Beyond this pleasing interlude, the opening ceremony presented no variation from the inauguration of the Fisheries. Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL read a long and varied Advertisement to the Prince, who expressed his joy at the intelligence thus conveyed to him. This done, and the Building was declared free to the Public—at a fee of a shilling or half a crown.

Item.—The Princess of WALES looked perfectly charming.

Of course, for another month or so the Exhibition will be only partly filled. At



THE CHAMPION OF THE LITTLE BOYS. "BULLY FOR HARCOURT!"

present there is a fine display of packing-cases, and, in the Opening Ceremony, these were not included. When their contents have been shown, we will return, as we are longing to know what's inside them, and to inform friends at a distance. But at present, if we attempted any description, we should be only making an exhibition of ourselves, and displaying our own wonderful invention.

To Sir Peter Lumsden.

(Cabinet Chorus to an Old Tune—"Peter Gray.")

COME back, PETER! Come back, PETER, pray!
 'Tis easier in London to discuss with you Penjdeh.
 To quit the place and yield is bad, to stay and yield won't do;
 And so your coming back's the Lessar evil of the two.

LATEST RUMOUR.—It is said that the real reason to be given for requesting Sir PETER LUMSDEN's presence in town, is to give him an opportunity of explaining that he meant no disrespect to the Afghan-istan Ameer in speaking of him as "an old buffer."

SILENCE.

(Considerably after E. A. Pos.)

[The Social Science Congress will not be held this year.]

THERE are some Congresses—some corporate things,
 That have a cat-like life, and thus are made
 Perennial bores; our Autumns or our Springs
 These with perpetual potterings pervade.
 There is a two-fold *Silence*—of the bore
 And of the sage. This dwells in studious places
 With books close-packed; 'tis full of solemn graces
 And redolent of pure and peaceful lore.
 He's not the corporate *Silence*: dread him not,
 He's neither good nor evil in himself.
 But should some lucky chance (unusual lot)
 Bring the bore-hushing *Silence* (blessed elf)
 Where unto frumps and faddists it is given
 To annually twaddle—then thank Heaven!

MANON; OR, THE MAIDEN AND THE MAASHER.

MR. CARL ROSA has scored another success with *Manon*. Not that CARL ROSA has had anything to do with the scoring, which, I suppose, is entirely the work of M. MASSENET the Composer, but he has purchased the right of production, and on Thursday last it was brought out, conducted by Mr. GOOSSENS,—most ill-omened name, if



A mere Soup-song.

there had been the slightest chance of a failure, as, in spite of all the applause, a doubtful question would be settled by decided "GOOSSENS,"—and admirably placed on the stage by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. I should say that, on the whole, Madame MARIE ROZE never appeared to greater advantage than as *Manon*, especially in the Third Act, when singing what is the popular song of the Opera.

ACT I.—Outside of Inn, and view of Inside. Clever arrangement of scene. Diligence arrives. Ten minutes allowed for refreshment. Swindon à la Française in 1721. Excursionists, personally conducted, protest "More Swindle than Swindon," as, before they've managed to do more than scald their mouths with hot soup, the Postilion is ready to start again. Chorus of irate Passengers with luggage. Great praise due to Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS for omitting comic man to sit on bandbox or to be wheeled off on a truck, or the old woman with birdcage to fall down just as diligence was leaving, and then have to pursue it waving umbrella. None of this. Excursionists depart, all except *Manon*, who has come out for a trip, and is caught tripping by *Lescant* her Cousin, whom, but for the bill assuring us that it is Mr. LUDWIG, I should have taken for Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, author of *Diana of the Very Crossways*, *The Egoist*, and other volatile but genial works of fiction.

Enter Mr. LYALL as *Guillot*, an elderly bean, who is luncheon in a private room with a select party of young ladies, who, leaning over the balcony, sing a charming trio, imploring *Guillot* to return to table. With this request he complies, and being in a sulky humour, evidently casts a damper over the enjoyment of the guests, who do not utter a word for the next quarter of an hour, until suddenly aroused by possibly an attempt at a funny story on the part of Mr. LYALL, they burst into a shout of such genuine hearty laughter as is never heard anywhere except on the Stage—unless "heard off"—that is, technically, "heard without."

In comes Mr. MAAS as young *Des Grieux*. From the first all foresee that his will be a Maasterly performance, and so it proves. His eye



Venus and Maas, in the ballet of Catching a Curate.

(Cy. Is he dressed ac-curately?)

Lights on *Manon*!—such an eye! "An eye like MAAS to threaten or command"—but in this case to "Maas-h" her. *Manon* tells him "simply"—so simply, "Believe me I am not wicked. I am on my

way to a convent." But Chevalier MAAS the Maasher won't let her go. "Not from you," says Mr. BENNETT, the eminent librettist, speaking by Mr. MAAS, "shall hope and joy be torn." And the simple *Manon*, who is so very simple that she is travelling all alone, literally jumps at the young and utter stranger's offer—oh, the stranger is too utter!—to take her to Paris,—they are at Amiens, and it's a pretty far cry to Paris,—and in view of the pleasant drive they are to have, the Simple Girl and the Too Utter Stranger sing together the words of the poet BENNETT—

We to Paris will go,
Heart to heart!
And, though fortune may frown,
Never part!

He will have to "part" when he gets to Paris, as, particularly should "fortune frown," the pair of them cannot live there for nothing. However, the Simple Maiden and Chevalier Maasher console themselves by citing BENNETT on the situation—

Evermore bliss is ours!
With Love's sweetest flowers
Will we crown the bright noons.

Hooray for BENNETT! Down with BROWNING! TENNYSON nowhere! Of such charming lyrics as these it can only be said, in the most complimentary fashion, that "they couldn't be better and might be verse."

More laughter in the Inn. Mr. LYALL has tried to tell them another of his droll stories, in which he has been cruelly interrupted by the applause consequent on the duett about going to Paris above mentioned. So the Simple Maiden *Manon* goes off with the Chevalier Maasher, and everybody assaults Mr. LYALL for no particular reason, except to bring down the Curtain on something like a bustling situation.

ACT II.—The Simple Maiden and the Maashing Chevalier in Paris. By the way, there appears to be a little doubt as to the proper pronunciation of the Mashing One's title. Some call him Shiver-leer; others, Shever-lee-ay, but I fancy that "Shiver-leer" seems to be the more popular. *Manon* reads a letter "with simplicity," vide eminent librettist's stage-direction, and this letter-duett is one of the successes of the evening. In their intense simplicity the Maiden and the Maasher talk to each other like this:—"Thou desirest it?" asks *Manon*. "Those flowers are very beautiful" observes the jealous Maasher, "who gave them to thee?" "I do not know," replies the Simple Maiden. "What!" exclaims the suspicious Maasher, "thou dost not know!" "I hope thou art not jealous." "Thou art right." And so on. I shrewdly suspect that the poet BENNETT meant this thee-ing and thou-ing to be a conscientious reproduction of the French familiar *tutoy-ing*. Perhaps so; only in English it makes the Maasher and the Maiden talk like a couple of old-fashioned Quakers.

Then comes a fine dramatic quartette. *Lescant* and the seductive *De Brétigny* having retired, a servant brings in the simple supper for the simple couple, which consists, apparently, of a huge jug and basin off the washing-stand; though subsequently it is made partly clear that if the big jug comes from the washing-stand, the basin is intended for soup, and *Manon*, being all alone, sings a song to the *potage* and the table. Clearly a most idyllic situation. The jealous Shiver-leer returns, but, though she helps him to soup, he will sing—he is so full of *soup-sons*—and won't eat. Then he hears a knock at the door, and, on going to answer, the unfortunate Shiver-leery Maasher is gagged, and bound, and taken off; while *Manon*, overcome with grief, says "He has gone!" and probably sends the soup down to be warmed up again, so that she may enjoy herself quietly. Or, being fond of a bit of fun, and taking things philosophically, she may perhaps put on her bonnet, and go out to sup with *De Brétigny* at the *Café Anglais* of that period.

ACT III.—Praise to Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. Chorus in his honour. "What a charming promenade! Oh how happy are we!" Everyone enjoying themselves when Mr. LYALL appears. His acquaintance who heard his good stories in Act I. immediately run away; they are not going to be let in for any more if they know it. Directly he has gone everyone returns. Then *Manon* sings the hit of the evening, encored three times. All going pleasantly, when old *Des Grieux*, the Maasher's "stern parent," enters. He comes in with a very big stick. Everybody gets out of his way. *Manon* trembles. Duett between Simple Maiden,—promoted to diamonds,—and Stern Parent, to gavotte accompaniment. Most effective. Re-enter Mr. LYALL excitedly, charged with another good story, but his appearance is the immediate signal for another violent assault on him, and before he can get out a syllable down comes the Curtain.

Happy Thought (for Stage-Manager).—When in doubt how to end an Act, or Scene, with something like a situation, bring on LYALL, and have him hustled. It's not much, but it's better than nothing at all, and prevents the finish being too flat.

SCENE 2.—In the Parlour of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The Maasher has become an ecclesiastical student. He has been giving his first trial-trip sermon to a congregation composed exclusively of

ladies. Rules of St. Sulpice appear to be a little lax, as all the ladies are allowed to assemble and sing a chorus in the parlour. Enter Mr. MAASHER as a pale Young Curate, as he might appear if



Stern Parient.

expected to dance a *pas seul* instead of preaching a sermon. Stern Parient comes in and bullies him. Then the Simple Maiden enters and worries him. He won't forget the day of his first sermon in a hurry. *Manon* says, "We will never part," but the pale Young Curate exclaims, "Duty calls me away!" Then immediately afterwards it occurs to the Young Curate that he can get somebody else to do his duty, and off he goes with *Manon*, chucking up St. Sulpice and the Seminary.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.—Gambling-rooms. Simple Maiden now one of a gang—like *Countess Asteriski* in *Artful Cards*—and of course Mr. LYALL is the pigeon. He is revenged. Enter Police. *Lescart* bolts, like Mr. ARTHUR CECIL in *The Magistrate*, but doesn't turn up again in last Act so funnily, and the gang is broken up by the Stern Parient getting his son out of the mess somehow.

SCENE 2.—Convict gamblers on their way to the galleys. Maasher meets Simple Maiden in very reduced circumstances, and the state of discipline in the Army at this period being as lax as it was in the Seminary, he bribes the soldiers, who allow him to interview *Manon* all alone, when, as the piece is getting rather long, and there's nothing for her to do without beginning an entirely new story, the Simple Maiden simply dies. The Maasher falls down beside her, whether alive or dead is uncertain, but if the latter, "*Villikins* and his *Dinah* lie buried in one grave." Very satisfactory. They call the Composer, and Mr. CARL ROSA steps forward to say the Composer's away. And once again we congratulate Mr. ROSA on his pluck and energy, and as *Rip Van Winkle* says, "May he live long and broser."

LAURELS AND LOGIC.

Is it want of understanding, Mr. Punch, in the subjective sense only, which suggests that the noble Poet Laureate, before his "Epitaph for GORDON in our Westminster Abbey—i.e., for his Cenotaph," as below, is finally thereon engraven, might be respectfully invited to reconsider its two first lines:—

"Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man."

"Not here below." Is that intended to imply "there above"? So it would seem; for if GORDON were nowhere, either here or there, how could he possibly remain a warrior and a friend? Or does it mean that he is no longer living here below, but lying dead somewhere else than just here, somewhere "far in the waste Soudan," although, in a higher situation, he continues to live? At that rate he, the individual man, would be both living and dead at the same time—which how could he if, as an individual, indivisible, one, and not two? No doubt GORDON lives "in all hearts," in a sense; but still that, in so far as it is living in any sense at all, is living "here below."

The foregoing queries may be simply the interrogations of a Philistine; but, Philistines being numerous, good Lord TENNYSON would perhaps be well advised to concede some indulgence to their requirement of perspicuity. I hazard this hypothesis under all due influence of the doubt, if there be any, that I am, yours truly,

ONE OF THEM.

"FOR EVER AND FOR EVER!"—Why is it more than probable that Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT will never lose his seat in Parliament? Because he is the Member for Aye!

NOTICE.—Our Series of "Exteriors and Interiors," which has been interrupted by the necessities of the Picture Shows, will be resumed next week. We take this opportunity of stating that all the figures in this series are likenesses, and that a key will be forthcoming, when the entire set, or a sufficient part of it, has been completed.

THE UNDERGRAD'S VOTE.

MONDAY Morning.—Can't imagine why the Master was so unusually polite to me just now. Didn't say a word about my numerous absences from chapel! Looked on, quite pleased, while *Crub* (my terror) was rooting up the grass in the Quadrangle. This urbanity suspicious. Is he going to rusticate me, I wonder?

10 A.M.—Morning paper. Everything explained! There's to be an immediate Election. The Master's a true-blue old Tory, and his relative, the Hon. TRACY DE BEAUVOIR, is to stand. Lucky I thought of getting my name put on the Register.

Evening.—Cut all the Morning Lectures on strength of the news, and hunted with the Drag. Sent for by the Dean. Threatens to report me to Master. I tell him "I think the Master's too much occupied with electoral matters at present to have time to attend to me"—and wink. Dean offended. Doesn't "gate" me this time, however.

Tuesday.—Proctorised again last night! Coming home from jolly wine-party at John's. Up a lamp-post, trying to light cigar. Awkward! My tenth time this Term. Proctor sure to fine me at least a sov. Hope he won't "send me down." How the Governor would kick at that; to be sure!

Have seen the Proctor. Jolly fellow, Proctor. He's Professor of Sanskrit as well. Didn't mention last night's escapade at all. Said "he'd always wished to make my acquaintance." Thought he was chaffing me. Told him he *had* made my acquaintance once or twice before. He laughed, and said that was "in his official capacity." Asked me what I thought of the betting for the Two Thousand. Didn't know a Proctor *could* be so nice. Wonder if he'd come to one of my wines?

Wednesday.—Meet Master again. All smiles. Asks after "my pretty little dog," and tries to pat him. *Crub* flies at his calves. Master looks frightened, and calls him, soothingly, a "dear little thing." Shall I tell him I've been to the Proctor? I will.

Master "is sorry to hear it." I assure him I only went to him "as a friend." Master frowns, and says that makes it worse. Tells me "Proctor is standing in Radical interest!" Adds, that "he hopes none of the Gentlemen in his College will cultivate the acquaintance of the Radical Proctor, either in his official or unofficial capacity." Right man to vote for—he says—is, undoubtedly, "the Hon. TRACY DE BEAUVOIR, the Constitutional Candidate."

Happy Idea.—Tell the Master "I am quite undecided how to vote," and ask him if I could be spared from Lectures to-morrow, as I want to go to Town "to see my doctor." To-morrow's the Two Thousand! Don't tell the Master *that*, however.

Master assents like a lamb. Always before has refused to let me off in Term-time. What a blessing an Election is! Really, that Irish fellow who got us the Vote ought to be made Prime Minister.

Friday.—Back from the Two Thousand. Feel queer. Travelling upsets me, I think. Dean sends to ask "why I was away from Hall" yesterday evening. Refer him to Master for all explanations.

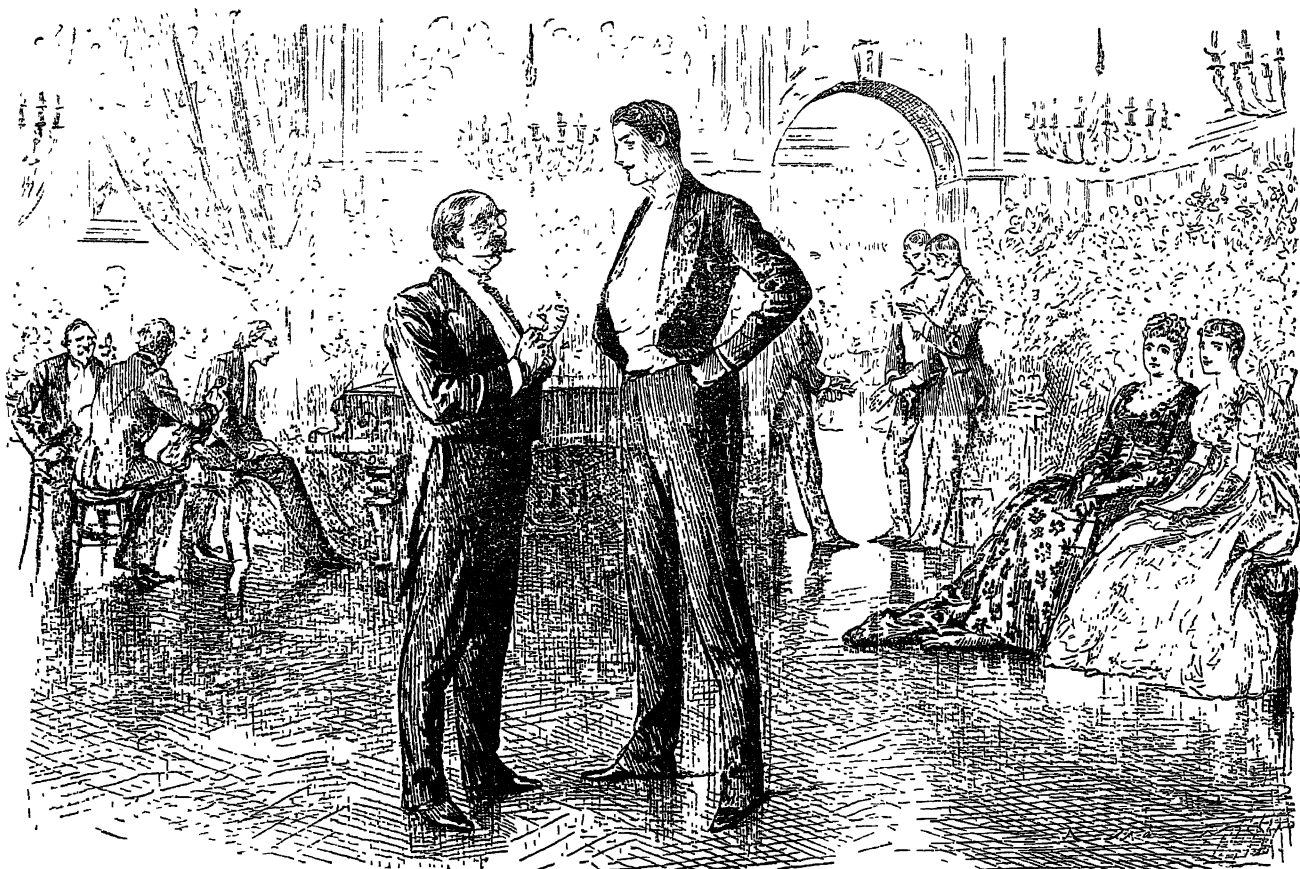
Young brother comes up to-day from Harrow for Matric. Frightful young dunce. Give him a tip—tell him to put "strong constitutional principles" in his answers to History Paper. He does so. Master delighted; says his "Latin Prose is weak, but his History admirable." Gives him one or two copies of the Hon. TRACY's Election Address to distribute. Master has become quite an Electioneering Agent. Find he has invited Head-Masters of Public Schools to send up "young men with Constitutional opinions" as candidates for Matriculation. Promises them rooms in College, and "immediate prospect of utilising their electoral privileges." Query, isn't this corruption?

Afternoon.—Find Dean's a strong Radical! Hurrah! Go to him at once, and ask him if I can't get out of gates to-night "to hear Professor THINGUMBOR's speech on the Land System at the Corn Exchange." Dean a little suspicious—asks me my opinion on land-nationalisation. Tell him I haven't got one, but daresay I should get one at the meeting.

Master sends his butler for me—curious! Wants me to "dine with him on Tuesday"—also wants to know if I would mind "exhibiting a large blue flag from my window (looking out on High) on day of Election?" Take to the idea at once, tell him "I'll exhibit several," and he appears pleased.

Next Week.—Jolly time! Never had so much freedom. Got out to wine-party every night; not attended a single Lecture! My coach tells me "I'm going to the dogs." Going to Newmarket to-morrow, anyhow; dogs after.

Bull-dogs never notice me now! Radical Proctor clever fellow. Asked me to breakfast, and bet me twenty to one in ponies against his own chance for Election. Took him at once! Shall certainly vote against the Hon. TRACY now. Can't afford to lose. Besides, Radical Proctor jolly fellow. Hang the Hon. TRACY DE BEAUVOIR! Have given orders for yellow flags instead of blue ones on Election Day. Here goes for a general canvass in favour of the Radical Proctor!



EXTREMES MEETING.

The Major (to Nephew, who wants taking down a bit, he thinks). "WHAT! YOU HERE, PERCY! AIN'T YOU RATHER YOUNG TO BE GOING TO BALLS?"

Percy. "WHAT, AND YOU HERE TOO, UNCLE! WHY, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D GIVEN UP THIS KIND OF THING LONG AGO!"

OUR PROTEAN PREMIER.

HEY presto! Great Jove! this beats OVID completely.

*More swift metamorphoses NASO ne'er sang,
MACCABE never "moulted" more swiftly or neatly.*

*Last week on the marble his footsteps outrang
As steely and sternly as GOETZ's own, and*

*The firm mailed fist closely clenched on the book
Seemed "Iron" as brave BERLICHINGEN's well-known hand,
Now,—look! only look!*

HEY presto! The posture of Mars,—why, where is it?

The panoplied figure alert and erect?

If Peace with furred pinions should pay us a visit,

Is this not the pose we might fairly expect.

The battle-blade—dropped like a torrid potato!

Expression no longer defiantly grand,

But worthy a pensive political PLATO,

Benignantly bland?

The dove for the glove, for the war-sword the olive!

*Eh? Combat *d'outrance*? Dear me, not at all.*

Only lions and bears can contentedly so live.

No tempest you know, just a mere passing squall.

Occasional Mars-masquerade may be needful,

And when it is donned our redoubtable foes,

*Of property-arms and stage-attitudes heedful,
Must shake in their shoes.*

Great Neptune's sly herdsman, old, grand, and prophetic,

Who lived in a cave and told over his flocks,

Might surely have seen, with a smile sympathetic,

The shifts of our Proteus, have laughed at the shocks

Of surprise and dismay that are always besetting

*The watchers—poor souls!—of his *tricks* and his tricks.*

"There's no having him anyhow" mean they; "no getting

This Proteus to fix!"

Steal on him and bind him? A task which to tackle

*Would Argus *plus* Hercules bother and fog.*

Is there any known bond or conceivable shackle

His limbs would arrest, or his actions could clog?

It is not to be done by assiduous watching

To drop on him slumbering sole by the deep;

There is rather more hope in the effort at catching

A weasel asleep.

His sea-calves are many, and whilst he can number

A herd so prodigious, so docile, so tame,

And whilst he can, seemingly, do without slumber,

His foemen have hardly a hand in the game.

It is "Catch-as-catch-can," and the chances of capture

Seem slight, for however they follow and plot,

When they're close on his heels, and imagine he's snapt sure,

He's off like a shot.

*Change? Oh no, not change! He is *eadem semper*,*

Although, like god Vishnu, his Avatars shift,

*And *that's* why he puts all his foes out of temper.*

They can't, for the life of them, make out his drift.

*War-frowning, peace-smiling, his *essence* is stable!*

As halcyon or petrel, in calm or in storm,

He's the "All in the One," but they're wholly unable

To fix him to form.

Fine proof of the doctrine of old Cyrenaics,

Which bases all things on perpetual flux!

He floors the whole lot of us clerics and laics.

*Who on this Enigma shall cry *flat lux*!*

Meanwhile the worst is we don't know where to have him.

With peace on his lips or with war on his brow;

The question of those who would back him or brave him,

*Is—"Where are we *now*?"*

THE WORST OF THE RUSSIAN STEPPES.—Steps towards India.



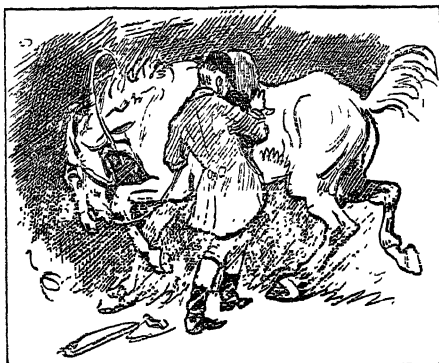
OUR PROTEAN PREMIER!

(As "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," IN HIS UNRIVALLED VARIETY-AND-QUICK-CHANGE ENTERTAINMENT.)

OUR ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE—OR GUY'D.



No. 1052. No Broom! "I've come out to sweep the Doorstep, and they've only left me the Handle!"



No. 1069. Opening his Horse to see what's the matter.



No. 792. Cannibal Family Butcher. Weighing and Selling him by the pound.



No. 295. Snowballing; or, Out in the Cold.



No. 276. Curious Pugilistic Encounter. Fight between the Crawler and the Legless Man.



No. 709. Turnip-topsy-turvy; or, Spring-time for Green Vegetables.



No. 1018. The Centaur of Attraction. [Extracted from this picture.]

WANTED—A REASON?

It is said that 8,000 British troops are, at this present moment, being slowly scorched to death under the broiling sun of the African Desert. Why is this? Is it because—

Either the Government has something else to think about;

Or Lord HARTINGTON is waiting for the facts;

Or Lord WOLSELEY knows thoroughly well what he wants to do with the surviving remnant next autumn;

Or the Duke of CAMBRIDGE is of opinion that, as the troops are paid to die for their country, there is nothing after all much to grumble at;

Or that some responsible people in authority are letting things slide towards a harrowing catastrophe, which, when it happens, will surely arouse such a storm of indignation through the length and breadth of the country as it has not known for many a day,—though it will arouse it, like all other popular storms, as usual—too late?

"NOT LANCELOT—BUT ANOTHER!"

PROFESSOR ST. GEORGE MIVART, writing to *The Tablet* last week on Faith and Evolution, says of some opponent that—

"He brings forward an imposing list of authorities against me, from Scripture and the ancient Fathers down to a distinguished modern theologian named PUNCH, who strongly condemns my evolutionary views."

"Distinguished modern Theologian," of course, *Mr. Punch* is, as he is a distinguished everything else, but he is the last person to condemn Mr. ST. GEORGE MIVART'S Evolutionary Views; in point of fact rather the contrary. History repeats itself here as elsewhere. Who does not remember *Mr. Weller's* indignation on seeing the magic name of his master "Pickwick" inscribed on the coach-door. "And," said SAM, "not content with writin' up *Pickwick*, they puts 'Moses' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langvidge arterwards." Then he subsequently inquired, "Ain't no one to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, Sir?"

The case is parallel. That there should be anyone sufficiently temerarious to call himself "PUNCH," is staggering; but, when it

comes to "writing up 'Moses' afore it," that is, attributing to *Mr. Punch* an intolerance which is utterly foreign to his character, then he feels that a dignified protest must be made, and he wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not the "modern Theologian named PUNCH," who condemns Prof. ST. GEORGE MIVART; and he hopes that his namesake will henceforth recant his error of rash judgment, and show himself worthy of the great name he has the exceptional honour to bear.

AN ELOQUENT BUST.

MR. LOWELL availed himself of the unveiling of COLERIDGE'S Bust in Westminster Abbey, to deliver what must be considered in every respect a most admirable oration on the Poet. Among the exceptional merits of this speech were the absence of anything like fulsome, and its nicely weighed measures of charity and justice.

Very different nowadays is the amicable feeling between the two countries, which Mr. LOWELL has done so much to foster, to "the spirit of hostility and sneering" which COLERIDGE, as recorded in his *Table-Talk*,—conversational paragraphs that are not all wisdom, by the way, and occasionally very far from it,—complains of in English books of travel. "They (the Americans)," says he, "hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth." Substitute, in this paragraph, "a distinguished American" for "an Englishman," and read "more than" for "as much as," and we have what might have been uttered by COLERIDGE on LOWELL.

About the Bust, as a likeness, nothing particularly complimentary seems to have been said, but no doubt it is "invested with artistic merit;" and if, added to this, it is a speaking likeness, then it will be worthy of Mr. LOWELL'S speech, as being a "Bust of eloquence," which provoked from the Audience a "Bust of enthusiasm." Westminster was full of Busts that day. *Absit omen!* for, *à propos* of "Busts," if there were a mitred Abbot of Westminster in these explosive times, he would run a considerable chance of being a dynamiter'd Abbot. But this is wandering. *Floreat LOWELL!*

A SPIRITED FOREIGN POLICY.—Addition to the Spirit Duties.

"A BRUSH WITH NOBS."

(A Letter to Robert, the City Waiter.)



Y^{ES} DEAR ROBERT,
WHEN you was so down on me for seeking a bubble, as the poet says, instead of poking buns and things into master's oven till the sight of a muffin made me ill, I was wild. And when you becam a city magnet and bragged of having as much sparkling behind a door as you could carry, I was wilder, for having neglected chances. But now I've seen summat more gorjus than city feeds, though there was no sparkling about, except dimonds, such as you'll never see. Your Mareses and Sheriffisses for all their fine feathers are small fry to rub shoulders with after Dukisses and Baronisses, such as I met, as common as winkles, at the Droringroom. There! It's out. Who's the toft now, Bob? I suppose after that I've bin to the queen's own droring-room I may call you Bob? This is how it was. A friend of mine as is a beafeater, but

timid, was took bad when ordered for dooty among the swells, so I, being the same size, and not nervous, changed uniforms; and a fine lot they all looked, I tell ye, with long tails dragging behind and noses in the air. At least I thought so at first being dazzledlike. They're not shy, at least the old uns. Not they! My, and ain't they game! How they picked each other to pieces in loud voices which everyone could hear, tho' they pretended not. I've heard tell of the Paliss of Truth, and now I know that Paliss is Buckingham on Droringroom day.

To start with—the Olduns got riled because there weren't chairs enough; and those as had to stand, reckoned up those as could sit quite as spiteful as in Mud-salad Market. They wondered (in a shout) what common Barber did their back-hair, why the 'Ousemaid couldn't lace their gownds straight, and said offal things about their Jewelry. Well, if them's the manners of the Upper Suckles, give me MARY JANE, and am and eggs. She and the pals know as they must be civil, or they'll get one in the eye. But with the Upper Suckles it's different. You mustn't hit or scratch, however badgered, but only sneer with perlitie sniggers, like knives. So, eyes and nose being safe, the old uns, when hungry and cross, are as bold as brass, and sharp as razors. I got the errors, for all the shocking things as they said was true, which ought to have made it rankle.

One remarked that near all the gownds was done on the cheap, and badly made, of common silk, when there are lots of fine stuffs about, and that much of their lace was sham. And another said that the nobesses who ought to be inside like decent people, wriggled theirselves out of their misfits as if they'd been hired for the day (as gents do evening suits) instead of being their own. I'm sure I've seen ladies at the theatres on five pound a week dressed more handsome and in better taste, and knowing how to wear their clothes. But I suppose if you're a real Dukiss, you think you may wear any shabby thing and look anyhow. Miss CRABSHILL, of the St. James's, depends on her frocks for dinner, and a Countess doesn't, you see. And if Her Royal MAJESTY could hear how they grumbled! If people yelped like that at the Criterion Bar, they'd get the kick-out, I'm thinking. "Not even a cup of tea!" cried one. "Nor a sponge-cake!" howled a second. "Ain't it crule!" groaned a third. And then the heaving and seroogeing from one room into another! I could see it all from where I stood.

Talk of beafights! Such elbering and saying sarcasms while smiling beautiful, taking no notice of the officers crying, "Pray, do be patient!" By the time they got to the Presence, I wonder they'd anything on at all. Their clothes was so cheap, I suppose, for fear of leaving 'em behind. When Dukisses go to the Droring-Room, the band ought to play loud, or some day they'll be provoked beyond cussing. They'll be making zerebas among the royal furniture, and playing Old Harry with the china. I quite trembled, although not nervous, thinking what MARY JANE would do in such a case. There was two bands, in the two quadrangles, one for the footmin, and t'other for the coachmin, I presume, as they couldn't be heard inside. The Swells who mismanage these Shows should take a wrinkle from the lower orders. There's nothing like music and something to drink to keep people civil. It may be said, "Them as object can stop away." Not so. Nobesses, I'm told, must go to a Droringroom or they'll get theirselves disliked, and it broke my heart to see delicate gals quite faint from cold and hunger, while their mothers' stormed. When I got back into my own regimentals I thanked my stars that MARY JANE isn't a nobess. In future, every time as I see a hatchment on a swell house I shall salute and say, "That's for a dowager who fought bravely at the front, and died of a beargarden."

Ever your pal,

THOMAS ATKINS.

A MODERATE DRINKER.

(With Compliments to Sir F. Bramwell.)

TEETOTALLER I'll own I'm not;
No more a pledged forswearer
Of liquor, than habitual sot;
An' what can I shay fairer?
Whenever pass the bowl 'sh the word,
I'm never known a shrinker;
Avoid excess—'cause that's absurd.
For I'm a Moderate Drinker.

A drop of shpirits, wine, or beer,
Good thing, beyond all question,
Whiles in this world we linger here,
'Cause why, promotes digestion;
That way repairs wear, tear, and waste,
Mends tissue, like a—tinker.
Mine's often got to be replaced,
So I'm a Moderate Drinker.

See that Blue Ribbon wearer there,
A Total Abs'nence Leaguer!
With mine his feeble frame compare,
So puny, lean, and meagre,
How pale his cheeks are—and his nose—
My own is some shades pinker;
A sign of health, it only shows
That I'm a Moderate Drinker.

No doubt whatever of alcohol,
If drunk in moderation—
Or else injurious 'tis to all—
Promoting "sherrybrashun."
It reinvigorates the brain
Of student and of thinker;
Yours truly, therefore, I remain,
Confirmed, a Moderate Drinker.

BETWEEN FIVE FIRES.

(Extracts from King Christian's Post-Bag.)

[N.B.—For obvious reasons, names and addresses are suppressed.]

I.

* * * You will understand, I am sure, Sire, from the foregoing remarks, what are the precise wishes of my August Master as to the attitude he will expect you to assume in the matter of this so-called "Arbitration." Let me briefly recapitulate. You will read the Statement that will be put before you with as much or with as little attention as you please, bearing in mind that you are in no way called upon to criticise but merely to endorse. The "Counter-Statement" that will reach you from London I should strongly advise you to put at once into the fire. This course will not only save you from the possibility of any confusion of ideas, that might interfere with the efficient discharge of the plain and simple duty you are called upon to fulfil, but give a fresh proof of that devotion to this Empire, the susceptibilities of which, if I may be permitted to say so, it would certainly not, in the event of any European conflagration, be to your Majesty's immediate interest to arouse. But you will appreciate this. Finally, bear in mind that with names, dates, and places you have nothing to do. Above all, do not on any account refer to a map. And now I think I need say no more.

II.

* * * This then, if your Majesty will permit me to revert to my original contention is the point that will have to be decided. That it is necessarily enveloped in some little obscurity cannot be denied; but still, by a careful minute and patient examination of dates, names, and places, it



"LE CŒUR LÉGER!"

He: "IN FACT, MISS LIGHTHEART, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE UP ART ALTOGETHER, AND VOLUNTEER FOR ACTIVE SERVICE!"

She: "OH DO! I SHOULD SO LIKE TO KNOW SOMEBODY IN THE WAR!"

is not only the earnest hope but the confident belief of my distinguished colleague at the head of Her Majesty's Government and of myself also, that you will be enabled to arrive at a fair, equitable, and satisfactory solution of the difficulty, in a sense agreeable to the instincts and consistent with the traditions of the present foreign policy of this country. Above all, I would humbly recommend your Majesty to make use of an *authentic and reliable map*. To facilitate, therefore, your labours in the geographical problem proposed to you, I am taking the liberty of forwarding you herewith seven different charts of the region in question, in each of which you will observe that not only has the Frontier line been adroitly drawn in a new and unsuspected direction, but that the positions of towns, hamlets, rivers and mountain ranges, have been cleverly placed in fresh and startling situations, and even omitted altogether.

With such elastic materials Her Majesty's Ministers cannot doubt but that you, Sir, if you find yourself forced by private considerations, into which it is neither their wish nor province to enter, to decide this question not absolutely in their favour, will at least so word your decision that the halo of diplomatic mystery which they are thankful to acknowledge has hitherto successfully surrounded their efforts may triumphantly enshroud them to their final and irrevocable completion. In conclusion, I am desired by my illustrious Chief to convey to your Majesty that, while placing every reliance on your Majesty's sense of what is both fitting and humorous, he cannot refrain from expressing a hope that you will carefully read up all his recent Parliamentary utterances bearing upon this interesting matter. It is in them, he desires me to add, that he believes your Majesty will find a model of that careful and quite peculiar use of language that will enable you, while apparently turning a moral double back somersault for the benefit of an enlightened Europe, to startle friends and foes alike, while perfectly unconscious of the fact yourself. Once more reminding your Majesty that the word "recall" has seventeen distinct and different meanings, according to the circumstances under which it is used. I am, Sir, &c. * * * *

III.

* * * You will, of course, dear Papa, as you always do, act without *any bias*, and give your decision *quite fairly*. I am sure you *couldn't* do anything else; still I cannot help hoping that, when you have read through all those troublesome and foolish official papers—(I think it is a *great shame* to have fixed on *you*, and worried you about the matter at all)—you will think that *we are in the right*. I am sure we are, you know, Papa dear, from all I have heard about it; and E— thinks so too—so does everybody. I wouldn't, *for worlds*, try to influence you. Indeed, I know it would be of no use, but *quite privately, between ourselves*, I should like *you* to be able to say that this dear country of ours has the best of the quarrel, and has nothing to be ashamed of. One little word more, Papa, dear. *Don't be afraid*. * * * *

IV.

* * * I shouldn't be surprised, my dear Papa, if this very post did not bring you a letter from A—. Of course she will write to you, as I am doing. It is very natural she should; but I know, my dear Papa, you will act *quite fairly* and without *any bias*, whatever pressure is put on you. You know I know nothing about what is going on, and only hear what A— tells me. He says that it will be all right now, and that you will find the case quite easy to decide when you look into it—(I think it is a *great shame* to worry you with such disagreeable things)—and he is sure you *won't hesitate a moment about the result*. I suppose he means by that that you'll decide for us. If you do, my dear Papa, of course I can't help being glad, because I know whatever A— is obliged to do sometimes, he means so well. This is, of course, *strictly private and between ourselves*; but, if you have to do so, you *must not mind offending them at S—*. It is very tiresome, I know. One little word more, Papa. *Don't be afraid*. * * * *

V.

* * * To come to the point; if it is settled that you are to go through the farce of playing the "Arbitrator," you had better send some reliable man, with a head on his shoulders, straight off to me at once. No papers. Mind, they've nothing to do with it; and, whatever you do, don't open your mouth till you have heard fully from here. Any blunder now might knock your Majesty and three-fourths of Europe into a cocked-hat. Yours, &c. B—.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 4.—Rather a lively night up to now. GLADSTONE announced that there would be no war with Russia. Conservatives at first struck dumb, but RANDOLPH found voice for them, and since then they have been in full cry. A little hitch at commencement. Hitch—I mean HICKS—BEACH solemnly protested against going forward with Vote of Credit that night as arranged. Conservatives roared and cheered and groaned. A wicked Government that wanted to entrap Opposition into hasty Vote! This was at five minutes to Six. At a quarter past, RANDOLPH rose, and, in his frank, simple way, announced determination to obstruct Committee of Supply unless Vote of Credit were brought on immediately. "Let us go on with Supply till Ten o'Clock," DILKE pleaded; "then we'll take the Vote of Credit." "No," said the unrelenting Roman Father who represents Woodstock, "we must have Vote of Credit on without moment's delay." Whereat Conservatives roared and cheered and groaned.

A wicked Government that attempted to put off Vote of Credit, and deprive Opposition of opportunity of discussing it!

RANDOLPH fired off tremendous speech. "Terrible news," this prospect of peace. For an hour Conservatives been trying to extract information from Government as to particulars of proposed arrangement. Got no information, GLADSTONE saying terms of reference not settled, and so forth. But RANDOLPH knew all about it. "A base and cowardly surrender." That was all. But it was enough, and the Opposition lifted up its voice and wept.

It was when RANDOLPH sat down that the tin canister episode took place. Resuming seat, came in contact with hard substance. Found small canister, hermetically sealed, placed right in centre of Fourth Party's camp. RANDOLPH hastily replaced it.

"WOLFF," he whispered, a little hoarsely, "just keep my place. Be back presently. Little dry, don't you know, after long speech."

GORST saw it next, and thus began: "Keep my place, there's a good fellow. Want to look up GLADSTONE's speech on Vote of Credit in '78. Think I've got him in a cleft stick." And GORST was gone.

ARTHUR BALFOUR, catching sight of gleaming tin canister reposing peacefully close to WOLFF's coat-tails, didn't wait to make any remark, but left the House in three strides.

"Very curious," said WOLFF. "Everybody going off. Shall take RANDOLPH's seat."

In moving up, discovered canister. Took in situation in a moment. But WOLFF not the man to shirk danger. "Won't be outdone by a policeman," he said to himself. Seized the canister lightly but firmly, walked out of House, and deposited it in Lobby.

It turned out to be only a quantity of Liebig's Extract of Meat, dropped from pocket of some Hon. Member. But WOLFF didn't know that when, with head erect, lips firmly set, and an uncomfortable feeling that he literally carried his life in his hand, he conveyed the canister to the Lobby.

"WOLFF ought to have the Victoria Cross," said RANDOLPH, with unwonted moisture in his eye.

Tuesday, 2.45, A.M.—Just divided on Vote of Credit. Three Motions for Adjournment, and then Conservatives made what O'DONNELL calls "base and cowardly surrender." Parnellites furious. Been kept up to this hour by promise of Conservatives that they meant to see the thing through. At critical moment, when fun at its fastest, caved in, and went home. Parnellites fighting to the last, opposed Vote of Credit, which was carried through report stage by 130 Votes against 20.

"Never mind," said JOSEPH GILLIS to TIM HEALY, who was raging at the defection of the Allies. "It's not so bad, after all. We've done all that is possible to weaken the position of the country in face of Russia, we've worried the Government, and we've dragged the Conservative Opposition down to our level. That's pretty well for one night;" and J. B. tucked his trousers into his boots preparatory to trudging homewards, for the last 'bus had gone.

Tuesday Night.—"MASSEY'S style of eloquence a little massive don't you think?" Sir PEEL whispered to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE, who was pretending not to be asleep whilst LOPES was droning away on the question of Local Taxation.

"Ah, yes, Sir 'Massive' LOPES, I see," said Sir STAFFORD. "Neighbour of mine. Good fellow, sound on Local Taxation question; but, as you say, a little heavy."

Still in accord with general tone of debate. What a night we've had to be sure! PEEL seconded Motion which raised on the English Registration Bill question of Local Taxation. HENRY FOWLER made able speech, which marks great advance in Parliamentary style as compared with his addresses from below Gangway. Matter excellent, manner good. After this we had PAGET, and DUCKHAM, and WHITLEY, and the Undeclared HARRIS.

"SPEAKER pulled me up the other night," says he, "when I wanted to discuss the question of wheat supply in debate on Vote of Credit; see what he'll do to-night."

Fortunately HARRIS did not present himself till debate had been going on for five hours. At this time SPEAKER in state approaching coma. The Undeclared, with one eye on the Chair and the other on his manuscript, went on to the end unchallenged.

"Wish I'd brought the other speech with me," he whispered in ear of TOMLINSON. "Believe I could have worked in those remarks about wheat without the SPEAKER calling me up. However, another time, another time. Perhaps I can bring them in on Third Reading of Seats Bill, or even might get them off at Question Time. Might do that easily. 'To ask the First Lord of Treasury whether he is aware that the total yield of wheat, and so on. As far as I can see there's nothing in Rules controlling questions that would prevent my doing that.'"

Business done.—Sir Massive LOPES' Local Taxation Amendment defeated by 240 votes against 238.

Wednesday.—"Don't remember that I ever wanted to shake hands with you before," I said to eminent Peer. "Never cared much for KNATCHBULL-HUESSEN; can't stand Lord BRABOURNE on any terms; but would like to shake hands with you now."

"Certainly, TOBY, with great pleasure. Always ready to do anything that doesn't cost anything. But what are you so unusually friendly about?"

"Your letter to ASHFORD, don't you know? Come out at last—

I won't say in true colours, for I don't believe you're a Tory any more than you're a Liberal. But you're going to wear the label of the side you usually vote with. Best thing I know in your Lordship's political career."

"Thank you, TOBY. Very kind of you to say so. Of course didn't take step without due deliberation. Need hardly say, if GLADSTONE had found place for me in his Government in '80, would have taken very different view of his policy, and voted accordingly. Left me out, though he tossed me a Peerage. Sat on cross benches when I first went to Lords. Convenient place, you know—neither one thing nor the other. Ready for offers from either side. Confess haven't made much way in Lords. Nobody offered me anything except cold shoulder. Try another game now. Take up sides openly with Tories, and see what comes of it. How did I happen to hit upon this decision just now? Well, been drifting towards it for some months. What gave last shove was, some fellow writing to Newspapers, complaining of my appropriating six seats in mid-day express from Folkestone, also getting train to make unauthorised stoppage at roadside station, to pick me up. Why, good Heavens! what are we coming to? I'm a Director of the Railway. If I don't make use of it for personal economies and comfort, what's the use of being a Director? When things come to this pass, time to turn round. Democracy must be Stemmed; so I throw in my lot with the Constitutional Party."

Business done.—Registration Bill in Committee in Commons.



LORD R. CHURCHILL'S THOUGHT-READING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MONDAY EVENING, MAY 4TH.

"He (Lord R. CHURCHILL) agreed that the key of India was not at Herat, nor at Penjdeh, or in the hands of General KOMAROFF or of Sir PETER LUMSDEN; but it was not altogether London in the sense Lord BEACONSFIELD supposed. The key of India was in that House—on the Treasury Bench."

Back came memories of all the grace, the learning, the dignity, and the profoundly judicial weight wherewith the office had been endowed during the existence of the late Government.

"Good God!" muttered conscience-stricken ALEXANDER. "Never thought of this. If we abolish office of Judge Advocate General what's to become of CAVENDISH BENTINCK in the next Ministry?"

The General hurriedly rose; asked leave to withdraw his Amendment; Committee eagerly accepted proposal, Judge Advocate General saved, and CAVENDISH BENTINCK wobbled off to dinner without the slightest consciousness of the remarkable influence exercised by his silent and momentary presence.

Business done.—English Registration Bill through Committee. Progress with Army Estimates. On one division SPEAKER named as tellers Mr. SMALL and Mr. BIGGAR. "SMALL and BIGGAR!" exclaimed ARTHUR BALFOUR, a great purist of language. "That's a very awkward turn. Should, I fancy, read smaller and bigger."

Saturday Morning.—Christening Party at it again. Made a night of it. Some tremendous battles raging. At One o'Clock this morning, Radcliffe-cum-Farnworth having been settled, and the Batley-Morley battle decided, NOLAN rose to move to give North Galway alternative name of Tuam. "Hon. and Gallant Member," says DILKE, "wants, I presume, to settle the difference between Meum and Tuam."

After this division inevitable. Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR announced result, twenty for Tuam, "and," he added triumphantly, "84 for Meum."

NOTES BY NIBBS.

It is a pity that the CARL ROSA season is so soon coming to a close, and that the last nights are already announced. The oftener the public hear *Manon*, the more popular will it become. For melody, I am inclined to put it second to *Carmen*. A better performance of it can hardly be desired than that given by its present cast. Mr. MAAS could not be improved upon as the lover, and he will never have a rival in his own celebrated clear soup-song.



Two Roses.

Mr. LUDWIG as the representative of the swash-buckler, who "never says die" but is always ready to say "dice," is quite the *beau idéal* of the character, except for the beard and moustache, for which he may have excellent authority, — what does Mister AUGUSTUS MISEN-SCENE say to it?—only he should not mark the time with his hat and foot. He reminds me of a policeman on duty, afraid of "getting away from the beat." Mr. LUDWIG's maxim seems to be, "Keep your eye on your Conductor, and your Conductor will pull you through."

Then Mr. LYALL, as *Guillot*, a sort of middle-aged Colley Cibber, is excellent in a very absurd and, dramatically, not a very good part. It is, however, a bit of character, and would be worth shaving for, as that stubbly moustache which Mr. LYALL attempts to tone down to flesh-colour, looks just what it is, only rather more so, and imparts an unwashed and snuffy appearance to the *beau's* face, which ought to be the very pink and white of complexion aided by patch and pearl-powder. An Actor's face should be a *tabula rasa*. Mr. LYALL has his fair share of the music, so that, as ARRY would say, "he can't want this hextra hair." He is capital throughout, but especially in the First Act and in the Gambling Scene. Mr. W. H. BURGON, "the Stern Parient," acts with dignity, and is the fortunate possessor of an almost Santleyan voice. His rendering of the song, "*Go wed some Maiden*," is one of the attractions of the Opera. As *Manon* I never heard MARIE ROZE to greater advantage. She has the tender tone of the heroine of serious romantic opera, and the sprightliness necessary for light comic opera. Her fault in acting is attempting too much; restlessness spoils many of her most carefully-studied dramatic effects, but she never makes this mistake in her singing. I trust that one of these good days we shall see a National Opera started under Royal Patronage, and managed by the indefatigable CARL ROSA.

From Opera to Drama. Go and see *Bad Boys* at the Comedy Theatre, but don't say I deceived you, by telling you that it is a good piece.

It isn't; it is a stupid, weak-plotted farce, though I can quite imagine that the French original of it, *Clara Sole*, may be strong enough, and that this version has been considerably Bowdlerised. M. MARIUS and Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS are simply immense in it; you are bound to laugh at them,—you can't help it. Mr. ROSE, too,—a third Rose in this article which commenced with MARIE ROZE and CARL ROSA,—helps the fun by looking such a hopeless idiot. He is a second PENLEY. Why the piece is called by such a stupid title as *Bad Boys*, I fail to discover, though once I heard an allusion to it, covertly dragged in by the adapter, and uttered by M. MARIUS. Everybody who takes my advice, and goes to see this Farce in three Acts, will agree with me as to its imbecility, but will probably go and see it again simply on account of the excellent acting—for it is real acting—of M. MARIUS, and Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS. It is quite on the cards for it to grow into as big a success as the *Private Secretary*.



Bad Boys.

MOTTO FOR THE INVENTORIES.—"Useful and Cremornamental."

A SOG OF THE SPRIG TIBE.

(Writtin Udder the Idfluedz of the Idfluedza.)

WHEN the bloob is od the thord, (Ad the wid is id the East), Whed the cock salutes the bord, (With ad awfud shide, the beast!)	Whed the flowers sed forth sweet smells (Which our doses cad't detect), Whed clear n's or r's or l's Id were foddly to expect; Whed the lidded ad the thrush, Like our hopes, are od the wig, Thed bards say—ad dever blush, Id is Sprig!
Whed the buds are od the boughs, (Ad the frost is od the buds), Whed the wids make shokid rows, Ad the streabs look just like "suds;"	Whed the buttercubs cub out (Though to make theb cub is cruel), Whed, instead of wide or stout, A bad's drig is water-gruel, Thed they say id's Berry Bay! Ad the rhybig fellows sig That the Sprig's a-blow! I say, Blow the Sprig!
Whed Catarrh is awd the go, Ad you sdeeze like adythig, Thed they tell you, dote you doe, Id is Sprig!	

AFTER THE EVENT.

"A writer in a recent number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, a distinguished French Admiral, has pointed out the method by which our watering-places could be bombarded, and compelled to pay a heavy ransom or be destroyed."—Admiral Sir J. L. Hay on our Coast Defences.

FURTHER corroboration having been given to the rumour that the entire Channel Fleet had yesterday evening been unfortunately blown up, in mistake, by its own newly-equipped torpedo squadron, and that the enemy, in consequence, were already attacking all the quite defenceless fashionable watering-places on the South and South-East Coasts, a numerous Deputation waited on the First Lord at the Admiralty with a view to hearing his opinion on the subject.

The Mayor of Margate, who was deputed to act as spokesman for his brother representatives, most of whom were in tears, said that matters had really come to a serious pass. That very afternoon Ramsgate, on declaring its inability to pay at half an hour's notice £500,000, but offering as a compromise to hand over all the potted shrimps in Pegwell Bay, together with the obelisk on the pier, and half the profits of the Camera Obscura, to the hostile Admiral, had been ruthlessly bombarded with the result that all the apartments "with a good sea-view" had been levelled till nothing was left of them but half the dining-room windows and the area-railings. The letting, therefore, was bad, while at Broadstairs matters were even worse, the one visitor in the place, a great invalid, paying a few shillings a week for the hire of an underground cellar at the railway station. There was, he regretted to say, only one torpedo for defensive purposes on the coast, and that had been lent for a few hours to the authorities at Herne Bay, who, not knowing how to manipulate it, and fearing its capture by the enemy, had rather thoughtlessly sent it off inland to Canterbury, where it was now stowed away in the Dead Letter Department at the Post Office. The speaker concluded by expressing a hope that the Government would give the matter their immediate attention.

After listening with much apparent interest to the Mayor's account, the First Lord said he would certainly give the matter his early consideration, upon which, expressing their thanks, but still in tears, the Deputation quietly withdrew.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND ILL.

[The Richmond Select Vestry having sent to the Home Office a memorial with reference to the deplorable condition of the Thames in that district, Sir W. HARCOURT has entered into communication with the Conservators, and has been informed by them that nothing can be done until a radical change is effected in the disposal of the Metropolitan sewage.]

ON Richmond Hill there dwells a Lass Who on a bright May morn By sweeps of sewage mud must pass, On Thames's waters borne. What does she meet? Spring breezes sweet? No, muck is master still. "Deposits" cake, and stink, and make The Lass of Richmond ill!	How happy might that maiden be If sweet Thames-tide might run. But no; Conservators agree That "Nothing can be done." Lips she must close, must nip her nose,— The Stench-fiend lords it still, And laughs with glee—grim ghoul—to see The Lass of Richmond ill!
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A BURNING MEASURE.

Southern Tourist, "'GOT A MORNING PAPER?'" *Northern News vendor (with emphasis)*, "'A' SOLD OOT!'"
S. T. "OH! WHAT'S THE NEWS? WAR DECLARED AGAIN?" *N. N.* "'NA-MAIST IMPOORTANT! THE TA-AX!'"
S. T. (innocently), "'WHAT TAX?'" *N. N.* "'E-H, MUN! HAVE YE NO H'ARD? THE WHUSKEY!'"

THE FRIENDLIRIES.

(From the "Daily Scuttler.")

RECENT events abroad, combined with the masterly alternations of our Foreign Policy, have left the Government with a large and somewhat damaged stock of "Friendlies" on their hands. Partly for the relief of those loyal allies, and partly for the general instruction and entertainment, it has been determined to hold a permanent Exhibition of "Friendlies" (which will doubtless be popularly known as "The Friendliries") in Epping Forest. Thus an asylum of a paying character will be provided for the confiding peoples who trust the promises of English Generals or Ministers, while the ethnologist and the naturalist will find constant pleasure in observing the manners and customs of alien or savage races. Though the project of founding the Friendliries meets with a good deal of opposition beneath the Gangway (where "Serve the niggers right" is the prevailing verdict), yet the Society for the Protection of Aborigines hopes to bring the Exhibition to a successful and pecuniarily profitable issue.

Already have many most novel Exhibits been promised from different quarters. When the Crimes Act (Ireland) has been modified in a Constitutional and Liberal sense, it is expected that friendly Irish (Landlords, and the like) will constantly be on view at the Friendliries. The curious will be able, at a slight extra charge, to see the destitute loyal Irish Landlord fed, and to observe his singular habit of dressing in the miserable remains of an old evening suit. The last surviving examples of Bailiffs, Protestants, Orangemen, and Manufacturers, will also be on view. A very large assortment of friendly Amaras and Bishareens is expected by next steamer from Suakim. Owing to our masterly retreat from that port, several thousand Arabs have now no choice between extermination and the Friendliries, and, though most prefer extermination, considerable numbers are to be among the Exhibits.

From the province of Dongola a high class Mudir (early decorated) is looked for, with a number of Sheikhs, and all the Kababish and Shagiyeh tribes that chance to escape from the vengeance of the Mahdi.

South Africa sends exhibits from among her friendly Bechuanas,

Basutos, and Zulus. Most of these, to be sure, are now either killed out, or permanently engaged in service (without remuneration) in pious Boer families. It is not doubted, however, but that specimens will be secured for the Friendliries. From the Cameroons the remnants of West African Friendlies not yet annihilated by German gunboats may probably put in an appearance.

After the success of our arms in Canada has induced us to refrain from further blood-guiltiness, the friendly half-breeds and Red Men, or (in case of a French Canadian rising) the Canadians of English descent, will doubtless gladly flock to the shades of Epping Forest.

In the event of war with Russia, and of an Anglo-Chinese alliance, arrangements on a rather large scale will have to be made for the reception of all the survivors of the Celestial Empire. At the conclusion of peace with Russia (on the usual terms), the friendly Chinese, of course, would no longer be able to remain at home in China, and will be glad to live on birds'-nest soup in Epping Forest. Stuffed Afghans from Penjdeh are daily expected, as examples of extinct Friendlies.

Can any popular entertainment be more interesting, or demonstrate more clearly the loyalty of England, than this vast shelter, or asylum, where races who have nothing in common but belief in our promises, will peacefully fade away under the influence of our climate? Heathen Rome, with all her greatness, could show nothing in the least resembling the Friendliries. The Friendly Amara, in his hut; the Friendly Irishman, grubbing with his umbrella for pig-nuts; the Friendly Bishareen, at his mid-day devotions; the Friendly Ashanti, pawning the last of his Aggry beads for a morsel of bread; the Friendly Chinaman, taking in washing at an alarming reduction, with the Friendly Mudir, reduced to editing a halfpenny evening paper, will all join in one polyglot dirge for the honour of Old England.

HOLY WRIT WHOLLY RE-WRITTEN.—The Revisionaries having accomplished their task, presented the Revised Version to HER MAJESTY. The *Times*, reviewing their labours, said that they had, on the whole, been very successful with the Book of Job. A good job done.



THE WEDDING PRESENT.

A WORD FOR THE WISE.

IN one of the recently published *Home Letters* (JOHN MURRAY), the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, then young Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, writes:—

"I wish that I could convey to you some idea of the Saracenic architecture, but I feel it is impossible. Description is always a bore, both to the describer and to the describee."

"Describee" is a happy specimen of a whole series of words much required in our language. We thank thee, DISRAELI, for teaching

us the word. "Payer" and "Payee," and many others used in legal documents, whose object is generally not so much the achievement of brevity but the acquirement of so much a folio. The "Speaker" and the "Speakee," the "Writer" and the "Writee," the "Joker" and the "Jokee," signifying the passive person on whom the practical joke is played. Let us commence and coin: let us be above or beyond dictionaries, or rather let them take their proper place and follow the language as spoken. If it be said that these newest words are not in the latest Johnson, let us retort, "Walker!" and proclaim freedom of speech.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

A MATTER OF EXTREME DELICACY.



THE gentleman has been waiting for you ever since ten o'clock, Sir," said my excellent and admirable Clerk, handing me a card as I looked in at my chambers just before lunch-time.

"Mr. MUNIMENT! Dear me, I am sorry I have kept him waiting so long!" And then feeling that as I am not very regular in my visits to Pump-handle Court, PORTINGTON might have invented an excuse to account for my absence, which it would be better for me to learn, I asked, "Did you say where I was?"

"I said I wasn't quite sure, Sir," replied my able and valued assistant with

a smile.—"I said I could not be certain whether you were before Mr. Justice FIELD in Chambers, or had a matter in the Court of Appeal."

Congratulating myself upon the fact that PORTINGTON had evidently forgotten that I had told him, the last time I saw him, that I thought of spending the next month at Herne Bay, I entered my rooms. An old gentleman of extremely benevolent appearance jumped up from a chair, in which he had been reading the supplement of an ancient copy of the *Times*, and bowed.

"Pray look through your correspondence before you attend to me," he said, pointing to a large pile of letters lying on my desk.

"With your permission," I returned, with grave courtesy, motioning him to resume his seat.

My "correspondence" did not take me long. The letters were all circulars, with the exception of an application for Income-tax and a dun from a forgotten tailor, who had evidently sent a bill to Pump-handle Court in the faint hope of finding in the mature barrister residing at that address the foppish purchaser of one of his dress suits in 1860. However, I frowned at the circulars, making a few notes (I jotted down mechanically the name of the Chairman of the Proposed Patent Improved Road Car Bathing Machine Company Limited, and the address of someone who said he had found out the secret of preventing baldness), and then turned to my visitor and briskly put to him an interrogative "Yes?"

"I am here on a matter of some delicacy," began my benevolent-looking visitor.

I bowed with much gravity, and resettled myself in my chair in an attitude of deep and almost painful attention.

"You will pardon me for questioning you, but as I have never had the pleasure of seeing you in Court, perhaps you will tell me whether I am right in supposing that you invariably conduct your cases with as much brevity as possible?"

"That certainly is my practice," I replied, carelessly throwing an envelope over the endorsement of a Brief which belonged to a friend who had accidentally left his papers on my desk.

"Quite so," commented the benevolent Solicitor, "and that you seldom address a Judge and Jury at any length?"

"I prefer that my words should be few but weighty," I answered.

Having thus satisfied himself of my suitability to perform the duty with which he wished to entrust me, my visitor explained the nature of his errand. It appeared that he was the English Solicitor of the MONTAGUES and the CAPULETS, two Southern families having large estates in this country. The heir of the MONTAGUES, when a lad domiciled at Oxford, had run away with the heiress of the CAPULETS from a Brighton boarding-school, and had immediately proceeded to a church in which they had listened to the marriage ceremony. As they were about to leave the sacred edifice, their friends, who had followed them in hot pursuit, arrested them, and the Bridegroom was lured away in one direction and the Bride forcibly carried off in another. Ten years had now passed, and from the moment of that hurried parting the couple had never met. Since then hard times had come upon both the ancient families, that could only be saved by the union of Mr. MONTAGUE with a person other than Miss CAPULET, and the bridal of Miss CAPULET with a person other than Mr. MONTAGUE. Moreover, what the head dictated the heart endorsed. Both the would-be Bride and Bridegroom of ten years ago were now anxious to be free from the chains (if any) binding them the one to the other.

"I may add," continued my Client (my heart warmed towards him as I thought of the benevolent-looking gentleman in this capacity), "that as both the parties are backed up by a number of Corsican relations, who have insisted upon coming over to see their respective kinsmen righted, any unhappy mistake on our part would be deplorable."

"Certainly," I assented, more out of politeness than from a feeling of conviction.

"Yes," murmured my visitor, half to himself, half to me; "I am given to understand that, if I make a mess of the matter, they purpose declaring a *vendetta* against me—a most unpleasant process, so I am told, not known in English law, which has for its object the shedding of the selected Defendant's life-blood. Should it be served upon me, I think I should secretly transfer my practice to Australia."

With this, Mr. MUNIMENT rose to take his leave.

"I should tell you," he said, with some hesitation, as he shook hands with me at the door of my Chambers, "that Mr. MONTAGUE (from whom you must get the facts to prove our case) has one bad fault which may embarrass us—he takes his breakfast in the foreign fashion."

"Takes his breakfast in the foreign fashion," I repeated to myself, when I was alone, "how can that affect the matter?"

Then I searched *The Digest*, and looked through BROWNE, but could find nothing bearing on the point. SHEARWOOD'S *Outlines of Contract* (a most useful and entertaining volume) did not materially assist me, and as for SNELL, he simply shirked mentioning the affair, as if it had nothing whatever to do with his crude but well-intentioned *Principles of Equity*.

The day of trial came. The Court was nearly empty, as the case did not seem to have attracted much attention from the profession or the public. I got up, bowed, and in a few half-whispered words (I usually address the Court in half-whispered words), explained my mission. Then I called the Plaintiff. I turned round for a moment to consult with Mr. MUNIMENT, when he murmured, with a stony stare, suggesting that he had "caught the eye" of Medusa, "He has been breakfasting in the foreign fashion!"

A moment afterwards there were some heavy stumbling footsteps, followed by a murmur. I once more gave my attention to the witness-box. The Plaintiff was not there. He was attempting to take a place on the Bench. Being led back, the usual necessary formalities were completed, and he was ready for my inquiries. I asked him the few questions leading up to his appearance in the church, to which I presume he answered in the affirmative, although I did not hear his voice. Being a little nervous, I kept my eyes fixed on my brief. When I at length looked up, he interrupted me by raising his hand, and smiling blandly.

I am a little deaf, so I craned forward to hear what he had to say. He suddenly changed his smile into a frown, and said, with much anger, "Six four—bar one!" I referred to my brief, but could find nothing to lead me in the line of examination he seemed to wish me to adopt; so I referred to Mr. MUNIMENT, who, pale as a ghost, was trembling behind me.

"Have you any other witnesses like the one before us you wish to call?" asked his Lordship, with much gravity, not to say severity.

"No, Sir—I mean my Lord," I replied, turning red and white alternately, as is my custom when suddenly addressed from the Bench.

His Lordship bowed solemnly, and told me I might continue my examination.

"Now, Sir," I said, "be good enough to say, after leaving the lady at the church-door—"

"Who-told-you-left-lady-church-door?" angrily interrogated the witness, his words, in his indignation, running one into the other.

"Why, this gentleman," I replied, taken aback by this sudden and hostile interruption, and I pointed at Mr. MUNIMENT. Upon this Mr. MONTAGUE laughed, murmured something to himself, and frowned.

"Come, Sir," I said, adjusting my spectacles and reading my brief, "one more question. You never were married to the lady—now, were you?"

To my utter confusion and astonishment, this query was met by a direct and angry negative. When pressed, my witness became so annoyed with my persistency that he was affected almost to tears. I turned round again to Mr. MUNIMENT. He had gone.

"This seems a convenient moment to adjourn for lunch," observed his Lordship, pointing with his pen at the witness-box.

The Plaintiff, who evidently must have been suffering from acute fatigue, was asleep and noisily snoring.

"I may add," continued his Lordship, rising, "I do not see, after this evidence, how you can prove your case." No more did I!

When I left the Robing-Room, near the Carey Street entrance, I do not think I was recognised by the large crowd of prejudiced foreigners who appeared to be waiting for someone in the corridor. No doubt the brightness of my wig (which, although many years of age, has the appearance, strange to say, of never having been

used) misled them. My coat and hat (although younger than my wig) have a much more venerable appearance.

As for Mr. MUMMENT, I feel certain that he must have secretly transferred his practice to Australia, as, from that day to this, he has given me no further employment.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

LOWE AND SUITE.

WHY any considerable sensation should have been created in certain artistic and political circles by the sudden appearance of a small volume of poems from the pen of Lord SHERBROOKE is difficult to conjecture. For in spite of the fact that a distinguished contemporary refers to the announcement of their publication as "a surprise, a riddle, and a revelation," it is well-known that the unexpended heat of public and party strife so frequently finds a vent and relief in unpublished verse, that more than half the notable politicians of the day are said to have volumes of poems, if not actually ready for the Press, at least in such an advanced stage of preparation as to warrant a lively apprehension of their speedy out-pour on to the book-market.

This lyrical *cacoëthes scribendi*, owing, no doubt, to the presence in their midst of the Laureate, has naturally attained a fuller development among the Members of the Upper House of the Legislature, than it has in the Lower Chamber. Perhaps this is fortunate, although a good deal of the verse already set up in type speaks well for the leisure hours of statesmanship generally. Taking a proof-sheet at random, what, for instance, can be more truly pathetic than this brief but touching and defiant poem bearing the signature of the Foreign Secretary?

"The little that is known" of my career!
'Tis thus, alas! my better sense he shocks,
When I can very well recall the year
That saw him sporting childhood's frills and frocks!
And now he heads the Opposition's van!—
No wonder I'm a "Melancholy man!"

"I do no work," but dance eternal jigs,
And fritter all my country's strength away!
Ha! ha! He talks of "*Malice of the Whigs*,"—
Wait till he hears what LESSER has to say!
May be—when he some Blue Books comes to scan,
Like me, he'll be—a *Melancholy Man*!

The following trifle of Lord SALISBURY's, though by no means original, has a decidedly spirited and patriotic ring about it:—

How should a Statesman pose, Sirs,
Who wishes to lead a nation?
Ought he his mouth to close, Sirs,
And hazard no observation?
Weigh his words by the ounce, Sir,
His phrases carefully measure,
And not on Billingsgate pounce, Sir,
If Billingsgate be his pleasure?
If you tell me *that's* what he ought to do,
I'll call you a bankrupt and swindler too!

As a specimen of what the true heart-felt experience of suffering can do for inspiration, take the subjoined significant but fragmentary lines from the First Lord of the Admiralty's Colossal Lyric effort in six books of one hundred and twenty cantos each," which he styles *The Tragedy of the Marines*:—

I nothing knew of guns or ships,
Of landing-stages, docks, or slips,
And "bow" confounded oft with "stern,"—
Till some kind angel whispered, "Learn!"
I smiled. My task I set about,—
And then the Government went out!

It would be possible to continue a list of extracts that, at the present moment, are not devoid of a special interest, but want of space precludes us from giving more than the two subjoined stanzas of a quaint little song, one of a series of *Ballades of the Front Benches* contributed by the PREMIER. It speaks for itself:—

Has the wrinkle gone out of my brow,—
Do I quiver and tremble no more?
When BARTLETT gets up, do I now
Grow as pale as I used to of yore?
Ah, no! I am blithesome to-day:
More! I almost can affable be!
Do you ask me what makes me so gay?
'Tis my PETER is coming to me!
My PETER is coming to me!

He was roving in some far-off land,
Where my name, ah! he might have forgot;
And I longed so to clasp his dear hand,
For he seemed to be making things hot.
So I summoned him back by the wire,
Bid him scuttle o'er desert and sea!
'Tis from frying-pan into the fire,—
Still, my PETER is coming to me!
My PETER is coming to me!

From the above few slips it will be evident that, terse, brilliant, musical, and even refined as are Lord SHERBROOKE's efforts, he has set a dangerous example, and will evidently, before long, have to look to his laurels.

PROBABLE ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

SWILLBOROUGH.—Colonel PARTIMAN, unanimously adopted (by himself) as Conservative Candidate for this town, addressed a crowded but not at all enthusiastic meeting last night in the Corn Exchange. He said that to tax the Poor Man's Beer was the last iniquity left for this Government to commit, and they had committed it. (*Cheers and uproar.*) Why had the Government tried to throw the cost of Registration on the Local Rates? (*Cheers, and cries of "Why not?"*) He himself was a landowner, and he would cordially support any measure which would take every burden off landed property, and throw the whole on to the Imperial Exchequer. (*Hisses.*) It might be urged that in that case the already highly-taxed middle class in towns would have to pay for the entire cost of County Administration. (*"Hear, hear!"*) Well, all he could say was, better that they should pay than that he should!—At this point in his remarks the platform was stormed, and the gallant Colonel when last seen was running along the High Street, with his hat battered in, and his coat torn to ribbons, pursued by an infuriated mob.

EAST CLODSHIRE.—Professor CHERUB FLINT was waited on to-day by a Deputation of local Liberals and invited to stand for the Division. In reply he said that, with regard to foreign politics, he had not yet seen the Morning Papers, and therefore could hardly state definitely whether he approved of the present policy of the Government. He thought he should have regarded the Sudan campaigns with some disgust if anybody but Mr. GLADSTONE had been responsible for them. (*Cheers.*) He was glad that we were going to leave the country. (*"Hear! hear!"*) He hoped that the Arabs killed near Suakim had been slaughtered for some wise end. It was necessary for this country now and then to show its horror of the Slave-trade, and to convince the Mahomedan world of the blessings of civilisation. (*Cheers.*) Now let him pass to the more important subject of Local Rates. (*General cheering.*) If returned, he was ready to vote for providing every agricultural labourer with a cow and a new milk-pail, and to impose a land-tax which would at once throw every estate in the country into the market. (*Applause.*) He was a teetotaler, and approved of Mr. CHILDEES' Temperance Budget. (*Dissent, and a Voice, "How about the Eleven Millions?"*) The Eleven Millions could not be said to have been improperly asked for, as most of the money had been spent before Parliament voted the amount. (*Cheers and laughter.*) A hearty vote of confidence terminated the meeting.

COKECHESTER.—Mr. BOBADIL BUSTER, addressing the Electors yesterday, said that, having been kicked out of his own little Borough by the iniquitous Government Redistribution Bill, he had run his eye over the map of England to find a place willing to receive him as an Imperialist Candidate. He believed Cokechester was such a place. (*Unanimous and angry cries of "No!"*) At all events he intended to stand, whether they liked it or not. (*Laughter.*) Look at the frightful extravagance of this Ministry! (*"Oh! Oh!"*) He himself was in favour of a Spirited Foreign Policy, which would involve an annual expenditure, not of Eleven Millions, but One Hundred Millions extra. (*Hisses and groans.*) A Federated Empire was the thing! If the Colonies did not care to federate, he would compel them to do so. (*Laughter.*) He would like to know what could be more spirited than that? Then, as to our Indian Frontier, he would annex Persia, Afghanistan, Thibet, China, and Beloochistan, and drive the Russians back to the Caspian. To do this it would merely be necessary to treble our Army Estimates, and introduce Universal Conscription. (*Groans.*)—Only a single hand—that of a Deaf Mute, who misunderstood the motion—being held up in favour of the Hon. Gentleman's candidature, it is thought probable that he will reconsider his intention to stand.

THE *Times* read Lord RANDOLPH a severe lecture last Thursday. Lord RANDOLPH is not fond of playing the game of "follow my leader," and in this instance the "leader" followed Lord RANDOLPH, and gave him a nasty one.



REFLECTED GLORY.

Visitor. "AND WHO ARE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"

Cuthbert (with conscious pride). "I'M THE B.B.Y.'S BROTHER!"

LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

(Adapted to Circumstances.)

Enter LAUNCE (SIR ST-FF-RD N-RTHC-TE) with his Dog (Lord R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL'.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the funny dog with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; him and his three blind brothers, a pestilent, plaguesome, and perpetually yapping Four! I have taught him—or should so have done could he have learned manners by fair example—as one may say precisely. Thus would I teach a dog. Oh, 'tis a sad thing when a puppy cannot behave himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon himself to be a dog indeed, to be as it were a dog in all things. And your dog should follow, look you, and should not lift up his yelp against his Master and his Master's friends, neither flash his ungoverned teeth in the unguarded kibes of them. If I had not more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts himself into the company of certain gentleman-like dogs in the Earl's chamber. There, as is his nature, good lack, makes he a nuisance of himself by rash snapping and rude yelping, and that at the Earl himself of all men, who is, as one may say, courtesy's mould and urbanity's mirror. All the Chamber cried out on him. Of all which ill-conditioned behaviour I, as the acknowledged, though little regarded and ill-requited master of him, have as it were, to bear the brunt and blame. How many masters would do this for their servants? Nay, I'll be sworn I have, as one may say, sat in the stools for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed; otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now!—Nay, I remember the tricks thou hast played me. Have I not bid thee mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me lift up my voice in ill-bred yappings against a gentlemannered Earl, as much thine elder as thy better? Didst ever see me do such a trick?

LORD SHERBROOKE'S POEMS. — It is, of course, a Lowe-priced book, marked "One Bob."

THE SHERBROOKE.

(Not by Tennyson.)

I COME from haunts of statesmen hard, I make a sudden sally, And sparkle out a life-long bard En-thu-si-as-ti-cally.	I rhyme with HUDIBRAS's dash (Who fancied me all iron?) With here a touch of CANNING's flash, And there a tone of BYRON.
My life has run o'er stony ways, I've seemed all sharps and trebles; But now I mean to wring the bays From critics hard as pebbles.	I sing Swiss glaciers, southern stars, Australian wildernesses, I sneer at old Colonial jars, And Antipodean messes.
I on my Peer's soft cushion fret, Because my life seems fallow, But ah! the "glowing Muse" shall yet Show me less sour and sallow.	I fancy my old foes will quake As this new path I travel. I think my rhymes the bards will shake, And all the critics gravel.
I steal away from Whiggish plots To Poesy's green covers, I try my hand at true-love-knots, I sing for happy lovers.	Bravo, BOB LOWE! for do you know I think this dodge is clever, For Statesmen come and States- men go, But Bards live on for ever!

MUCH may be expected from the arrival of Mr. CONDIE STEPHEN, C.B. The political atmosphere may be purified by the judicious use of "Condie."

LEGAL NOMENCLATURE. — Occasionally we hear of "Running-Down Cases" being tried. The Unlearned in the Law naturally inquire if these are Actions for Slander?

BY A BLUE RIBBONITE.—The real Beer Duty,—Not to drink any.



LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

LAUNCE (*Sir St-f-rd N-the-te*, more in sorrow than in anger). "ONE THAT I BROUGHT UP FROM A PUPPY; ONE THAT I SAVED FROM DROWNING. * * * * WHEN A MAN'S SERVANT SHALL PLAY THE FUNNY DOG WITH HIM, LOOK YOU, *IT GOES HARD!*"—*Shakspeare adapted.*

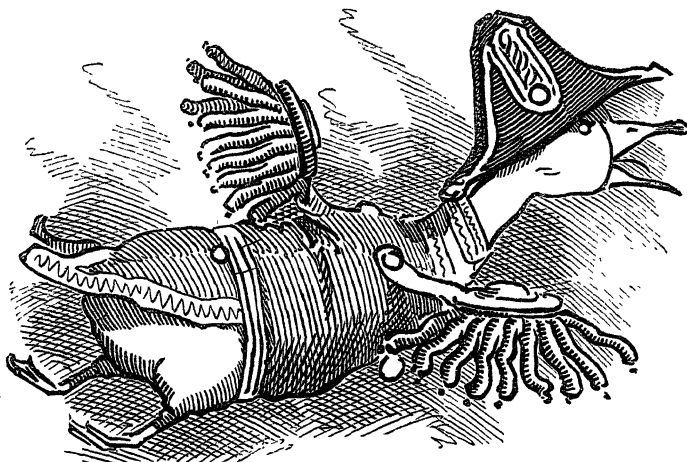
THE ADMIRALTY GOOSE; OR, THE MODERN MARINER.

(Liberally adapted from Coleridge—being a Broad Hint for the benefit of those whom it may most immediately concern.)

A Modern Mariner meeteth a Prime Minister on his way to the House, and detaineth him.

It is a Modern Mariner,
Who hath never been to sea.
"Come, NORTH-BROOK, with that winking eye,
What wouldst thou have of me?"

"The Commons' doors are opened wide,
They're waiting to begin;
The Opposition fume and fret:
Mayst hear the nasty din."



For, loaded slowly, one by one,
They, one by one, did burst.
The Guns are not as useful as they might be, which causeth trouble.

"And then there came of gibes and sneers
An overwhelming swarm:
And such a row got up, we found
The situation warm!"

"For REED wrote letters columns long,
And panic filled the air;
The outcry of the Public, in which no First Lord liveth comfortably.

The Prime Minister, suspecting something in the wink of the Modern Mariner's eye, is constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with official grip.
"We've built a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, naval loon!
A ship! It cannot be."

He holds him with his winking eye—
The PREMIER he stood still,
And listens like some new M.P.
In charge of his first Bill.

The PREMIER sat him on a chair;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that curious man,
The Whitehall Mariner:

"The ship, once built, was found to float
Without a single prop!
And then she tried her measured mile
Midst many a cheery stop.

The Mariner tells how the Ship was put into Commission in a quaint and fearful style.

"Her armament, ten 'sixty-fours,'
Marked 'Eighteen-fifty-three,'
Of not the very slightest use:
Still, thus she went to sea!

"It wasn't quite the sort of thing
We felt we should provide—"
The PREMIER here looked t'ward the House:
There seemed some row inside.

The Prime Minister heareth that within the House which maketh him contented to listen to the tale.

The SPEAKER sits within his chair;
Red as a rose is he,
With effort to restrain in bounds
The Merry Irishry.

The PREMIER, when he noteth this,
Prefers the tale to hear;
So thus spake on that curious man,
The Whitehall Mariner.

The Ship getteth into hot water.

"And now the Press-blast came, and it
Was critical and strong;
It noted all the various things
That somehow would go wrong.

"The shaft would halt, and bend, and break;
The guns seemed all accurst;

We didn't know which way to turn
The row was everywhere!

"The row was there, the row was here,
The row was all around.
Eftsoons up went the Income-tax
To ninepence in the pound!

"At length an Admiralty Goose,—
The brute you'll know at sight,—
Wheeled on the scene, and vowed that soon
'Twould set all matters right.

A great sea-bird, the Admiralty Goose, cometh in sight, and is hailed with groans.

"'Tis ever thus that brute doth boast,
And will,—till some commotion
Make plain we've but a paper fleet
Wherewith to rule the Ocean.

"It eateth up the Estimates,
By threats 'tis ne'er deterred;
It blundereth and plundereth,—
A most ill-omened bird!

The Whitehall Mariner dwelleth on the unattractive features of the bird.

"And as it swalloweth each sum
Without remorse or shame,
And question shuns,—that shaft and guns
Keep up the same old game.

"Not one, but scores on scores, while I,
Poor minion of the Board,
From its foul wake, my flight to take,
At present can't afford.

The Whitehall Mariner continueth his piteous and despicable confession.

"And so the Admiralty Goose
Soars on; and men may hollo,
And call me any names they like,—
Alas! I'm bound to follow!

"But from red-tape, and jobbery,
I feel at times nigh stirred
Away to break!—Perdition take
That most ill-omened bird!"

"Good gracious, Whitehall Mariner!
Why not from bonds break loose?
Strike branch and root, by Jove! and shoot
That Admiralty Goose!"

At length the Whitehall Mariner getteth consoling and comfortable counsel.

MELANCHOLY AND COMMERCIAL. — *Suakin-Berber Railway*. — The report that the local "Friendlies" had at last accepted the offer of the British Government to work the above little Line for a payment of "£2,000 a month, with an occasional train thrown in," has, as might have been expected, again further depressed the ordinary Stock. It having been rumoured, later in the day, that the new Management contemplated paying the Dividend on the Perpetual Preference Stock in surplus Sleepers, and heads cut off OSMAN DIGNA's followers, there is a brisk rise, chiefly due to the operations of Oriental holders; but the closing prices for Debenture Coupons varied, as usual, from about 2½d. to 3¼d. a pound.

"COOMBE-ING EVENTS CAST," &c. — The Prince and Princess of WALES have signified their intention of being present at the open-air amateur performances, by the "Pastoral Players," at Coombe House, "weather permitting." This gives the necessary *cachet*, and makes the whole thing quite *Coombe à fait*.

LAST WEEK'S TENNIS MATCH. — LAMBERT and PETTITT played magnificently, but the latter won. He is the younger man; let us hope that, by the enthusiastic Amateur Ladies, he will not be Pettitt and spoilt.



PROGRESS.

Angry Squire (to Extravagant Son). "I CAN'T SAY I THOUGHT MUCH OF MY FATHER'S OPINION. BUT, BY GEORGE! YOU SEEM TO LOOK UPON ME AS SIMPLY A BORN IDIOT!"

AMONG THE "ANKWERKS PACKAGES."

THE Antwerp Exhibition was formally opened on the second of this month. We have received an officially printed account of the ceremony. It is written in "English as she is spoke." Here are some choice extracts:—

"Belgium had for the first time convoked at Antwerp all nations to one of those great concourses, where (according to the very true expression of the president of the Executive committee) the creating powers of science and labour, are combined in an admirable synthesis. Unanimous applause have cheered this beautiful feast of peace.

"The Exhibition with its yet unaccomplished installations and decorations offers the site of an immense timber-yard, where a human swarm is moving; but in presence of these enormous proportions, of the abundancy, of the perfection and richness of the already exhibited objects, there is but one opinion, one echo to predict its complete and magnificent success.

"The grand portico of honour dominated by its globus, flanked by its electrical lighthouses, presents itself to the eyes of the visitor in its astounding airian height of 72 yards."

At this point we pause, we are "dominated by the globus." Let us take breath, and continue:—

"The King, the Queen, the Royal family and the guests have then directed themselves in cortege into the great row of the Halls of Industry, at the extremity of which is situated a monumental staircase. On the top of this staircase, which forms platform, one has a splendid view of the immense gallery of machines.

"At a signal given by Leopold II, life was at once communicated to this prodigious assembly of all the perfectionated mechanics which human genius has placed to the service of modern industry.

"This is a fairy which defies the description of pen or pencil. Nowhere anything comparable to this quadriletre of 22,500 square yards, where the mechanics, steam and electricity are triumphing, was ever seen before."

Yes! exactly! quite "a fairy which defies the description of pen or pencil." So at this point we stop. We anticipate a pleasant holiday trip to the glorious old town of Antwerp.

BRITANNIA'S VOLUNTEERS.

WHEN air resounds with war's alarms,
And conscripts from afar,
Like driven sheep, are forced to arms
To make aggressive war,
Let soldier-ridden lands beware
When freemen turn to fight,
Where Britain's sons their flag may bear,
They stand with Freedom's might.
They laugh to scorn our numbers,
And say our day is sped;
Because in Peace he slumbers,
They think the Lion's dead;
But wake him—and the farthest seas
Return his angry roar,
And swiftly every spreading breeze
Bears it from shore to shore.

Chorus.

Go, tell the world of conscripts
That Britain's Britain still;
Go, tell the world of conscripts
Our watchword's Freedom still.
So let Aggression's forced array
Fill those it may with fears,
We'll answer their conscriptions with
A million Volunteers.

Canadian sons, from frost and snow,
Extend a ready hand,
Backed still by hearts that fiercely glow
Like summer in their land,
And show our foes, whose'er they be,
No rolling seas can part
The ties that bind the brave and free
Where beats a British heart.
Australian sons their blood have shed
Already by our side,—
For once BRITANNIA bares her head
In gratitude and pride.
Strong in her gallant sons' support,
Her cause can know no fears,—
No Spartan sword was yet too short
That armed such Volunteers.

Chorus—Go, tell the world, &c.

They were no conscripts MARLBRO' led,
But freemen—Volunteers,
A freeborn race from fathers bred
That won for us Poictiers;
No conscript names were on the roll—
All heroes dead and gone—
That blazoned bright on Victory's scroll
The name of WELLINGTON;
And Inkermann's immortal height
Will tell, for many a day,
How sternly sons of Freedom fight,
Let odds be what they may:
Thus, Liberty scorns vain alarms,
And answers back, with cheers,
No conscript legions flogged to arms
Have yet flogged Volunteers.

Chorus—Go, tell the world, &c.

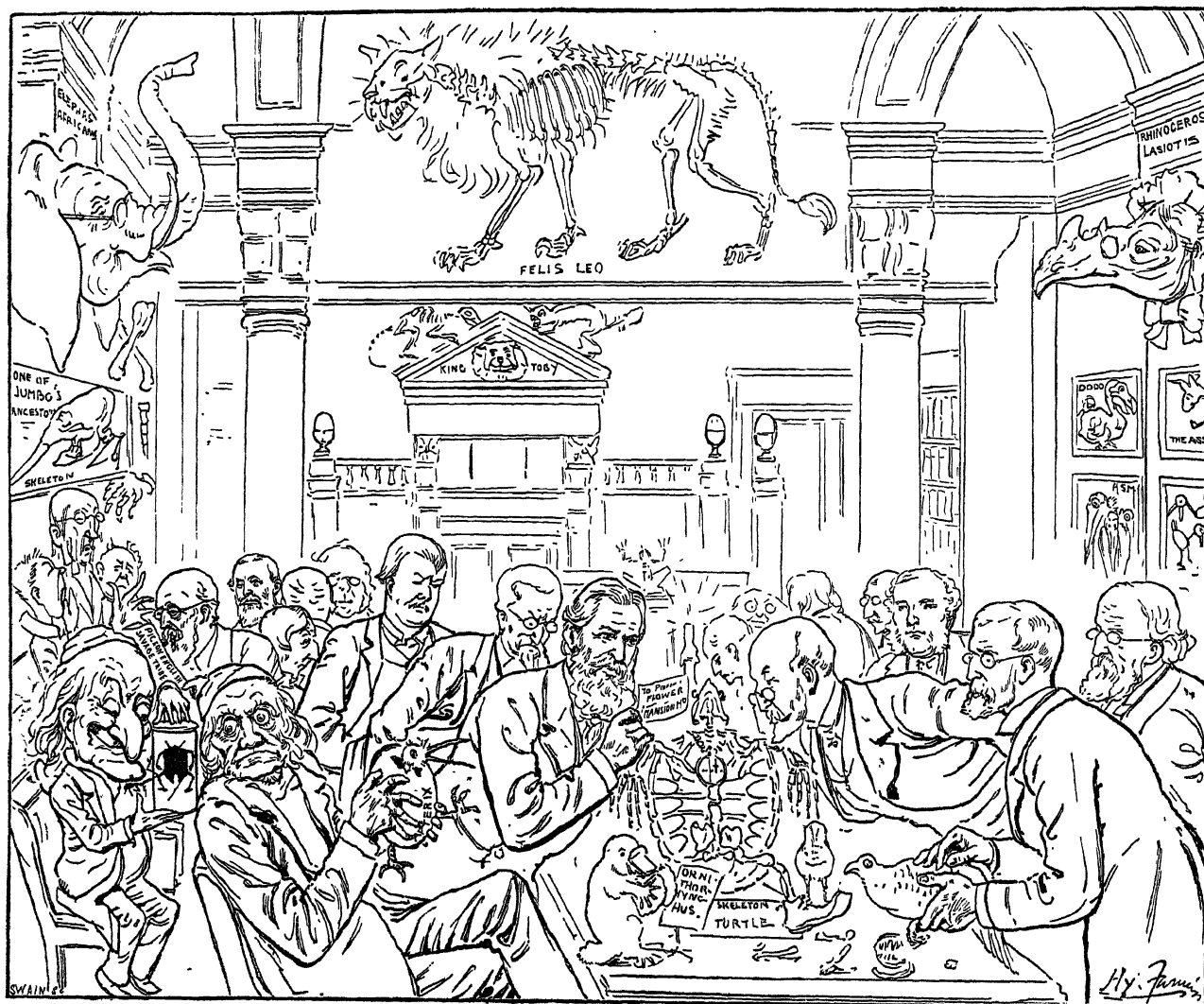
They think to crush old England,
And take her mighty place—
When they wipe out from ev'ry land
The language of her race:
When Justice meekly sheathes her sword,
And Freemen ne'er make laws:
When Tyrants rule by force and fraud,
And dead is Freedom's cause:
When Liberty shall see her home
Low-levelled with the turf,
And watch each son in turn become
A tyrant-driven serf:
When Freedom's sacred name's forgot
Within the hearts of men:
They'll crush us to the earth; but not—
By Heav'n!—but not till then!

Chorus—Go, tell the world, &c.

ON THE LATEST POST.

ONE wants but little here by Lowe,
Nor wants that little long.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 10.



THE MEETING OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, HANOVER SQUARE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 11.—Another Vote of Censure! the eighth in history of present Parliament. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON had charge of Motion. Rather a sickly kind of thing. Having agreed to Vote of Credit, and money already in course of dispersion, proceeded to say wouldn't pass Bill recording Vote until it knew what the Government was going to do with the money.

"Isn't this," said BRODRICK, "little like paying your Income-tax one Monday, and on the following Monday declaring you won't accept the receipt until the Collector gives you 'adequate information' as to process by which your contribution will reach the Treasury?"

"You're an able young man, BRODRICK," said Lord JOHN MANNERS. "You interest me as youth always has done. But you are inclined to take politics too seriously. We don't always do what we would, but what we can; and your Leaders having decided upon terms of Amendment, you have nothing to do but support it."

"Fine speech, GEORGEY'S," said his Grace of ABERCORN, who from Peers' Gallery listened to the stormy eloquence of Member for Middlesex. "Seems to me that RANDOLPH is altogether overrated. He's said to possess fluency. Listen to GEORGEY. He makes reckless assertions. Hear GEORGEY. He is credited with an audaciousness that people sometimes mistake for impudence. Look at GEORGEY. Seems to me that after this speech to-night RANDOLPH must take a back seat, and GEORGEY will go to the front. Don't you think so?"

"Um!" I said. Never like to contradict a Duke. There are comparatively so few of them. But there's something in what LABBY says on this point.

"HAMILTON's noisy vituperation of to-night," says the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, "has effect of raising RANDOLPH in Parliamentary esteem. RANDOLPH is occasionally noisy, and frequently vituperative. But there's an indescribable something more that makes him RANDOLPH, and the absence of which leaves Member for Middlesex Lord GEORGE HAMILTON."

On the whole, a spirited debate, the one flabby thing about it being the Resolution. CHAPLIN really grand. Realised for spectators more closely than ever Mr. TOOLE's idea of the late Mr. DISRAELI addressing the House of Commons on momentous occasion.

Business done.—Vote of Censure rejected by 290 Votes against 260.

Tuesday.—The Markiss rises to explain. GLADSTONE and TREVELYAN, in other House, have been taking exception to his allusion to Russia as either swindler or bankrupt. The Markiss explains that he was only using "a commercial analogy." Nothing further from his mind than to say anything disrespectful of Russia.

GRANVILLE expresses satisfaction at explanation, but points out that the introduction of the commercial analogy in this particular place was unfortunate. Of course the Markiss had meant nothing. "Only how would any one of your Lordships, being in difficulties, like to have this commercial analogy dragged in?" Their Lordships shuddered. Markiss mentally made up his mind to avoid commercial analogies in future.

GRANVILLE took opportunity to show that RANDOLPH was not quite so accurate as he might be. He had, it is true, refrained from

the use of commercial analogies, but he had gone astray on various points of fact, upon which GRANVILLE gently corrected him.

CRANBROOKE up like a bear whose cub had been touched. Monstrous of GRANVILLE thus to take advantage of blameless, mild-mannered youth, who was not present to defend himself. KIMBERLEY struck in to defend his chief. Every prospect of a row. Strangers in Gallery expected to see coronets flying about, perhaps the benches broken up, LORD CHANCELLOR'S wig torn off, and the Bishops cheived out of the House. But storm lulled as suddenly as it had broken forth. GRANVILLE smiled benignantly at the Markiss, who was busily administering to himself an oath to abstain from use of commercial analogies; CRANBROOKE simmered down, and the McCULLUM MORE proceeded to deliver more of his speech, interrupted on previous night by illness of Lord DORMER.

Business done.—In Commons Sir Massive LOPES' new Motion on Local Taxation question rejected by 280 votes against 258.

Wednesday.—More bad language. This time it is JEMMY LOWTHER who is the offender. As might be expected, JAMES, avoiding the commercial world, indulged in what may be called a sporting analogy. Accused the PREMIER of "bolting" early the previous morning to avoid particular division on Registration Bill. This brought up the young colt on Treasury Bench in towering passion. Accustomed to hear contumelious language towards himself from gentlemen opposite. But this sporting analogy seemed to touch him to the quick. Hotly protested against it.

"Well," says Truthful JAMES, "if the PRIME MINISTER objects to my way of characterising the incident, I will say no more about it."



The Premier "bolting."

But it will be observed JAMES had already said it, and there it remained.

Business done.—Irish Registration Bill proceeded with.

Thursday.—GLADSTONE moved Resolution allotting Wedding Dowry of six thousand a year to Princess BEATRICE. On the whole rather a depressing business. More like a funeral than the preliminary to a wedding party. House listened in politely glum silence. GLADSTONE seemed to feel this, and laboured along making most of argument that this was the last. Also (being the last) promised Committee for next year to go into whole matter. LABBY opposed vote, and O'BRIEN testified afresh to his disappointment at failure of efforts made to spoil success of Prince of WALES' visit to Ireland. W. REDMOND gave the proposal a great fillip by opposing it, and House divided; 337 for making the little present, 38, chiefly Parnellites, against.

Rest of sitting, House hammering away at Irish Registration Bill, which it finally disposed of. "Another milestone of the Session passed," said PREMIER, tearing up the red rose he had put in his buttonhole in honour of Princess BEATRICE. "It's a dreary road, and I shan't be sorry when the end comes. To start with new House of Commons will be quite invigorating. But I really *will* retire at the end of that."

Friday.—Met SHERBROOKE in Corridor to-night, making his way to House of Lords. Had under his arm a thin volume.

"Very small for a Blue Book," I said. "Can't be the Afghan papers?"

"No, TOBY," he said, blushing up to the whites of his eyebrows. "It's a little work of mine. *Poems of a Lifetime* I call it. The Lifetime is, perhaps you'll say happily, a little longer than the Poems. But that's neither here nor there. The Markiss has asked me to give him an hour, and read him a selection. Very kind of him. Didn't know he was fond of poetry. But we all carry our little secrets about with us. Few suspected me of being a poet, and I'm not certain whether they will now reach the stage of conviction. The only thing that mars the pleasure with which I regard this little volume is the knowledge that Dizzy died before it was published. How he would have revelled in it! Fancy I can hear him declaiming from my poem on Mont Blanc:—

'Enough again to shake the throne
Of many a new NAP-O-LEE-OWN.'

But I mustn't keep the Markiss waiting. Believe he's terribly impatient till he hears me read. So good-bye now, TOBY. Hope to see



Dr. Times reads Master Randolph for making a Mess with the Ink.

you again shortly. Drop in on me some time, and share with me airy bowl."

And SHERBROOKE went off reciting, with appropriate gestures, that beautiful stanza from his poem on *The Chamois*:—

"And as oft as I quaffed that icy draught,
I have thought in my gladsome soul,
Can the generous wine of the storied Rhine
Compare with airy bowl?"

In Commons, BOURKE takes time by the forelock. GLADSTONE, referring to promised papers on Afghan business, says only a portion will be out to-morrow, bringing events down to Penjdeh incident. Remainder after Whitsuntide. A little disappointing this, since it is Penjdeh, and after, people want to know about. But nothing daunts BOURKE. Jumps up, and intimates intention of Opposition to "go for" Government on these papers, "Though, of course, this is premature," he adds, with reflection—at which the House laughs. But BOURKE has best of it, after all. "We'll censure them," he says, "for, if they don't deserve it on this matter, they will on some other."

Business done.—House Counted Out at Seven o'Clock.

A MAY MOANING.

"May has set in with its usual severity."—*The Common Sense.*

OH, May is the month when the madly æsthetic
Plunge deep into nonsense profoundly poetical!
They sing and they shout about sunshine and greenery,
Of beauty and blossom and song-birds and scenery:
I own that my notion of May is a hazy one,
And don't think its weather is good for the Lazy One;
To go out of doors I have not the temerity—
Now May has set in with its usual severity!

The weather, distressing for man and for beast it is,
The sky is o'erclouded, the wind in the East it is;
The streets and the footways detestably muddy are,
Our cheeks are all blue, and our noses all ruddy are:
We've coughs, and we've colds, and we've pains most rheumatismal,
Our temper is short, and our language emphatical.
'Tis good-bye to comfort, to ease, and prosperity—
Now May has set in with its usual severity!

The mornings are dark, and the nights demoniacal,
We're dismal, depressed, and we're hypochondriacal!
Oh, May is a sell—there's no trace of blue skies about,
The month that all poets have told lots of lies about!
Let's all stop at home, and in easy-chairs ruminate,
The curtains draw close and the lamps now illuminate;
Let's pile on the logs with most cheerful celerity—
Now May has set in with its usual severity!

SOMETHING AT LAST!—It is said that we are to acquire several most important "Coaling Stations." This about Coals is, apparently, the only good result of "the Scuttle Policy."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



Owner (pointing to Pure Bull). "THERE, OLD CHAPPIE, IF I COULD FIND A WOMAN AS WELL-BUILT AS THAT, BY JOVE, I'D MARRY HER!"

OUR COPY OF THE INVENTORIES.

Second Landing. Military and Sporting Weapons.

HAVING a "Season Admission," it is unnecessary to take more than an ordinary railway ticket to South Kensington, and then trust to your own invention to get past the man who guards the turnstile at the end of the Subway. This opens a large field for imagination, as failure entails either the fine of a penny or a human present to the Police. Perhaps the best mode is to engage (with the assistance of an accomplice) the attention of the whole of the staff to the fancied appearance of an imaginary balloon, while you rapidly pass through the barriers.



Complete Sportsman's Equipment
(French Department.)

Having done this, you feel that "done" is the proper word for the occasion, and should be happy.

By entering the Exhibition by the Subway you avoid the hall with its statue of H.R.H. gaily cantering through a small forest of flowering shrubs, and yet this should not cause you deep regret. If it does, assuage your grief by inspecting the magnificent collection of Military and Sporting Weapons supplied by the Royal Arsenal, the Royal Laboratory, and other amusing exhibitors. A nice serviceable breech-loading 8-inch gun immediately attracts your attention as the biggest thing in weapons in the Southern Gallery. As the Official Catalogue is large enough to be confusing, it is better to trust to your own common sense for an explanation. Looking at this very fine specimen, which seems to be "laid" upon the hall clock, you come to the conclusion that it must be an implement of sport intended for "big game." Had you to meet a lion or a tiger, as a husband, a father, and a subscriber to an insurance company, you

would certainly rest satisfied with nothing smaller. It could be easily carried by a couple of braces or so of trained elephants, and if fired by electricity (say at five miles' distance from the object aimed at), should be a most useful fowling-piece. At close quarters there is nothing to prevent you from entering the gun bodily and defying the enemy from the muzzle. But the Royal Engineers, always ready to oblige, have gone yet farther to anticipate the desires of a keen sportsman, and have supplied him with a balloon, which may be used as a means of escape should the lion or tiger become too exigent.

Not far from these "Weapons" is a fish-torpedo, no doubt intended for the capture of the wily salmon, the interesting minnow, or the (comparatively) silly whale. A section of this charming little exhibit is shown, including "the Secret Chamber," which, of course, piques your curiosity. However, it is so generally well-known how a torpedo is propelled, that it would be mere waste of time to explain so open a "secret." For the sake of country cousins, it may be hinted that the "Chamber" contains a fly-wheel, a flat leather band, some cogs, a 4-inch pulley, a common C-spring, and six pounds of the best brass nails. Given these articles, and the simplest zany will be able to solve the so-called "mystery." For all that, the idea is a clever one, and the inventor deserves the warmest commendation.

Not far from "the Tiger Escaper" is Mr. NORDENFELDT's excellent "pheasant-destroyer." This clever little weapon (it can't weigh more than half-a-dozen tons) is excellently adapted to the modern *battue*, as it should easily knock over a thousand brace in a score of minutes. To the short-sighted Sportsman it should be invaluable, as by a mechanical contrivance the Nordenfeldt can be so trained that it shall "cover" everything living within a range of three miles. Close to this pretty little weapon is a model of Colonel MONCRIEFF's Hydro-pneumatic Carriage, a vehicle specially adapted to the needs of invalids. No country-house or shooting-box should be without one.

Having got thus far in "the Inventions," the thirster after knowledge will no doubt require refreshment. And now he will meet with his first disappointment. Remembering the site of the dining-rooms of 1884 and the previous year, he will turn his steps to the south, and find, to his deep disgust, that the space then selected for "Food, and its Consumption," has this Season been devoted to the exhibition of "Improved Agricultural Implements." He will come to the conclusion that the Inventions thus forced upon his attention are feeble, uncalled-for, nay, even impertinent. Having arrived at this unprejudiced opinion, he will hurry away, and, a few minutes later, discover the object of his search. And here (at the soup, fish, and joint meal) we will leave him with the explanatory remark that the plan of the present Exhibition differs only from the Healtheries in these respects,—that what was last year something or other is now something else, and that it is perfectly easy to master the plan of the building if you are good at guessing puzzles, and have in your possession a "tossing sixpence" with which to decide difficult points.



Ceremony of taking Inventors before a Jury.

Ben Trovato.

"AFFECTATION tells here even better than wit,"
Said DIZZY, at Malta. How BEN would have smiled
At late proofs that the "Popular Popinjay" fit
Had extended to London. Ask WHISTLER or WILDE!

EXIT IN FUMO.—It is beginning to be feared that the much-talked-of European Concert is a "Smoking-Concert." At any rate, it seems only too likely to end in smoke, while its pipe at present does not look like the Pipe of Peace.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"THAT'S YOUR FRIEND, CAPTAIN MASHAM, THAT EVERYBODY SAYS IS SO AGREEABLE! HE TOOK ME IN TO DINNER LAST NIGHT AT SIR JOHN ROBINSON'S, AND ALL BUT TURNED HIS BACK ON ME THE WHOLE TIME!"

"PERHAPS HE'D GOT A PRETTY WOMAN ON HIS OTHER SIDE!"

OUR EUROPEAN "FRIENDLIES;"

Or, "Latest Intelligence" à la Mode.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

VIENNA, May 25.

THE recent aggressive and stubborn attitude assumed at St. Petersburg, involving, as it is confidently expected here on all hands it will, a fresh and further crushing humiliation for the Cabinet at St. James's, has been welcomed in the best informed political circles with the liveliest signs of merriment and satisfaction. The *Pesther Przegond*, in common with the rest of the Press, hails the expected catastrophe with an ill-concealed and quite indecent delight, concluding a leading article bearing the significant title of "*Delenda est Wapping*," in the following words:—"With an American Ireland, a Norwegian Scotland, and an England partly Russian, partly Dutch and Danish, and the rest French, Germany, Swiss and Bulgarian, Austria-Hungary could afford, at a distance, proudly and defiantly to cry 'Hands off!' and carry out unopposed her sanitary programme aimed at British Eastern trade on the Suez Canal. We have often heartily wished to see our commercial friends of the North extirpated, but have never, for prudential reasons, quite liked to express the sentiment in print. But Great Britain now seems about to be seized by the throat on all sides, and, therefore, there is really no more reasonable occasion for discreet reticence. As soon as we are quite sure that our 'Old Ally' is well held down, we shall not be the last in Europe to greet her in jeers, with her own national proverb: '*Hooray! 'Ow, Sir, is your Eye?*'"

GERMANY.

BERLIN, May 25.

THERE can be as little doubt as to the continual wire-pulling that is hourly going on here, as there soon will be as to the nature of the explosion to which it is inevitably leading up. A chance few minutes' conversation I had the honour of having, at the house of a leading diplomatist only last night, with a very distinguished personage indeed, whose personality I need not further indicate, will give your readers some idea of the sort of pervading hostility that rules the hour here. The talk was on our last checkmate in Zanzibar; and I summoned up courage, and boldly asked the great Chess-player whether he would like to see England reduced to the position of a ninth-rate Power, her Colonies shattered, her commerce swept clean off the seas, an invasion on her shores, famine and revolution staring her in the face, and her liberties extinct.

"Certainly—and the sooner the better," was the blunt reply, followed by a loud good-humoured laugh, that was soon lost in a silver tankard of iced Sardines, Brandy, and Porter. "And what of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues?" I ventured to continue. "Send 'em to Siberia by Parcels Post, wrapped up in their own 'Blue Books.'" The Turkish Envoy, who was standing by, and who, I am told, only speaks Arabic, smiled, however, approvingly at this—a circumstance which caused the British Ambassador, who had noticed it from a corner, to get up hurriedly and order his carriage. I heard later that, as he was stepping into it, he narrowly escaped being hit on the head by a pail of strawberry-ice, flung at him from the balcony of the Refreshment-Saloon above "by some unseen hand." On protesting to a Roumanian *attaché* against this outrage, as amounting almost to a violation of international courtesy, he assured me that it was quite a common occurrence. "They all do it," he said, with a smile; "and I hope some evening, when no one is looking, to have a turn myself." You may gather from the foregoing what our *prestige* is worth at this Court at the present moment, and how little, if engaged in any prolonged war against seven great European Powers, we could reasonably rely on satisfactory assistance from Liberal sympathisers in the Balkans.

SPAIN.

MADRID, May 25.

THE complete and sudden failure of the "onion duty" negotiations has produced a feeling of irritation here that has been instantly turned to account at Berlin. The *pourparlers* by telegraph have been unceasing, and the result only what might have been expected. An English ham-and-beef shop at Cadiz was attacked and completely wrecked last night by a furious Catalan mob singing the *Cachucha*, and demanding the invasion of Gibraltar and cession of India and the Isle of Wight. There has been also a most regrettable outbreak at Biarritz, where several British invalids were set upon by a band of well-dressed Spanish excursionists, dragged from their Bath-chairs, hurled into the sea, and only rescued from a possibly severer second drenching by the sounding of the dinner-hour. Referring to this unfriendly piece of buffoonery, the *Imparcial*, in its to-day's leader, merely remarks:—"It is an incident like this that, more than any other, will serve to show the huckstering coward, JOHN BULL, that if war break out, as we trust it may, between the two nations, the courage and chivalry of Old Castile and Aragon are as living a force in the beloved Peninsula as ever they were in the glorious days of FERDINAND and ISABELLA." Calling, later in the day, for some explanation of this, I was, by order of the Editor, kicked out of the office by three printer's boys, the doorkeeper, several members of the permanent staff, and an advertising agent. Such is life in Madrid at the present moment; and though I have made a complaint at the Embassy, I can't say that it is pleasant.

ITALY.

ROME, May 25.

THE ominous rumours to which I referred in my yesterday's telegram, are fully confirmed to-day. Prince BISMARCK has again triumphed. It appears that notwithstanding all pacific assurances to the contrary, the refusal of Mr. GLADSTONE to hand over bodily, as demanded, at the suggestion of Berlin, by Italy, the whole of the Red Sea littoral, Perim, Aden, Malta, and Cyprus, together with a money indemnity "on account" of £5,000,000 for the "preliminary expenses of supervision," has produced a painful state of tension between the two Governments, that is fast growing acute. Indeed, it was noticed at the ball at the Austrian Embassy that just as Sir SAVILE LUMLEY was about to sit down, Signor MANCINI, who was apparently talking earnestly to the German Ambassador, suddenly took his chair from under him, with the usual results. This has produced the worst effect, and there is no doubt but that for the moment the *entente cordiale* is seriously imperilled.

FRANCE.

PARIS, May 25.

THE refusal of the Chamber by a majority of 435 to 2 to accept the humble apology of the British Government for the appearance at Pondicherry of the one number of that lively and harmless little sheet, the *Halfpenny Englishman*, has surprised no one. It was never expected for a moment that the mere simultaneous throwing into



A LO(WE)FTY FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

irons of the Editor, Publisher, and Staff, together with the expulsion from the country of all the subscribers, and the official visit of the Viceroy of India on all fours to the French Governor, would satisfy the susceptibilities aroused here by its appearance. That things are grave there is not the slightest doubt. Speaking to a moderate Deputy this morning, he assured me that unless Mr. GLADSTONE should be prepared to recall and disgrace Lord DUFFERIN, hand over the Madras Presidency as "a guarantee of future good behaviour," and pay the expenses of the Tonquin Expedition, "rendered necessary by a regard for French dignity wounded in Egypt," a crisis would be inevitable; but, he added, that, of course, Mr. GLADSTONE would yield. As a comment on this, I may add that the *Pays*, in an article headed "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que le Waterloo Bridge?*" urges the immediate incarceration of Lord LYONS and all the British tourists at present in Paris, as a preliminary step

towards "a calm vindication of the national honour." The whole of the Mediterranean and Channel Fleets are to assemble next week off Greenwich. "This," says the *Soleil*, "will demonstrate that France is still mistress of the Thames. Mr. GLADSTONE will still further apologise."

Nuda Veritas.

THE British Matron writes with temper tart,
'Gainst what she calls Indecency in Art.
But may not prudishness with prurient eye,
Show that there is Art in Indecency?

BEAR OR BUGBEAR?—The Russian Bruin in Central Asia.

OIL AND WATER.

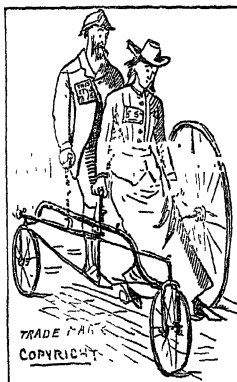
SELECTIONS FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 203. Catching a Fl**!
"Most annoying! Must stop him with my left, and catch him with my right!"



No. 1095. That distinguished Actress, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in a New Part.



No. 780. Well Suited Couple; or, A Travelling Tailor's Advertisement. "Try-cycle Costumes. Latest novelty."



No. 124. "Lyre and Slave!"
Macbeth.



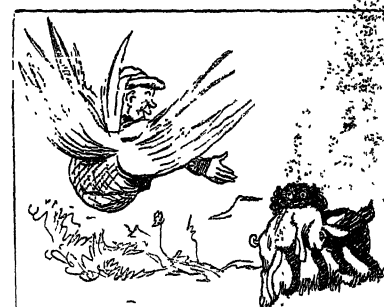
No. 554. Companion Picture to No. 203.



No. 810. Primitive Picnicking; or, Her "Salad Days" without Dressing.



No. 1028. View taken by the Photographer-Royal, who may be seen in the corner, in official costume, adjusting the focus.



No. 727. "You look after the Hare; I'm going to take a Fly home."

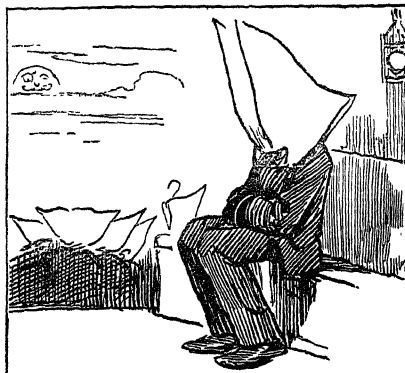
SPECIMENS FROM THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF WATERWORKS.



No. 192. "A Rapid Act;" or, Holding On in going down a Cataract.



No. 294. "Happy Thought."—Must have the ceiling heightened if the Girl's going on growing like this. Evidently she isn't a Performer who can be "let out."



No. 342. Departure of Mr. Gladstone's Collars for the Wash.



No. 543. "Something like a Picture, Be-Dadd!"

** Note another by this Artist. No. 412. "The Boy, what will he become?" The evident answer is, "Lucky for him if the son becomes a Dadd."



No. 512. The Learned Pig turns sulky and won't perform.



No. 438. Dressed Rehearsal for Circus Riders in Satin Pinks on Mechanical Horses.



No. 873. An Ideal Tree-tment of "High Trees-on."

In addition to the foregoing selected specimens, we beg to call the attention of the Public to the following Pictures, which will be found, we think, more correctly described here than in the Official Catalogue—

No. 335. A Taking Stock.

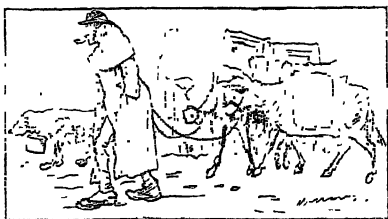
No. 481. Cruelty at Sea. Sick passenger in berth being annoyed by two sailors, one singing and playing, and the other smoking. "His Death which happened in his berth."—Hood.

No. 485. Playing the popular See Saw Waltz, or "A Nice Scrape!" *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, by JOHN TENNIEL, R.I. "He plays the viol-de-gambo." He is drawing the gam bow across the strings, and probably making a viol noise which he considers delightful. We make the candid a-viol that we think it excellent. Of course this must be entirely "without prejudice."

No. 627. *Nell* and her Grandfather. The last *Nell*, we hope. We would much rather have seen *Codlin* and *Short*.

No. 823. A Sea Piece, by ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I. This is real Water Colour. It's beautiful! it's severnly!

No. 902. Fearful Tragedy in a Cornfield.



No. 901. No Buyers. Return of Unsuccessful Artist from Burlington House.

QUITE ANOTHER GORDON MEMORIAL.

THE Grand Military Concert at the Hôtel Métropole, was one of the most brilliant sights we've seen for some time. All the rank and fashion of the West and East were wandering about the corridors, lounging on the divans, listening to the music, talking, chatting, and enjoying themselves. Guardsmen were "Stewards." By the way, why cannot the title of "Steward" be dropped on such festive and charitable occasions as concerts and dinners, especially dinners? "Steward" calls so forcibly to mind the sea-passage between Dover and Calais. The Stewards were distinguished by an order worn on the right side of the dress-coat. Perhaps it was a tasting order for the cellars of the Métropole.

The Prince and Princess arrived about 11.30, and there was the usual loyal rush, scrooging and crowding to bask in the smiles of Royalty for even a brief five seconds. It is a noticeable feature of all these gatherings that the people who scrooge, and rush, and struggle the most to get into the front row and to obtain a loyal recognition of their presence by a special bow, or nod, or a pause for a handshake, are just the very persons who see most of Royalty, who meet Royalty constantly, and to whom, apparently, Royalty is the very breath of their lives. The rudeness of the best bred persons, specially the ladies, who, we suppose, pick it up at the Drawing-rooms, is really remarkable. And oh, it is so delightful when the supreme moment comes, and the Royal party is about to pass to see the preparations for curtsying, the smiling, the agitation, the general pulling-themselves-together of everyone, male and female, and then—Their Royal Highnesses pass, greet here and there one,—through whose frame a perceptible thrill of joy passes, and an inch is added to his or her stature,—and ignore those who have been the most eager and the most anxious to thrust themselves forward, and the depth of whose bitter disappointment, judging by the forced smile on their countenances, it would be difficult to gauge.

We noticed an elderly Military-looking Man with decorations and a large chatty Dowager: they struggled into the front, and took up such positions as seemed to declare that Their Royal Highnesses should only pass into the Drawing Room over their bodies. The Dowager talked and laughed: so did her *vis-à-vis* the Elderly Decorated One. They gave, each on their own side, in a low tone, anecdotes of the Court and the high Society which they adorned. They expected to welcome the Prince and Princess as if they were giving this grand party: and then the August Personages came along smiling and bowing, and passed this couple without the slightest appearance of being aware of their presence: indeed, all the Decorated Person saw of Royalty was the Prince's back, while the Princess spoke to a lady at a distance of three or four from the Dowager, and then sailed on, passing the Dowager as if she had been invisible. Oh, how crestfallen they were! How like a couple of Cardinal Wolseys they must have felt when they got home, and regretted their misspent hours of snobbishness.

The Life-Guards were on duty in the hall: they were magnificent, but they were not War—thank goodness! The Guardsmen were keeping order with sticks in their hands, as if they had been going

out for a walk, but had been suddenly stopped by their commanding officer, and told to come into the Métropole Hotel. The Police were also splendid. So was Our ROBERT the Waiter from the City. The supper and the champagne were excellent, and for this everyone had worked up an appetite and drinkatite by wandering about the Hotel, "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber." In the bedrooms there were candles alight, and all the rooms had the air of present occupation. We felt quite diffident about entering the rooms without knocking, and, on coming in suddenly, we were inclined to say, "Oh, beg pardon! Didn't know anyone was here," or "Mistook the room for our own," or some other mild excuse, and retire awkwardly.

What a chance for the Métropole! Few hotels could get such an opportunity of publicity. It is a magnificent place, and at first sight, and on such a specially brilliant night as last Monday, the Hotel seems to be made for the accommodation of Crowned Heads—none of your half-crowned heads—and for Rothschildren. It is sumptuous, yet in excellent taste, and, in spite of its magnificence, we should say that, when it is in ordinary working order, it will be as comfortable—for that's the point, after all—as the Grand, which has had some years the start of it.

It is a curious coincidence that this Military Concert for the benefit of the Imperial late Egyptian War Fund, Soudan and Egypt, should be intimately connected with the name of GORDON, who, associated with so many successes in this line, is responsible for the management of the Hôtel Métropole.

TAKING OFF THE MASQUE OF PAINTERS.

MY DEAREST GLADYS,

I AM so sorry that your Papa's gout kept you in the country. He appears *never* to be well except in the hunting-season, when his duties as M.F.H. seem to leave him no time for thinking about his ailments! Don't say I am *heartless*, but I was so disappointed that you did not come with us to the Masque of Painters at the Royal Institute. *Such a pretty sight, dear!* The *tableaux* were a wee bit slow, and we had just a trifle too much of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON as *Vergil*. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, it seems, is a Painter as well as an Actor—how clever! But the Royalties were simply lovely, especially our dear Princess. They stayed until the early hours, although the Prince and the Duke, to say nothing of the poor Marquis (who seemed a little uncertain whether he ought to seat himself in a gold chair, like his Royal brothers-in-law, or be satisfied with a resting-place of a less gorgeous material) must have felt rather strange in their plain evening dress in the midst of all the brilliant historical costumes and ancient uniforms. Some of the dresses were so funny! There was a comical-looking person in a toga and an immense wreath of lilacs, that would keep falling into his eyes. And he wore a double eye-glass (fancy an ancient Roman in a *pince nez*!), and made us laugh so!



Something like a Bawl!

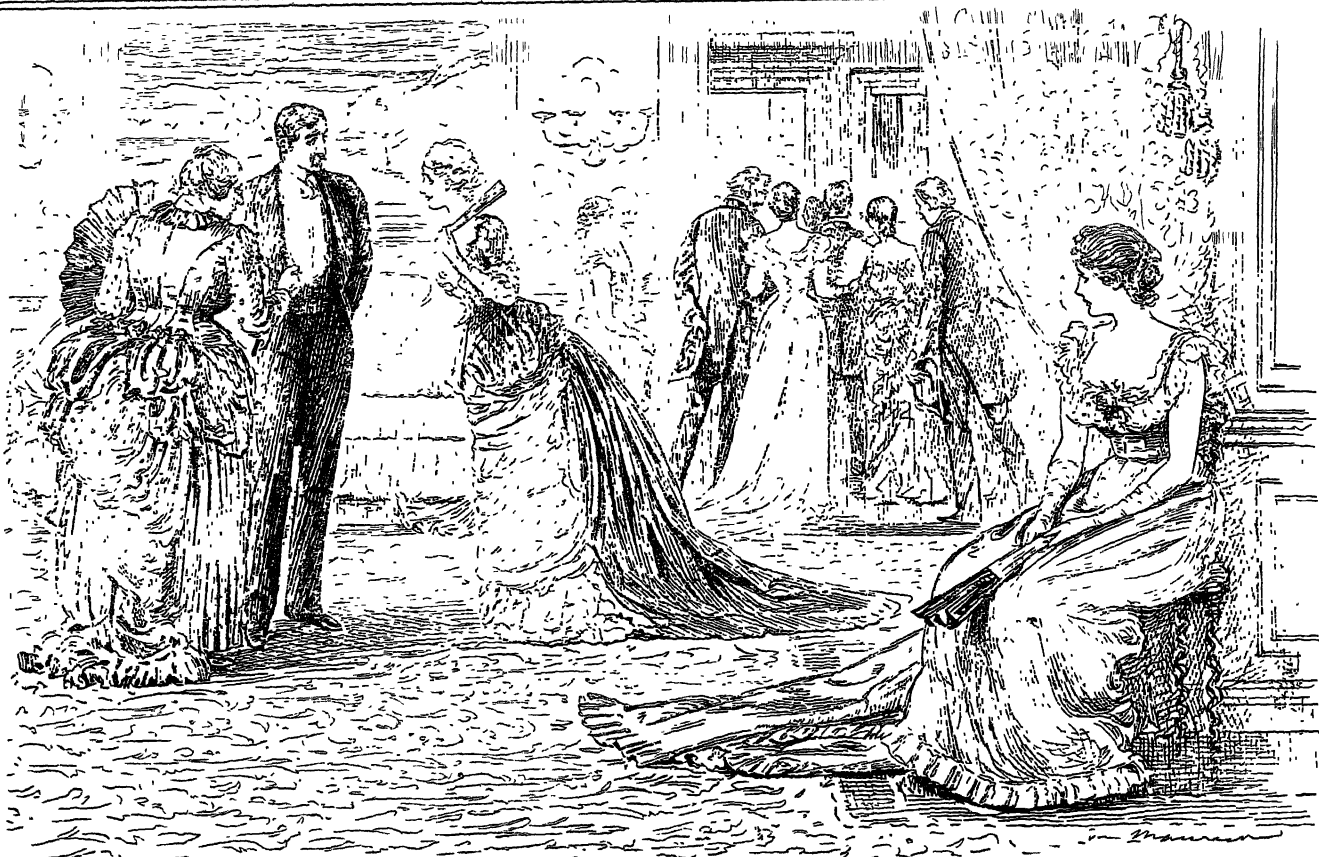
We were told that we should see all sorts of strange people, as the ball was going to be "rather mixed." You know what I mean—"Upper Bohemia," and that kind of thing. But, my dear, it was nothing of the sort! Very nice and sedate—almost clerical! Fancy, not a single actress! I was so disappointed! I think the Actresses one meets about so clever. But dear Mr. BANCROFT was there, and I think I recognised Mr. HARE. They seemed quite at ease in their costumes because, of course, they are accustomed to dressing up. I was surprised to see so few Royal Academicians. Poor dear Mr. MILLAIS is ill, but there was no Sir FREDERICK and no Sir JOHN GILBERT, and not even Mr. HORSLEY. BERTIE (who went with us in the ancient costume of his own regiment, the Rifle Brigade) pointed out to us the eccentric Roman as Mr. ALMA-TADEMA. But, of course, he must have been joking! You know who I mean, Mr. ALMA-TADEMA who paints all that wonderful marble, and is so classical. But in spite of the absence of the R.A.'s (I do not mean the Royal Artillery—that was well represented) and the theatrical celebrities, we enjoyed ourselves immensely. Met lots of people in our own set (by the way everybody seemed to be wearing powder,—the shops of Fox and CLARKSON must have been emptied of their stock of white wigs), and didn't come home until four in the morning. Oh I do so wish you had been there.

Ever yours most affectionately,

KITTY CHATTINGTON.

Monday, 401, Eton Square.

MR. IRVING advertises that the Pit of the Lyceum is restored to its "old form." The "old form" doesn't sound very comfortable. Has the old form a back to it? and how many can sit on it at once?



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Fair Hostess (to Brown, who has been suddenly tackled about Woman's Suffrage by old Miss Boreham, just as he was on his way across the room to Mary Morrison). "WILL YOU TAKE A LADY IN TO SUPPER, IF YOU PLEASE!"

"ALL SOLD!"

SCENE—*Whitsun Junction. Parliamentary Excursion Train just in. Stops Ten Minutes for Refreshment.*

"WHITSUN! Whitsun! Stop ten minutes!" What a headlong hurry-scurry!

What a hustling, what a bustling, what a jostling, to be sure! Like a flight of startled pheasants, all a-fluster and a-flurry, From the carriage to the platform how the passengers outpour!

"Whitsun! Whitsun!" The last break in a long and tedious journey,

And they tumble out exultantly like youngsters out of school, And they cluster like spectators at a mediæval tourney, For the soup they'll scarcely swallow, for it won't have time to cool.

There's the Marquis, grim and stately, who seems agitated greatly, There's the other Marquis, also, who looks cold and slightly curbed, There's the Earl who, greatly chivied, still smiles smugly and sedately, And there's gentle fussy STAFFY looking hot and much perturbed.

There, at mischief ever handy, is the rattlebrain young RANDY, There is SMITH, the dulcet Philistine, now fuming in a pet; There's smart ASHMEAD-BARTLETT raving like a much demented dandy,

All shouting out for something, which one wishes they may get.

For the cry is, "Papers! Papers!" Their fierce hunger for refreshment

Is as nothing to their violent voracity for news As concerns Egyptian darkness, and the Muscovite enmeshment, And the progress of that pretty game "Heads they win, tails we lose."

But the Paper Boy, as stolid as a stock, stands coolly whistling, And his hands are in his pockets, and his back's against a post; And he heeds not RANDY's hectoring, or SMITH's indignant bristling, Or the rushing and the crushing of the disappointed host.

"Papers? Bless yer, I ain't got none. They're all sold. The next editions

Will, most probably, be out about the time as you come back. Wot's the use o' chivvying me, gents, and a making hexibitions Of yerselves, while at the Bar there you might all be 'aving Snacks?"

"Whitsun! Whitsun!" Take your seats, Gents, for the Parli'ment'ry "Scursion!"

The bell is ringing loudly, the Boy smiles with fiendish glee. Back to their seats they bundle, half delight, and half aversion, Whilst they grumble to each other, "Ah, all sold!—and so are we!"

HUMBLE PIE.

THE appetite for "Humiliation" seems to grow by what it feeds on. Partisan warfare cannot, apparently, be carried on without it, and without it our spouting patriots and bouncing Pressmen could not get on at all. The worst of it is, that no Government, not even the existing one, can be trusted to consume *quite* enough of it for party purposes. The manufacture of Humiliation, therefore, in speeches and leading articles, goes on merrily all round. It is a pleasing process. Misconstruction is its main support, and when that fails, it is, of course, necessary to fall back upon sheer invention. The daily supply of kicks, buffets, and snubs, of which JOHN BULL is to be receiver-general, must on no account fail for the sake of absurd accuracy or the want of a little lying. He must be proved to be always in the wrong. His marrowbones must always be on the ground, his flag ever in the mire. If his enemies overlook any chance of humbling him, it must be pointed out to them in elaborate leading articles. One journal takes the view that *he* is always on the wrong tack, another that his foes are. But in either case the humiliation is *his*. Whether he act or refrain from acting, whether he stand still or advance, he cannot get out of that Valley of Humiliation which is now his permanent abiding-place—according to his rival party critics, bless them! Whether they really succeed in humiliating him as much as they think, and—for party purposes—hope, is doubtful. But one thing is certain. They succeed in humiliating themselves.



"ALL SOLD!"

LATEST METROPOLITAN ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

(Statement by the Candidate for Hackington-cum-Chelsbury.)



In an evil hour, I fear, for my peace of mind, I yielded to the no doubt unbiassed advice of my guide, philosopher, and lawyer, and consented to have my name announced as that of a gentleman of large fortune and liberal principles who was prepared to devote himself to the service of his country in the capacity of Member of Parliament for the Metropolitan District in which he resides. I was informed, in due course, that the Liberal and Radical Association of my District had resolved to permit my name to be submitted to a meeting of the Council of Two Hundred, together with that of a competitor for their sweet voices, at which meeting we were to explain our views upon things in general, and to submit to any amount of questioning and cross-questioning that the Council might please to indulge in, that a vote would then be taken, in our absence, and the losing Candidate was bound in honour to accept that decision as final, and to support his successful rival against the common foe.

Now I am quite prepared to admit that I am no orator, as GLADSTONE is, but still I am generally able to hold my own pretty well in our Vestry meetings, where, I have been told by brother Vestrymen when partaking of my hospitality, my style is thought to resemble that of the HOME SECRETARY. But I confess that the idea of a long speech upon political matters, in which, to tell the honest truth, I take but very little interest, followed by a cross-examination by a large body of keen politicians, seemed to me such a terrible ordeal that I had serious thoughts of at once withdrawing my name, but my best beloved, having been informed by my kind lawyer, now my agent, of the many social advantages attending the position of an M.P. who always votes straight with the Government, such as Balls and Concerts at Buckingham Palace, Garden parties at Marlborough House, &c. &c., would not listen to such an idea for one moment, and, with the assistance of my adviser, hit upon a scheme, that we at once proceeded to put into practice, and that had the completest success.

This was nothing less than a family rehearsal of the coming ordeal. My three boys are all thorough Radicals, my son-in-law is a Moderate Liberal, and my kindly Solicitor, having no opinions in particular, could put in an awkward question or two on any of those many semi-lunatic fancies, such as Anti-Vaccination, Municipal Reform, the Claims of Sir ROGER, &c., which are such a terror and a nuisance to Liberal Candidates. It took place accordingly, and as all were not only allowed, but requested to speak out freely and boldly, I found myself subjected to such an endless torrent of what is called, I believe, "heckling," that I felt that no reality could exceed it in pungency and sarcasm. So I set out to the appointed meeting, on the appointed evening, after just two glasses of old champagne to give me a good start, full of courage, full of confidence, and full of faith that I should bear myself as becomes a man who seeks to take a share in framing the future destinies of his country. My cautious friend did not accompany me to the place of meeting, but arranged with me that he should occupy a back seat among the audience near the centre, so that when I was asked any doubtful question he could, by a slight movement of the head, indicate the more prudent answer.

On arriving, I shook hands with my opponent, as I believe is

customary on somewhat similar occasions, which manly act I could see was regarded favourably by the keen-looking audience. Fortunately, as I think, my opponent had the first go in, as a most respectable working-man called it, for it gave me a capital opportunity of discovering what opinions the meeting approved of, and what they were opposed to, which, as I had no particular opinions of my own, was of course of great advantage to me when my turn came.

My opponent was allowed to speak for half an hour, and then had to submit to half an hour's questioning. He spoke fairly well, but I had no difficulty in discovering where he failed. He often hesitated in answering a question, and sometimes even fenced with one. If I were writing a book of maxims for Candidates for Caucuses, my first maxim, and I would print it in letters of gold, would be, "Never fence with a question." It makes the audience doubtful, and it makes the audience angry, for they at once imagine that you are trying to deceive them. I looked towards my legal friend and saw him cool and smiling, and I felt that our feelings were in accord.

So, when my turn came, I carefully avoided all the pitfalls into which my opponent had so innocently and so ingeniously fallen, and dwelt upon those topics which were evidently popular with my audience, and when my cross-examination began, by keeping my eye upon my nodding friend, and speaking out boldly and without hesitation, as he directed me, I gained their warm hearts and their warm hands, and sat down amid deafening applause, which was heartily and laughingly renewed when the working-man before alluded to shouted out, "That's the gent for my money; he's so straight-forred." My opponent and myself were then requested to leave the room while the vote was taken, and that half-hour was about the longest I ever spent in my life. Even that long long half-hour came to an end at last, and I was received with loud applause as the winner in this first step towards the realisation of my fondest hopes.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

(A Long Way after KINGSLEY.)

BY A DÉBUTANTE AT THE LAST DRAWING ROOM.

WELCOME, wild North-Easter?

Oh! most certainly!

Here a girl *must* gladly

Turn a verse to thee!

Welcome, black North-Easter?

Eugh! A German goddess,

Or a Danish nymph,

Never donned low bodice.

True it *looks* like Summer,

There's a chilly glare;

But the Sun seems hurtling

Ice-shafts through the air.

In their glad Spring greenery

All the trees look gay,

But through Summer's scenery

Winds of Winter play;

Sweep my golden tassels,

To my bosom strike;

Make my toes feel tingling

In some frozen dyke;

Fill my eyes with tear-drops,

Cold—I hope as bright—

As those diamond ear-drops,

Dear Mamma's delight;

Through this thin tulle-pleating

Worm their way until

My poor heart stops beating

With the deathly chill.

Hark! The brave North-Easter,

Like a blast from Norway,

Howls along the passage,

Whistles through the doorway.

Cringe, ye courtly darlings,

In your robes of snow,

Trimmed with pure white lilac!

Heavens! it *does* blow!

Even the plump Duchess

In her *brocattelle*Finds the draught *too* much is,Though *she's* covered well.

Her blue lips she closes,

Her chilled eyelids wink,

And her Roman nose is,

Like her train, shrimp-pink.

Mamma's eye is on me,

Sparkling like a jewel.

Courage! But this wind is

Cruel, cruel, cruel!

Such a scene as this is

Every girl's delight is;

But my throat's so raspy,

And that means bronchitis:

One would rather die

Than not be presented;

But in a North-Easter?

KINGSLEY was demented!

Yes, the luscious South-wind

Which the goose decries,

Less afflicts our bosoms,

Better suits our eyes.

Why belaud and soften

With his tricky pen

What, alas! too often

Women slays—and men?

Says the soft South-Wester

Is the Ladies' breeze!

Be it so, and let us

Have it, if you please!

But the black North-Easter

Through May's mid-day hurled,

Drives poor English girls by scores

Deathward from "the world."

Drawing-rooms are *lovely*,

But diaphanous dress

In a May North-Easter

Means—eugh! I can guess

By this inward quivering,

By this bosom-chill:

E'en Mamma is shivering,

Spite of her strong will.

Oh! cannot our mothers

(From the dear QUEEN down)

Some less killing fashion

Set the foolish Town?

Mode rules strong within us,

But—we're flesh and blood,

Frozen by what KINGSLEY

Calls "the wind of God."

CABINET TIPPLE (as the Tories hope).—"Irish and a Split."



CONNUBIAL POLITICS! RECIPROCITY!

Wife. "I'VE BEEN THINKING, DEAR, EVER SINCE YOU GAVE ME MACAULAY'S HISTORY AT CHRISTMAS, WHICH YOU SAID YOU'D BEEN LONGING TO READ, WHAT PRESENT I SHOULD MAKE YOU AT—WHITSUNTIDE. NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NEW CARRIAGE RUG? YOU KNOW HOW BITTERLY COLD I HAVE OFTEN FELT IN THE 'VICTORIA'!"

A VERY well-educated Lady read the advertisement of a new novel by MARION CRAWFORD, entitled *Zoroaster*. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "that must be interesting. Who was ZOROASTER, and whom did he zo roast?" When informed that he was the great teacher and law-giver of the Fire-worshippers, she replied, "Of course he was; anyone could tell that by the name."

ARTISTIC.—A Drawing Room nowadays is very often a *Painting* Room also, and contains sometimes wonderful collections of highly-coloured Old Mistresses. Exhibition free—very free! This state of things is commended to the attention of the *Times's* terrible "BRITISH MATRON."

BAREFACED INVENTIONS.—At the International Inventions Exhibition, among the most recent International Inventions, Earl GRANVILLE might exhibit the diplomatic communications which his Lordship has been receiving from the Russian Government.

CHEVY CHASE.*

New Version of the old Ballad of Chivalry, adapted to our unchivalric days.

GOD prosper long our gracious QUEEN,
And may no more befall,
So foul a fight as that rude fray,
Which Chevy* Chase we call.

To lead the House, with care and pain,
Grey GLADSTONE did essay.
The churl may shame that is unborn
The manners of that day.

The suave Sir STAFFORD to oppose
His *devoir* did with grace;
A gentler pair of gallant foes
Stood never face to face.

But forth there stepped a cheeky Squire,
RANDOLPHO was his name,
Who cried, "You don't call *this* a fight?
Your style is much too tame!"

"You shall not fool about like this,
And I stand looking on.

"You be two muffs," RANDOLPHO said,
"I'd lick the pair alone!"

"I'll do the best that do I may,
Although not Old or Grand.
All this punctilio is rot;
I'll fight for my own hand!"

Then straight arose a vulgar row,
Shaming good hearts and true;
Coarse words like poisoned arrows went,
And smirched where they not slew.

To still the storm, with broken voice,
Grey GLADSTONE did his best;
A Captain he of mickle might,
Who never stooped his crest.

But howls rose fast on every side,
No courtesy was found;
And yahoo yells of laughter rude,
His struggling accents drowned.

O Saints! it was great grief to see
How pale he did appear,
Whilst flout and shout flew all about,
Rude laugh, and ruthless jeer.

This fight did last till GLADSTONE grey
Shamed *some* of such coarse fun.
Hoarse was that voice, erst like a bell,
That long-tried strength foredone.

Lo! conscience pricks the brave Sir HICKS,
A Knight of courtesie;
On that back bench churl hearts might
blench,
And fail of their cad glee.

For RANDOLPHO needs must I wail
As one in doleful dumps,
Aping the rough who kicks his foe,
And on his body jumps.

Smart Squire, who well might be brave
Knight,
Him pity 'tis to see
Hounding rude clowns on, in despite
Of gallant Chivalry.

Let Irish churls of small account
Thus play the unknighly lout;
Let inarticulate Tory sumpsh
Thus rudely yell and shout;

But one of brain and gentle blood
Should deem it less disgrace
To join some Cockney Epping Hunt
Than lead a Chevy Chase!

God save the QUEEN, and bless the land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt gentlemen may cease!

* *Chevy.*—To rudely harass or brutally bait.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.—Always admired JOSEPH GILLIS. Proud to be esteemed his friend and confidant. He has some eccentricities. He is, in short, the kind of JOSEPH whom in more lawless times a discriminating family would have sought opportunities to put in a pit. But genius is ever erratic, and JOEY B. is undoubtedly a genius.

The pride I've always taken in the personal acquaintance of this remarkable man increased fourfold to-night. Been a lively sitting for some hours. RANDOLPH having, as he said, spent a melancholy Sunday morning over Afghan Papers determined to give the House a miserable Monday night. Accordingly, when Vote on Account comes on, moves to reduce it by Two Millions. Proceeds thereupon to take a hop, skip and jump through the papers, which Sunday morning does not appear to have been long enough for him thoroughly to master.

RANDOLPH listened to with patience and attention. GLADSTONE once getting up to correct a statement or ask for a reference, greeted by the Conservatives with sudden savage howl that startled strangers in Gallery. Thought someone had been discovered with hands in somebody else's pocket. But it was only the Leader of the House requesting permission to interpolate a remark and the gentlemen of Conservative party refusing leave.

This nothing to what followed. When PREMIER on his feet RANDOLPH constantly jumping up to interject correction, argument, or assertion. But Liberals didn't howl at RANDOLPH, as indeed, it isn't custom on either side to howl at anybody, except when young bloods of Tory Party discover GLADSTONE on his feet. Presently storm reached height. GLADSTONE ventured to reply to one of RANDOLPH's interruptions, whereupon Tory Gentlemen opposite lashed themselves into fury, howling and shouting like madmen. Old Man Grand still in the pathetic dignity with which he faces the mob. Threatens for moment to break down. Succeeds in mastering emotion, and makes earnest protest on behalf of the dignity of the House and liberties of debate.

Here JOSEPH GILLIS was in his element. He howled and groaned and jeered with the best of them; felt that his moment of triumph had come. These fine-dressed highborn Gentlemen had sneered at him because of his former connection with the bacon business, and because they thought his manners lacked repose. But JOEY B.—devilish sly—had them under his thumb now. They had come down to his level; nay, he was a Leader amongst them, and now, as the veteran Statesman, pale and trembling with indignation, stood at the table with the weight of fifty years' public service on his back, JOSEPH GILLIS, below the Gangway, competed with Lord NEWPORT and Lord ARTHUR HILL above, and very nearly outshouted them.

JOEY B. is tough as well as sly. Might have been thought excitement of this scene would have worn him out. But he lay by, and awaited his opportunity. RANDOLPH, having made his speech and "drawn GLADSTONE," had no further interest in his Amendment. Wanted to withdraw it, and let the House go into Committee. Then JOSEPH, momentarily forgotten, appeared upon the scene, and created remarkable sensation.

"Motion by leave withdrawn," says the SPEAKER.

"No!" roared JOSEPH GILLIS.

Evident he meant to divide. RANDOLPH a plucky man, not accustomed to shrink from consequences. But couldn't stand this prospect. After nervously pulling at moustache for moment, took up his hat

and fled. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and colleagues on Front Bench rapidly disappeared in Indian file. Conservatives parted right and left, whilst JOSEPH GILLIS, with long lean hand supporting ponderous head, watched the scene with a pleased smile.

"Think I've scored to-day," he said, modestly, having seen his eleven supporters through the Division Lobby.

"Yes, JOSEPH, I think you have."

Business done.—Lord RANDOLPH's Motion to reduce Vote on Account negatived by 74 Votes against 11.

Tuesday.—House of Commons meeting at Four o'clock. Counted Out at Six. A great deal happened in interval. First of all, WARTON repudiated JOSEPH GILLIS. WARTON had moved an Amendment on Metropolitan Board of Works Bill in debate. JOEY B. had uplifted his powerful voice in support of WARTON's case. When Division called, SPEAKER consequently named him as co-teller; whereat, the House roared with laughter. WARTON didn't see the joke. Privately protested to the SPEAKER. Subsequently took public objection. JOSEPH GILLIS behaved with calm dignity. SPEAKER had called on him to tell, and he told, regardless of WARTON's spasmodic snuff-taking, and the violent outstretching of his thumbs, which is with him a sign of deep emotion.

Secondly, RAIKES, raking up story of robbery of cash-box in House of Commons, puts portentous question.

"Is it," he said, "the custom of Members of the Government to bring to the House considerable sums in cash? If so, for what purpose?"

Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR attempted to reply humorously; but evident uneasiness in Ministerial ranks. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, ONSLOW, and TOMLINSON, begin now to understand how the Government majority on the Local Taxation question was so unexpectedly large, and how, in all circumstances, the majority is maintained. Further questions will be put on this subject.

Business done.—Lords disposed of Registration Bills.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Interesting episode in life of CAVENDISH BENTINCK accidentally made known this afternoon. BROADHURST moved Second Reading of Sites for Places of Religious Worship Bill. There being, by exception, plenty of room on Front Bench, CAVENDISH BENTINCK takes it. Listens with growing impatience to BROADHURST's remarks. Growls and groans incessantly; changes position; hair visibly rumples itself—to watchful eye, sure sign of coming explosion. At last it comes.

"Nonconformists," says BROADHURST, "have been obliged to worship in barns."

"Nonsense!" C. B. shouts across the House.

BROADHURST mildly suggests that perhaps the Ex-Judge-Advocate-General didn't often attend Nonconformist services in rural districts. C. B., once wound up for contradiction will go any lengths. Didn't stop at this. "I do," he cried, emphatically, and looked angrily round, wanting to know what House was laughing at.

"What a pretty Idyl we have here," said GIBSON—"BENTINCK in his Sunday clothes, with hat newly brushed, a copy of the *Congregational Hymn Book* in his hand, walking along the leafy lanes in the early Summer Sabbath morning, bent upon attending service in some little Conventicle! Talk of Sites for Places of Worship. This, to me, would be the most touching sight of all."

Business done.—Registration Bills finally disposed of. CAVENDISH BENTINCK makes an interesting confession.

Thursday.—One of those pleasant evenings on which we have a bit of everything. Through average week one night has its Egyptian Question another its Russian, a third its Irish, a fourth its Local Taxation. To-night, on Motion for Adjournment for Whitsun holidays, every subject under the sun may be debated. Most of them are.



BADGERING GLADSTONE.

Great night for ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Began at beginning; had round with SPEAKER at Question Time. Came up smiling later, on question of European prisoners of the MAHDI. Made long speech on condition of affairs in India; at a few minutes before One in the morning turned up with remarks on negotiations with Russia. Subsequently crossed floor of House, and seating himself by the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate continued his remarks.

"Don't you sometimes get tired?" asked the Sage, in his child-like and bland manner.

"Oh, never!" said ASHMEAD.

"Well, we do," said LABBY, walking off, leaving ASHMEAD in the Bolan Pass.

MUNDELLA roaming about on outskirts of House, watchful for opportunity to dash in. Has speech to make on introducing Welsh Education Bill. House would willingly devote two hours to instruction on this subject; but hours slip by, and opportunity of doing justice to question vanishes. By One in the morning, Motion for Adjournment agreed to. Now Wales will have its turn. But on question of Supply, SEXTON unexpectedly turns up, and opens long story about riots at Downpatrick, and Ministerial iniquity there anent. Two o'clock strikes, and MUNDELLA's opportunity has come. But Members have gone, and so what might have been two hours' work, is got through in twenty minutes.

Business done.—East India Loan Bill read Second Time.

Friday.—Few Members, in melancholy mood, met this afternoon to wind up business before Whitsun holidays. Business wound itself up at Seven o'clock, and everybody gaily went off for Whitsun recess.

"Come along, TOBY," said the PREMIER, taking my arm. "Let's go and make holiday. My life's a very hard 'un, but, paradoxical as it appears, it would be harder still if there were no Hawarden."

Business done.—House Adjourned till 4th of June.



"Follow your Leader!"

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR-VOTE!

It is not the Doctor who would desire to present this "Stand and deliver" sort of ultimatum to the perhaps poor, but not absolutely impecunious or pauperised Elector. No—it is such gentle lovers of their kind as the Marquis of SALISBURY, the Duke of RICHMOND AND GORDON, and the busy "B" of the *Times*. Pooh, pooh, my Lords, don't be pettifogging! You have an incurable habit of looking upon the right to vote as a "dole," to be charily dealt out, and withheld on every possible pretext. If you really knew anything of the short and simple annals of the poor, it would clear your minds of all that cant. If the receipt upon any occasion, and at whatever pinch, of surgical and medical advice and medicine, is to disqualify a man from voting, as you, in your wisdom, have, for the time, decided, the hard-and-fast rule will assuredly act harshly, absurdly, and with exasperating inequality. Many a decent fellow, "happy" in having "his quiver full of them," will forfeit a privilege which a bachelor "bad lot," his neighbour, will retain. 'Tis a twopenny-halfpenny business.

The Double-Duke was simply aghast at the Clause, for, said he, with bated breath, as, at the sight of Demogorgon, when a poor person, either for himself or wife or child, received medical relief, not only was medicine prescribed, but sometimes wine and mutton chops, and other medical comforts. "Wine and mutton chops!" Horror! If it comes to that, what is the use of having a Constitution at all, or even a House of Peers? The Country was saved (for the present) from the possibility of such a catastrophe by a noble

majority—or what is, of course, the same thing, a majority of nobles—of twenty-five. And if the "independent and uncaucussed" House do not some day look back with changed feelings to the dogged stand of that saving twenty-five, *Mr. Punch* is marvellously mistaken.

Victor Hugo.

BORN, FEBRUARY 26, 1802. DIED, MAY 22, 1885.

FIRST among Frenchmen, great amidst the great,

As Jove amidst the Titans, thou art gone;

And the earth smaller seems, shrunk in state,

In brightness lessened! But thy fame flames on,

A sun whose spots mankind may scarcely mark

In its irradiant round, all-dazzling, bright,

Before whose lustre lesser fames show dark,

As candle-flames against the fount of light.

French of the French, and so to Saxon love,

Of large restraint and rhetoric-spurning calm,

Not seldom alien, yet as high above

Mere racial barriers as the subtle balm

Of the Ionian violet whose bland breath

Steals through the centuries. Titan o'erhurl'd

By fate at last, thou art of those whose death

Hushes a city and arrests a world.

Whate'er the winnowing breath of Time may do,

It cannot leave thy record less than great.

Potent, prolific, of the immortal few

Whose quick creations are the world's estate.

And large must loom, e'en through Oblivion's mist,

The memory of the Great Romanticist!

BILL AND BACKER.—MR. OSBORNE MORGAN is commissioned to introduce another (Government) Burial Bill. If this measure is to extend to Ireland, shouldn't it be indorsed by Mr. SEXTON?

A CUTTING RETORT.—The injury done to the "Hangers" pictures at the Royal Academy.

DERBY ODDS AND ENDS.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Straight Tip.



A decided Roarer.



"Public" Form.



Current Offers.



Sup-Port-ed freely, and strongly supported.

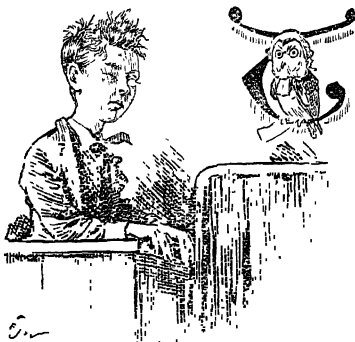


For-feit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY PROFESSIONAL CONNECTION WITH "THE GADFLY"—A RECOLLECTION OF THE DERBY.



THE fact that we have reached the time on or about of the Derby festival, reminds me that some years ago, when, in fact, I was quite a beginner at the Bar (I had scarcely been called long enough to have qualified for a Metropolitan Police Magistracy), I was connected with an evening sporting newspaper called *The Gadfly*. When I use the epithet "sporting," I do not mean to imply that the journal was exclusively given over to the interests of the turf. On the con-

trary, the Directors (the paper was worked by a limited liability company of seven shareholders, all of whom were on the Board, belonged to a leading "horser" Club and were members of Tattersall's), by arrangement with the Editor, had virtually the run of the columns of their own periodical, and consequently that periodical sometimes had rather a "patchy" look. I have known *The Gadfly* contain on the same evening articles headed "Latest Sporting," "Plato critically considered," "A Week at Herne Bay" (written by a female friend of the daughter of one of the Directors), "How Buttons are made" (communicated, per contract, by an eminent firm of advertisers), "Napoleon, an Epic Poem" (supposed to have been composed by the Managing Director in his salad days—the poetry consumed three columns of matter, and crowded out the whole of the Law Intelligence and three-fourths of the Money Market), "How to Break the Bank at Monte Carlo" (by the Editor himself), and lastly, in the place of honour, from the pen of the Editor's Maiden Aunt, from whom he (the said Editor) had expectations, "Peter the Pious Putney Pieman—A Story of the Ragged Schools."

ROWLAND STONE was the presiding genius of *The Gadfly*, and it was through his influence that I was appointed "Standing Counsel to the Proprietors." My duties were rather vague, and entirely (from a purely pecuniary point of view) unremunerative. They consisted chiefly in "dropping in" at the office between one and two in the afternoon and having luncheon. To pay my footing, ROWLAND STONE, whose chief aim in life was to receive thirteen pence for a shilling, used to suggest that I should "lend a hand in getting the number out." This phrase usually meant then and there sitting down and "knocking off" a column or so of copy. On such occasions I have written "The Paris Letter," "Our Own Correspondent at the Seat of War," "Cloaks and Bonnets for the Autumn," "Our Latest Scientific Expedition," and even a sporting prophecy signed "NIMROD." But my favourite contribution was an epistle from the outside public on such miscellaneous subjects as "Mushroom Growing," "Vaccination," "Luncheons at the South Kensington Museum," "Teething in Children," or "The Condition of the Artillery at the Tower." When thus engaged, I invariably signed myself "A FIELD-OFFICER'S WIDOW." Professionally I had but one case. *The Gadfly* managed to libel an Actor, and I was junior to the accomplished Q.C. who appeared for the Proprietors. At the last moment my leader failed to turn up to open the case for the defence, and consequently the duty devolved upon me. I had not seen the Dramatic Critic of the paper (who was to be my principal witness), but had merely been told by ROWLAND STONE that "he had got him cheap because of his youth, but he had one fault—he was always coming to blows with a lad about his own age—the Sub-Editor." Furnished with this information I lauded my witness up to the skies, pointing out that both PITT and NAPOLEON were young men when they were entrusted with offices of the utmost responsibility and importance. I finished my peroration with these impressive words, "Yes, Gentlemen of the Jury, if it is said that the Dramatic Critic of this paper, JOHN WELLINGTON BLOTTIS, is in early, too early manhood, then I will say that also was 'the heaven-born Premier' of this mighty Empire in early, too early manhood, that the Corsican artillery officer who was to rule Europe—yes, and Egypt—was also in early, too early manhood. Nay, Hercules himself when he strangled the two serpents in his cradle—a feat the Dramatic Critic of *The Gadfly* has imitated by slaying the twin snakes of imperfect rehearsal and indistinctness of utterance"—this was a reference to the libel complained of—"was also in early—too early—the very earliest manhood—call Mr. JOHN WELLINGTON BLOTTIS!" Upon which a small boy of about fifteen, with a swollen nose and a black eye, was handed into the witness box!

It was on a Derby Eve a few years since that I lounged into the Board-room of *The Gadfly*, about 1 P.M., to find, to my chagrin, instead of a luncheon, a full meeting of the Directors. To my surprise, I was received with much cordiality.

"The very fellow we wanted," cried ROWLAND STONE, who had in his hand a copy of *Every Man his Own Lawyer*, which, apparently, he had just been consulting. "You can tell us all about it, as our Standing Counsel."

Gratified to find that I was at length called upon to appear in my real character as a member of a most honourable profession, instead of the reluctantly-assumed personality of a "FIELD-OFFICER'S WIDOW," I sat down with dignity, and listened with the utmost gravity.

"All the available capital of *The Gadfly* is £1247 8s. 4d.," said one of the Directors.

I bowed my head acquiescently.

"We must get some more or we shall shut up," added a second.

Again I made an inclination.

"Pipeclay is at 12 to 1, and we happen to know it's a certainty," observed a third Director.

I stared, for interesting as this special piece of information might be at such a time (just before the Derby), it did not seem to have much to do with the financial position of *The Gadfly*.

"In fact," cried ROWLAND STONE, "we have all of us determined to put every penny in the Bank to the account of the paper on *Pipeclay*, and see what comes of it. I suppose there's nothing in the Companies' Act to prevent us?"

I was flabbergasted. Imperfectly acquainted as I was with the statute in question, I yet insisted that the Legislature could never have intended to sanction such a dealing as that contemplated by the Directors with trust funds. I was in the middle of a most eloquent oration, when a sporting-looking individual, whom I subsequently recognised as the furnisher of "The Latest Odds," rushed into the room in some excitement.

"Gentlemen," he cried, exultingly, "I have done the trick! I have put on every blessed penny in the Bank for you on *Pipeclay* at 13 to 1!"

After this declaration (which was received with the wildest enthusiasm) of a financial policy which I could not indorse with my professional sanction, there was but one thing for me to do—to retire. I retired.

This was my last appearance as Standing Counsel for *The Gadfly*. The next day *Pipeclay* ran second for the Derby, and the shutters of *The Gadfly* office were put up, so far as that periodical was concerned, for ever!

TO AMCEBA.

"Death is by no means an attribute of all living organisms. . . . Every Protozoon of the present day is infinitely older than the human race, almost as old as life itself."—*Nineteenth Century*.

I've pined for an undying bride,
Whose loveliness my life should
glow on;
I've found her where such fair
things hide,
The sweet Amœba I've descried,
The Protozoon!

"Yet death's the end of life!"
Ah no!
For WEISMANN has contrived
to throw a
Doubt on that point. It is not so,—
Amœbæ are exempt from woe,
Are Protozoa!

Amœba's young and ever fair,
More fair and young as ages
go on.
O deathless Monad, free from care,
Oh, would that what you are I
were,
A Protozoon!

The Protozoon never dies,
Is old as Life,—more old than
NOAH;
But, when they reach a certain
size,
Each "I" becomes a pair of "I's"
Of Protozoa!

Within one cell Amœba dwells,
Endures while types degrade or
grow on,
But Man, compact of many cells,
Must die,—as even WEISMANN
tells,—
Poor Metazoon!

And multicellular am I!
Amœba, think of it, bestow a
Thought on your Poet, who must
die,
Replaced by types more fit and
high
Of Metazoa.

She does not think! She does not
hear!
She simply floats, and lets me
flow on;
She has no mouth, nor eye, nor
ear,
She's quite too simple and severe
A Protozoon!

Perhaps a merry life and short,
Though age must bring the
wintry snow on,
Is better worth, and better sport,
Than to be such a stupid sort
Of Protozoon!

GUINNESS BALLOON CENTENARY FESTIVAL.—"Has the Balloon a Future?" Certainly,—*in nubibus*.



"'APPY THOUGHT!"

MRS. BLOKEY BORROWS A "HAPPARATUS" FROM A NEIGHBOURING MEWS WHICH NOT ONLY CONCEALS HER BLUSHES, BUT ENABLES HER TO ENJOY THE PROPER PICTURES AT THE R.A. "WITHOUT KETCHIN' SIGHT O' THEM SHAMELESS NOOD 'USSIES WITH THE CORNER OF HER HI!"

DUST AND DUTY; OR, HOW TO DO IT.

SIR,—As a great deal of exaggerated nonsense has appeared in the columns of one of your contemporaries on the subject of "Unemptied Dust-bins," and the obstacles that lie in the path of the Householder anxious to escape the mischief arising from the habitual neglect of the Parish Authorities to pay any attention to their condition, I sub-join, for the benefit of your readers, a brief code comprising a few simple rules that, if acted upon, will be found effectually to dispose of the difficulty. They are taken from that admirable little work, *A Hundred Ways of making a House Uninhabitable*; and I may add that, from some personal experience, I can vouch for their complete efficacy. They are as follows:—

Your Dust-bin having through a neglect, let us say, of seven or eight weeks, during which period you have given a series of convivial bad lobster-suppers, purchased a considerable quantity of uneatable damaged tinned rabbit, and taken, experimentally, with all your family to Vegetarianism,—become so unbearable that while you and your friends faint (suffocated under your own portico), all your neighbours for five doors on each side of you, as well as the proprietors of the four houses immediately opposite you on the other side of the way, have either taken or threatened to take proceedings against you under the Nuisances Removal Act, you will, especially if the thermometer be over 80°, communicate, at first gently, but after the ninth unanswered appeal, finally with some urgency, yet not unpolitely, with the Sanitary Inspector.

Failing, as you will, to get any help, response, or even sign of existence from this official, and after having hotly pursued several loaded Dust-carts, to be jeered at and worsted in a fruitless effort at repartee with their owners, you will now either,—

- (1) Write to the *Times*, sub-acidly, under a funny *nom-de-plume*.
- (2) Strangle the Clerk to the Vestry in his own office.
- (3) Hire a wheelbarrow, and empty your own Dust-bin, by separate and stealthy journeys, at midnight, into the Serpentine, or an adjacent square;

AU REVOIR!

[Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in finishing his speech at the unveiling of the bust of GRAY at Pembroke College, Cambridge, said that "This would in all probability be the last occasion on which he would have the opportunity of addressing Englishmen in public. He wished, therefore, to express his most heartfelt gratitude for the kindness which had surrounded him for the last four years in his official and in his private life, and had made both delightful. He had come among them as a far-away cousin, and they were sending him away as something very like a brother."]

SEND you away? No, LOWELL, no,
That phrase indeed is scarce well-chosen.
We're glad, of course, to have you go
More like a brother than a cousin;
True, we must "speed the parting guest,"
If such a guest from us *must* sever,
But what we all should like the best
Would be to keep you here for ever.

You've won our hearts; your words your ways
Are what we like. Without desiring
To sicken you with fulsome praise,
We think you've seen no signs of tiring.
Of graceful speech, of pleasant lore
How much to you the English mind owes!
We're sad to think we'll see no more
Of you—save through your *Study Windows*.

Well, well, the best of friends must part:
That's "commonplace," like GRAY, but true, Sir.
Commend us to the Yankee heart.
If you can come again, why *do*, Sir.
What *Biglow* calls our "English sarse,"
Is not *all* tarts and bitters, is it?
Farewell!—if from us you *must* pass.
But try, *do* try, another visit!

LOCAL COLOUR.—Certain sanguine optimists are congratulating themselves upon the improved relations between this country and Germany. Their views are evidently quite *couleur de Rosebery*.

RESPECTABLE SPORTING CLERK.—The Clerk of the Course.

(4) Blow up your area with dynamite.

(5) Leave matters to take their course, and emigrate; or

(6) Put the whole affair into the hands of your family Solicitors.

This last is, perhaps, the best and safest course; and, having decided upon it, you will now rapidly find yourself plunged into a state of litigation, of a character so active and absorbing, that, notwithstanding the fact that the condition of your Dust-bin is, by this time, positively deadly, and that the whole of your household are down with an acute suburban form of Roman fever, you will find your energies, though highly morbid, stimulated to a very remarkable degree, and for this reason: At this stage of the proceedings, the successful issue of sixteen cross-actions against you will, under the decree of a Superior Court, finally obtained after several reversals of judgment, oblige you either to—

(A) Build a Gimmerton's patent universal self-consuming furnace over your Dust-bin, and get an Act of Parliament to enable you to carry up a factory chimney seventy-five feet above the roof of your house, for the purpose of disposing of the noxious vapours:

(B) Fill in your area with quick lime and turn it into a public pleasure garden:

(C) Employ three watering-carts day and night in sprinkling the whole of the street with unmix'd carbolic acid:

(D) Horsewhip all the Members of the Vestry, either collectively or singly, together with the Deputy Chairman of the Board of Works, in the hope of attracting the attention of the public to the matter by means of a sensational Police Court case: or,

(E) Let the entire matter, regardless of all financial considerations, go up bodily to the House of Lords.

The last will, on the whole, be found the wisest thing to do, and though judgment will as a matter of course go against you, and you will find yourself—with your Dust-bin still unemptied—saddled with a bill of costs so heavy as to oblige you to appeal for protection to the Court of Bankruptcy, you will nevertheless have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done everything in your power to protect the sanitary interests of yourself and your neighbours, and vindicate your rights as a British Householder.



THE MYSTERY SOLVED! WHAT PRINCE B-SM-RCK AND LORD R-S-B-RY WERE REALLY DISCUSSING.

To sum up your final position. You will discover that by being ultimately forced by disastrous circumstances out of your own house, you will practically have got rid of responsibility for your dust. Your Dust-bin will not be emptied, but your premises will be. This is not much; still, it is something, and it is, at least as the Law now stands, the only practicable method of delivering you from the cruel trammels of a Stygian Bumbledom. Your obedient Servant,
A SPIRITED RATEPAYER.

SIR,—It is incorrect to say that there is no remedy where a Vestry fails to clear out a Dust-bin at regular intervals. All that has to be done is for the Householder to go to a Solicitor, who will instruct a Barrister to go to the Court of Chancery and ask for a *mandamus* to the Dust Contractor, which will probably be refused on the ground that it is the Vestry which is responsible. In that event, nothing can be simpler than carrying the case on to the Appeal Court and the House of Lords. A barrister friend of mine says he would have no hesitation in "fighting the case" in every Court—in fact, the more Courts the better.

The Householder may, if he likes to try the experiment, sue the Vestry to begin with. This will take some little time, but it can be done. Then there will be a little pleasurable uncertainty about whether the Police Court, the County Court, the County Magistrates, or the High Court of Justice is the correct tribunal to consult. After one or two possible failures on this point, and then hanging about the Court for days on the chance of his case coming on, the Householder may in the end recover about thirty shillings, at a cost to himself (for legal expenses) of two or three hundred pounds. There is

nothing at all abstruse about these proceedings. I hope that somebody else may be induced to try them, who, like myself, is
AN INDIGNANT RATEPAYER.

SIR,—The only way to have your Dust-bin properly cleared out is to do it yourself.
Yours, &c., JULIUS SCAVENGER.

SIR,—The outcry against the Vestries for not clearing out Dust-bins, is incomprehensible to me. I never have the least difficulty in getting the dustmen to come to my house. My Cook always gives the poor hard-worked fellows as much beer as they like, and some bread and cheese to take away with them, and I myself never fail to give them a shilling each for their trouble. As to their ever being *impolite*, or hurrying over their work, as your Correspondents allege, I cannot believe it. They are always most civil and polite to me. They invariably call *twice a week*, and stay quite a long time in the kitchen.
AMELIA CODDLEM.

SIR,—When will the British people understand that Feudalism is at the root of Foul Dust-bins? A good Radical Government, such as England wants, would clear out the Vestries and the Dust-bins together, and probably the pampered Householders who indulge in such luxuries, to boot. If our Ministry would abandon India and all our Colonies, and go to the country with the "Nationalisation of Dust-bins" inscribed on their flag, they would be certain to march to
VICTORY.

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that Dust-bins have already formed the subject of several legal decisions. For



A DERBY NIGHT-MARE.

example, Lord Chief Justice FOGG, at the end of last century, said:—"A tenant who has been once seised of a Dust-bin, has the right to his feoffment in perpetuity, except upon disseisin." In *Jenning's Case* it was decided that the averment that "the tenant by assault and battery—*videlicet*, 'caving in his head'—did drive away the Dust Contractor," was a good answer to a petition to have that official hung at Tyburn. The question of whether a man has any right to claim damages against a Vestry that has wilfully neglected to clean out his Dust-bin, and thus led to five deaths from typhus fever in his family, was unanimously answered in the negative (with costs) by the House of Lords twenty years ago, on which occasion Lord SLOWCOACH gave utterance to this highly interesting *obiter dictum*:—"A Dust-bin is a receptacle, or reservoir, or chamber for the storing of dust. The Court will look with a jealous eye on the attempt to make dust include ashes and cabbage-stalks and little bits of coal." I think these quotations will show that our Law is quite alive to the question of Dust-bins, and that if anybody wants to bring an action against his local Vestry, he cannot do better than apply without delay to

Your obedient Servant,
MIDDLETON TEMPLAR.

ADVICE TO M.P.'S.

THE new American Minister's amusing letter of advice to his friend, who had just been elected a Member for Congress, may be Anglicised thus,—for M.P.'s:—

1. Always assist a Count Out, and always vote in favour of an Adjournment, and for the longest possible time.
2. Vote steadily against all other propositions whatsoever. There is already legislation enough for the next five hundred years, and no honest man wants any more. Even a Bill for the Disfranchisement of Diseased Ploughmen should form no exception to this rule.
3. Make no speeches: nobody attends to Parliamentary oratory when delivered. When printed, nobody reads it, and it is a nuisance to the newspapers. I never read any.
4. Do not allow yourself to be drawn into aspersions upon the memory of GUY FAWKES. He has been much censured by shallow men. History in the end will do him justice. Before you have been long in Parliament, you will perceive that one such man nowadays, with better luck, might do the country more service than a hundred Reform Bills or two hundred Cabinet Ministers.
5. Do not be seen much in public in the company of Republicans. In this old country they are not, as a rule, savoury.
6. Cultivate assiduously all Newspaper Correspondents. All there is of public life is what the newspapers say, and they will say anything that is worth their while.
7. In case of doubt, take the trick.
8. Keep your nostrils open, your mouth shut, your hand cool, and your feet warm. Avoid Irish Whiskey, CHARLES BRADLAUGH, the game of brag, and the Law Courts in an East wind.
9. Whatever happens, do not relinquish hope. As CICERO observes, *Nil desperandum*. You have once been a respectable member of society; resolve to regain that position. Live for the future, and live down the present.

SHIP-SHAPE; OR, NOTHING LIKE ACTION.

(Being a few Hints for the NEXT BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.)

THERE having, in well-informed and influential quarters, been expressed some very grave and not unfounded doubts as to the capability of the heterogeneous agglomeration of vessels now about, under the euphonious title of the "Channel Fleet," to proceed to sea with Admiral HORNBURY, to encounter any properly-equipped enemy, the following brief but reassuring set of Regulations, drawn up "for his guidance and direction" by a distinguished and competent Admiralty official, will be read on all sides with lively interest.

1. On an enemy of great superior force being sighted, and it being important that utmost speed should be used, either to withdraw or for the purpose of securing an advantageous position, the vessels of the *Bumble*, *Deadweight*, *Sloth*, and *Sponger* class, that can only make four knots an hour in fair weather, will give the pace to the rest of the Fleet.
2. The Fleet under these conditions finding itself the next morning out-maneuvred and surrounded by hostile squadrons preparing for attack, the Admiral in command will without further delay—
 - (a) Telegraph, as well as he can under the circumstances, to the Admiralty for several torpedo crinolines;
 - (b) Send a copy of Sir THOMAS BRASSEY's latest account of the state of the British Navy, as it appears "on paper," to the opposing Admiral, requesting him, with his best compliments, "to read it, and reflect what he may be about;" and
 - (c) In view of the possibility of this last not inducing his opponent immediately to retire, endeavour to rouse the enthusiasm of his own men by an appropriate order of the day.
3. The best signal he can then run up will undoubtedly be NELSON's immortal "*England expects that every man this day will do his duty*." This he should lose no time in displaying, inserting, if he think it an improvement, either the words "*as usual*" or "*probably*" between "England" and "expects."
4. After receiving from every ship the inevitable answer, "*We will do our best, under the circumstances—but we really don't think much will come of it*," he can, perhaps, just capping this with the inspiring rejoinder, "*Never mind—no more do I*," proceed to draw up his plan of the coming engagement.
5. This he will speedily develop as follows. Not having under his command a scientifically appointed fleet, capable of any combined action, but merely a naval rabble, he will, after much reflection, finally settled by a toss-up with a halfpenny for the best out of three in the engine-room, decide to let matters comfortably take their course, and signal to his Captains briefly—"Fire away! Every man for himself, and good luck to him!"
6. In the course of thirteen minutes, hearing that half of his miscellaneous naval force has been blown up by its own obsolete guns, while the rest has quietly but swiftly disappeared beneath the water, he will, on its being announced to him unofficially that one of the enemy's British-made Torpedos has successfully effected its purpose of making a hole, thirty-eight feet square, in the bottom of his own Flag-ship, go down like a man, singing "*Rule Britannia*" cheerily in a minor key.



QUITTING THE COURSE.

SIR STAFFORD, "DOUBT IF THEY'LL GET HOME NOW WITHOUT A SPILL!" LORD SALISBURY, "AH!—HOPE WE SHALL HAVE THE COACH NEXT YEAR!!"



A DERBY PUZZLE.—HOW THEY EVER GET THERE!

QUITTING THE COURSE.

SCENE—The Course after the great Race. Government Coach being prepared for the home journey, its occupants assembling.

Gl-dst-ne. That's right, put them to! (*Aside.*) It is time we got home,

All the best of it's over, and come what may come,
I must tool them back safe—if I can.

H-rc-rt. Woa, then! Steady! By Jove, this off-wheeler's that restive and heady
I can't hold him in.

P-rn-ll (*prodding him up from behind*). I should think not, indeed,
And if I have my way, you shall never succeed.

D-ke. Nasty ill-tempered brute! Do not like him, you know.
Never trusted him thoroughly; neither does JOE.
He will upset the lot of us one of these days.
Now, just look at my *Franchise* here, sweetest of bays!
That's the horse for my money.

H-rt-ugt-n. By Jove, what a team! Old 'Un thinks he can manage 'em. Fear it's a dream.
Though he's tooled ticklish lots in his time, I'll admit.

Ch-l-d-rs. Can't balance my book, hang it all! not a bit.
Ten to one against *Cossack*,—yes, that's it, no doubt.

A very bad bet; it has thrown me all out.
N-rthbr--k. Ah! *Ironclad*, also, and *Alcohol*,—yes,
Your book, my dear HUGH, 's in a bit of a mess.

Gr-nv-ll. Now, what shall I do with these dolls? Deary me!
An uglier couple I never did see.

Awful bore! A respectable quiet old party
Like me to have *these* on his hands! Look at *HARTY*!
His doesn't appear to be bothering him much,
Cares no more for Indian dolls than for Dutch.
But then he's so cool. How I wish I could drop 'em!

Master R-and-lph. Yah booh! Chuck 'em here, you old mivvy. I'll oop 'em.

Don't know what to do with 'em? Wy to be sure not.
Some old 'uns are gifted with savvy, but you're not.
Puss! Puss! Yus, you're Puss in the corner, I guess.
You'll be gettin' yerself in a jolly nice mess

If you don't turn it up. Pair o' pattens and brolly
Are more in your line. Come on, Old Melancholy,
Chuck 'em here! I shall know wot to do with 'em, d'y'ear?
I shan't mess 'em about as you're doing. No fear!
Furrin dolls ain't your form, whether Rooshian or Coptic;
You let everyone twig the green in your optic,
You'll be gettin' run in, I am sure you're arf screwed.
Chuck 'em over!

Gr-nv-ll. These urchins are dreadfully rude!

D-rby. He's right, my dear K-MB-RLY. Look at that boy

With the—what is the name of the mischievous toy?

K-mb-rl-y (*wincing*). Peashooter, I fancy.

D-rby. Ah, yes, to be sure.

Stop that, you young rascal you!

Ashm-d B-rtl-tt (*peppering them*). Yah! you old cure!

Ch-mb-rl-n. Now, Guv'nor! Time's up!

Gl-dst-ne (*aside*). Wish it were! I am tired.

My style as a whip has been greatly admired,
But *this* team is a trial. They *won't* pull together,
And what with their freaks and the state of the weather,
I'm sure I should gladly hand over the reins
To any fresh Jehu. Still, still it remains
To get the Coach home, and, safe home, from this race;
Then let even JOE—if he can—take my place.
I hope he may like it. (*Aloud.*) All right, JOE, all right.
What a hurry you're in!

S-l-sb-ry. It's a comforting sight.

N-rthc-te. Humph! ye-e-e-s!

S-l-sb-ry. JOE means mischief, I fancy.

N-rthc-te. Perhaps.

S-l-sb-ry. You most hesitating of timid old chaps,

Why don't you speak out?

N-rthc-te. Well, I know him, you see; you

Can ne'er say he's done till he's down!

S-l-sb-ry. What, old Jehu?

I do not believe he'll get home from this race

Without having a spill; and next season his place

On the Government Coach, I should hope, will be—(*hesitates*)

N-rthc-te (*significantly*).

S-l-sb-ry. Humph! Filled by another.

N-rthc-te.

Perhaps! Time will tell!



THE TITHE DINNER.

Waiter. "CLEAR TURTLE OR OX-TAIL, SIR?"

Eastern County Farmer (on consideration). "WH' THERE, BO', I 'ONT HEV' NEETHOR, THANKY. I CAN ALLUS GET BROTH AT HOOM'!"

THE BUTLERS OF GREAT MEN.

(Interviewed by Our Own Back-stairs Representative.)

NO. V.—AT THE LAST OF THE BARONS.

THE sun had been shining very strongly, and I had been walking very sharply; and the result was, when I arrived at the residential castle inhabited by the Last of the Barons, I was, not to put it too mildly, precious hot. But, hot as I was before I entered Sir JOHN'S, "hot" was not the word afterwards. I knocked at the back entrance, the Baron's portcullis was raised instantaneously, and the door was opened like a flash of lightning; the Baron's Retainers,—he has had a lot of 'em in his time with his briefs, but I don't mean *them*, I mean the Butler and one of the Footmen,—seized me by the arms, hauled me into the passage before I could breathe, slammed the door, and pulled two massive velvet curtains over it. When I recovered myself, and before I even said, "How do you do?" I exclaimed, "What's up?" The Butler replied, "Nothing—we have to be careful of the draughts."

"What," I asked, "has the Cook got a cold?"

"No," replied he, "Lor' no—no chance of catching cold here. The Baron is so susceptible to fresh air, we have even to bung up the larder window."

I took a glance round, and saw that the whole of the extensive stone passages were lined with thick damask curtains. The keyholes were all stopped up; sand-bags were on the closed windows; the doors were all edged with felt, and the place was just like an oven. I could not help remarking that the place was insufferably hot; and the Butler replied that, in comparison with the upper part of the house, it was an ice-safe. I said—"Does not the Baron ever get any fresh air?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Baron's Butler, "he gets more than he wants at the Law Courts. It's very difficult to keep out the draughts here. Now, at his Lordship's place at Ascot it's easier, for he has enclosed his house in a gigantic conservatory."

With these observations I was shown into the Butler's pantry, where a nice little meal was prepared for me. I said, "I suppose you really see very little of the Baron?"

"In what way?" inquired the Butler.

"I mean," I explained, "his Lordship must be occupied in Court all day, and the seriousness of his work, and the importance of his decisions and judgments, must keep him locked up at home all night."

"Oh, no," replied the Butler, "he's not that sort of man. He is delightful and cheerful to a degree. The decisions and judgments don't bother him much. *His jokes do, though.* He has an awful trouble to get them up. He's quite grateful when I casually 'let off' a little thing of my own, for he will always adopt it, and I have the gratification of seeing it in print next day. When the great sculpture case was on, I said to him, 'I suppose, Sir JOHN, you will not be sorry when that case is *bust* up?' The Baron thanked me very much, and he used the joke the next day, and the *Times* report said there were "roars of laughter in Court, which were with difficulty suppressed."

I could not help remarking that such simplicity in the Last of the Barons was surprising to me. The Butler said, "Oh! his life out of Court is as innocent as a boy's. When he is at Ascot, it is as

innocent as a child's. Give him a French book and a dictionary, and he'll be happy all day. In August, if it happens to be broiling hot, he will put on a thick ulster and a respirator and go on the Virginia Water in a punt, and sum up to the sticklebacks. He loves fishing.

I concluded my interview, and as I ascended the kitchen steps, having been shot out of the place as rapidly as I was lugged in, I could not help thinking (to alter the adage) how little things please great minds.

THE SEASON.

THE season's set in, my fair Ladies,
—Now don the gay bonnet and gown,
The country quite thrown in the shade is

By all the delights of the town.
And PHYLLIS intent upon pleasure,
Leaves CORYDON lone in the land,
To come up and tread a gay measure,
To LIDDELL'S enjoyable band.

The season's beginning, and heavy
The programme put down for each day,

Your brothers are off to the levée,
The drawing-room sees your array.
They're busy with "spotting the winners,"

And laying a hundred to ten,
They dote upon dishes and dinners,
You think about women and men.

The season's beginning, and pleasant
Your fair and prophetic dreams,
How is it to youth all the present,
So perfectly beautiful seems.

And doubtless new triumphs await you,

At dinner or supper or ball,
That haply unduly elate you,
At holding poor fellows in thrall.

The season's beginning, suppose a
Fair maiden can music enjoy,
Old Drury can give you CARL ROSA,
And SULLIVAN'S at the Savoy.
Each theatre claims your attention,
Or else you can visit at night,
South Kensington's home of Invention,
And revel in fountains and light.

The season's beginning, high-hearted
The *débutantes* rush to the fray,
The long round of gaiety's started,
That rouses our London in May.
Ah! ladies you, certes, have reasons,
To think that no pleasures can cloy
For know that the best of all seasons,
Is always the first you enjoy.

GOOD ADVICE.—The *Times* Correspondent, writing from Vienna lately, said, "The Servian Government will scarcely venture to leave young KARAGEORGEVICKS out of sight." How can anybody with such a name become obscure? It is quite "a name to conjure with"—for anyone who can pronounce it properly.

LATEST DERBY DAY NEWS.—SCRATCHED!—The Pictures at the Royal Academy.

DEER AT ANY PRICE.—Venison.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 11.



THE JOCKEY CLUB STAND AT THE NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

NOTES BY NIBBS.

(To Paris, and back to London.)

I WONDER what French Artists would do without "the Temptation of St. Anthony?" The recurrence, year after year, of several examples of this dish dressed up, or, rather, undressed up, in various ways suggests the idea that French painters have a rule to guide them when hard up for a subject, which might be formulated thus:—

Happy Thought.—When in doubt,—paint the Temptation of St. Anthony. [*Bonne Idée.—Dans le doute, va pour la Tentation de St. Antoine.*]

There are the usual number of them this year. On the whole the Salon compares favourably with our Academy, especially in the portraits and landscapes. "If the suggestion is ever made to me," I was observing, "that I should have my portrait painted and pay for it myself, I should certainly come to Paris and get it done by one of these French Artists."

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, than a friend at my elbow said, "Your portrait has been painted by a French Artist, look there!" I turned and saw my own portrait on the wall. There I was, no doubt of it,—only it wasn't myself of to-day, but of—to be particular to a date,—myself about seven years ago. My coat, my tie, my waistcoat, my continuations discontinued at the knees—it was a three-quarter length,—“to be continued in our next,”—were all there. Who was it? I had never been taken alive by any Frenchman. Clearly it must be somebody else, and so I turned to the Catalogue for an explanation.

Now comes the still more remarkable part of the story. The gentleman's surname, whatever it might have been, was only represented

by asterisks, but the initials of his Christian names were there, and they were mine. It was a staggerer, but we got over it and went to breakfast at LEBROYEN'S, where we discussed coincidences.

VICTOR HUGO's death must have made little fortunes for the news-vendors and sellers of the photographs of the deceased Poet. Of the Communist row at the cemetery we only read the news in the evening papers; but, as compared with the Poet's death, it caused no great stir. On the boulevards the talk, when not about VICTOR HUGO, was of Chantilly Races and coming sporting events.

On Whit Monday the Panthéon was crowded with sight-seers, as if they were having a last look at it before its laicisation. Of course this question of interment is a domestic one for the French; but why the remains of VICTOR HUGO should not be placed in the vaults of the church, without any religious ceremony, as even a leading "Clerical" proposed, is to my insular mind a puzzle.

Supposing we had an English VICTOR HUGO, holding the opinions of Mr. BRADLAUGH, would his dust—(odd that a question of distinguished dust should be agitating the Parisians, while in the *Times* we are discussing what to do with the ordinary Dust-bins)—be permitted to rest in Westminster Abbey? Certainly. The Public would demand it of the Dean, the Dean would write to the *Times*, and would concede with a good grace. There would be no religious ceremony, someone would make a speech, in the Chapter House, on the catholicity of Genius; the Urn, duly labelled, would be placed on a Pedestal—and the whole thing would be forgotten for the next hundred years or so, when some fussy people might be looking about for material for a Centenary.

The weather in Paris up to Whitsun Tuesday would have been a disgrace to London. The atmosphere was revolutionary, and sunshine and rain struggled for the mastery, the latter getting the best

of it in the end. No out-of-door amusements; we were driven to the Theatres.

When Madame SARAH BERNHARDT comes over here to play *Théodora* at the Gaiety in July, I advise all amateurs and students of the art of acting to see her performance. I have never been more struck by the histrionic genius of SARAH BERNHARDT than on seeing her as *Théodora*, Circus-dancer, Adventuress, and Empress. I cannot imagine anyone else playing this part which was written for her by that master of his craft, M. VICTORIEN SARDOU. The powerful situation in *Fédora* seems to have set the Author casting about for something similar. *Fédora* was the impassioned mistress and the spy, the traitress, the destroyer of her lover's brother, of his dearest kin, and his love was changed into the deadliest hatred. So is it with *Théodora* and *Andréas*, the latter part being rendered with true dramatic force by M. MARAIS.

I trust, for the sake of the *ensemble*, that, at the Gaiety, with SARAH BERNHARDT we shall have MARAIS as *Andréas*, VOLNY as *Marcellus*, GARNIER as *Justinien*,—a marvellous reproduction of the typical Roman Emperor,—and MARIE LAURENT as *Tamyras*.

I have been informed that I was fortunate in seeing SARAH B. playing so well, as, being a capricious lady, she will sometimes "walk through the part," and laugh and talk on the stage. I hope this is calumny; and, as far as my testimony goes, I can only say that I saw *Théodora* twice, and that the second time she played, if possible, better than on my first visit.

The stage-management,—with the exception of the view of the Burning Palace,—is throughout good; but not on a par with what we can show at the Lyceum under the present management, nor at the establishment ruled by AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. The *mise-en-scène* does not come within measurable distance, for example, of the last scene in *The Cup*. The fault of the principals, SARAH excepted, lies in their too frequently striding, or rushing down into the right or left-hand corner, and then back again to the centre, without any sort of reason for the movement.

At the Théâtre Français, in the charmingly written and most interesting comedy, *Denise*, the same fault is still more patent, as it must be where the Actors are in modern costume representing men and women of our own day, for whom no allowance can be made on the score of classic action. The Actors in *Denise* have the whole stage, representing a handsomely furnished room in a country-house, to play in, yet they choose to occupy mainly a few feet in front just behind the footlights, and to carry on the action, whether sitting or standing, more or less in a straight line; and when energy has to be exhibited, the speaker rushes down to the stage-left, demonstrates vigorously, and returns to the centre, or thereabouts. But their great merit, whether at the Français, or at any other leading Theatre in Paris, is that the principals act and speak to one another apparently regardless of the audience, who, in consequence, become interested not as spectators conscious of having paid to be amused, but as on-lookers in a crowd, as sympathising with the sufferings of the personages whose story they are following, but whose destiny they are unable to change even by the turning of a thumb. Whenever an Actor, whether comedian or tragedian, directly addresses the audience, the spell is broken; the beings before you are no longer human beings, they are only puppets which will move when money is dropped into the box, or into the pit and the gallery as you will. In Paris this is the one fault of the popular low comedians, with whom it is a tradition to take the groundlings into their confidence. But with SARAH and the first-class Actors playing high comedy, this is not so; they, for the time, are the characters they assume, and the mechanism is never apparent.

To come fresh from seeing so thrilling a piece as *Théodora*,—by the way, Mr. IRVING could play *Justinian* in this, and be a formidable rival of M. GARNIER,—and from such interesting plays as *Prince Zilah* and *Denise*, to the goody-goody twaddle and the inaction of *The Vicar of Wakefield* at the Lyceum, is indeed a change. Of course at the Lyceum the *mise-en-scène* is very perfect and picturesque. Young *Squire Thornhill* must be a most enthusiastic sportsman, as, while the apples are still on the trees, and the whole country apparently in the full glow of a warm autumn or a second summer, he dresses in full hunting costume, and boasts of hunting the fox all day. Now, this must be in September, as Christmas-Eve is three months afterwards, and even cub-hunting, which takes place at an unearthly early hour, would hardly be continued throughout the day. But then the young Squire is such a scoundrel that perhaps Mr. WILLS has introduced this little bit of strong colour into the dialogue as only one of his lies to impose on *Olivia* and account for his absence. At the end he is received and pardoned by his victim, who quite forgets, as do the rest of the Vicar's goody-goody and rather snobbishly-inclined family, his previous odious character, and his rascally conduct to that other girl whom he had ruined before he became enamoured of *Olivia*. The Play—if in its present form it can be properly called a Play—was far too long, and too preachy. Since the first night it has been considerably compressed.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH's story of *The Vicar of Wakefield* is immortal; but OLIVER did not write *Olivia*, which is an imitation in

theatrical tin-foil of the work wrought by a rare Goldsmith in the most precious metal. The First Act was bright and promising; the performance of the remaining three Acts was not up to the promise. Throughout there seemed to be no call on the powers of the Actors, and on the first night none of them, except Mr. TERRISS, came up to what should be their own standard of excellence. I should say, indeed, I should hope, that they disappointed themselves. I know they disappointed me. And the gush about it in the so-called "criticisms" next day!

To return to Paris—ah, how, in this present fine weather I wish I could!—there are some things theatrical we manage better in London, and one of them is "the front of the house." The auditorium at almost all our theatres is luxurious compared with the best of them in Paris. And then the worry by the *ouvreuses* there about the coats and hats and little wooden stools! The system of "No Fees," inaugurated here by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, is unknown in Paris. However, as long as their uncomfortable, ill-ventilated, and dirty houses are crowded, the Parisian Managers are wise to leave things as they are. To put it in Ollendorffian fashion, "We have the good theatres, but we have not the neighbours' good acting (i.e., the good acting of the neighbours)," and so, as far as the stage is concerned, they have the best of it, after all.

À propos of our lively neighbours, on Whit Monday I went to see *Nos Petites Voisines* at the Palais Royal, but on arriving I found the theatre closed, because the chandelier, having been let down, couldn't be got up again, and as Whit Monday was a holiday, there was no practical person to be obtained who could repair the damaged mechanism. This seems rather bad management. The money was handed back, and the seats booked for another night.

Distinguished Amateurs are playing at the Olympic. Included in the list of Amateurs are Mrs. BEERBOHM-TREE and Mr. SAMUEL BRANDRAM. If these two are Amateurs, then perhaps Mrs. BANCROFT and Mr. CORNEY GRAIN may also figure in the next non-professional performances. In the announcement of cricket matches it is not unusual to read "The Eleven of Dingley Dell, with two professionals." This would have been more correct in the Olympic programme.

An example of what can be done in the way of a big scenic effect on a small stage, may be seen any night in the *Great Tay-Kin* at TOOLE's Theatre. This musical trifle might very well be a Fourth Act of *The Shuttlecock*, though, for the matter of that, anything might be the Fourth Act of *The Shuttlecock*. NIBBS.

"WHAT to do with the nude pictures!" exclaimed the "BRITISH MATRON's" Sister, indignantly,— "change them for something else." "Or," suggested a youthful Artist, "simply shift them." He wasn't asked to five o'clock tea again.



Holiday Time at Hawarden.

"THE PREMIER entered into conversation with the baker as to the weight and price of the loaves. . . A few moments afterwards the Right Hon. Gentleman was seen walking up to the Rectory, carrying one of the loaves, a present from the baker."—*Standard*, May 28.

Anti-Epicurus.

To prove that over-eating costs us dear,
That perfect host, Sir HENRY THOMPSON, wishes,
Will no Johnsonian satirist appear,
And write "The Vanity of Human-Dishes"?

"In a Concatenation Accordingly."

THE *St. James's Gazette* suggests, facetiously, the taxation of all persons whose weight exceeds eleven stone, as a discouragement to gluttony-born obesity and its sequential disadvantages. The Hyde Park Demonstrators propose, quite seriously, to tax wine and spirits off the face of the earth, in order to abolish intoxication and its attendant evils. Well, excessive eating and excessive drinking are both manifest evils, but Mr. Punch fears that to tax people into Temperance will be found as Utopian as to tax them into thinness.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.



THE POLICE ARE ORDERED TO "RUN IN" AND BREAK UP ALL THE OLD WORN-OUT, RAMSHACKLE FOUR-WHEELERS, TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE SMART, WELL-HORSED BROUGHAM, WHICH LORD SHREWDSBURY, OR SOMEBODY ELSE, IS GOING TO START.

THE M.P. AND THE APPLE-WOMAN.

The Maudlin Member begins his Lament :

Oh! Call the beldame back to me!
I cannot drink alone;
The summer comes, and yet I see
Her gingerbeer is gone!

Light-heartedly my colleagues walk
In RUFUS' noble Hall;
I do not care to join their talk—
Oh! Where's that Apple-stall?

My wants are few—I only need
An orange, and a cake;
I'd eat them both, I would indeed,
For Mrs. DAVIS' sake!

"One Who Knows" tells him the Truth :

Her Stall is gone, her cakes are done,
O Legislator fond!
The Member who would buy a bun,
He now aspires to POND!

She was not slain by felon's hand,
Or dynamiters banded;
But when the Lawyers sought the Strand,
She felt that she was stranded.

The Maudlin Member moralises thereon :

And she the Iron Duke had known!
And GREY's reforming zeal;
Had sold her cakes to PALMERSTON,
Her oranges to PEEL!

And in that nook I've loved of old
Are all her takings o'er?
Oh! While she still her apples sold,
Would I had bought some more!

AN EPITAPH.

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE

SUAKIM-BERBER RAILWAY.

IT WAS CURT, COSTLY, AND INCONVENIENT.

REMARKABLE RATHER

FOR THE UNCERTAINTY OF ITS RECEIPTS
THAN FOR THE PUNCTUALITY OF ITS PASSENGER SERVICE,

AND

WITH A COMMENDABLE FIDELITY TO THE INSTINCTS
OF THE HAPPY, HALE, AND HOPEFUL MINISTRY,
OF WHICH IT WAS DESTINED TO BE

AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME

THE TRANSIENT JOY AND THE EVERLASTING INCUBUS.

IT STARTED WITH SOLEMN ENERGY OF PURPOSE

TO ARRIVE

SUDDENLY BUT LIGHT-HEARTEDLY

AT NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR.

THUS

HAVING ADEQUATELY FULFILLED

THE DOUBLE AND IMPORTANT PURPOSE

OF

COMFORTING THE CONTRACTOR

AND

STAGGERING THE BRITISH PUBLIC,

IT WAS,

TO THE SILENT EMBARRASSMENT OF MR. GLADSTONE,
THE REFLECTIVE SURPRISE OF THE LOCAL HYÆNA,
AND THE INEXPRESSIBLE DELIGHT OF LORD SALISBURY,

CARTED OFF BODILY ONE MORNING

TO THE QUAYS OF CYPRUS,

WHERE,

WEATHER AND TIME KINDLY AND ASSIDUOUSLY ASSISTING,

IT WILL,

WITH THE INTERVENTION OF THE MARINE-STORE DEALER,

SADLY, QUIETLY, BUT RESPECTABLY

RESOLVE ITSELF BY NATURAL PROCESS

ONCE MORE

INTO THOSE ORIGINAL ELEMENTS

FROM WHICH,

FOR THE GENERAL CREDIT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT,

IT WOULD PERHAPS, HAVE DONE BETTER

NEVER TO HAVE EMERGED.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

By Our Own Special Correspondent.

It is said that other of our great Advertising Manufacturers, determined not to be left behind in the great race for notoriety, have resolved to imitate Mr. MAPLE DURHAM by seeking the high and distinguished honour of a seat in probably the Lowest House of Parliament of modern times.

Mr. BLACKLEY will, we hear it whispered, seek the suffrages of the men of Bayswater, whom he promises to universally provide with all that the Law allows.

Messrs. APPLES, it is said, will start their senior Member for Bloomsbury, and wash their hands of all further testimonials than those so bounteously supplied by Nightingales, Lilies, and Roses, as to the complexion in which they wish him to be regarded.

Mr. COALMAN announces that having mustered his friends in Norwich, they have unanimously resolved that he, like his pure com-diment, "is the best" man for their money.

Mr. LOWLAMP would like to represent the new district of Low Holborn, but will first consult the ATTORNEY-GENERAL as to the legality of his presenting each elector with a bottle of Pyrotechnic Saline immediately *after* the Election.

Mr. TREELOWER has addressed the Electors of Kidderminster. In reply to one of them who wrote, "It seems, from your address, that you are a Liberal," he replied, in the words of *Hamlet*, "'Seams! I know not seams,' all my carpets being seamless; but my address is generally admired, especially by the Ladies. To you and such as you, it is Ludgate Hill."

Mr. ARGOSY, having braced himself up to the proper pitch, and put the finishing buckle to his celebrated Braces, thinks of now offering himself to Ware'em. This is generally considered to be such a fine manly specimen of self-sacrifice in a great cause, that his success is considered certain.

Mr. HEKNOWS had some idea of going in for Plumstead, but found, on inquiry, that the electors of that ripe district had a natural repugnance to Salt Fruit. However, after a friendly conference, it has been decided to submit his remedy for nearly every disease "that flesh is heir to," to the test of experience, and a patient or two suffering from such trifling matters as gout, rheumatism, scarlet fever, biliousness, eruptions, acidity, &c., &c., will be submitted to its healthful influences, and the result reported in due course.

The above are but a sample of the novel class of Candidates that may seek Parliamentary honours in the new Parliament, with what result time will show.



INDIGESTIBLE ?

He (Æsthetic, as they went down to Supper). "AUGH—D' YOU LIKE ETCHINGS?"

She (from the Country). "YE-ES. BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL TAKE ANY TO-NIGHT—IT'S RATHER LATE!"

DON'T CARE.

MR. TREVELYAN, addressing his constituents at Galashiels, is reported to have spoken as follows:—

"The truth is that, when you talk to a hard-working Scotchman, or Welshman, or Englishman, about Merv and Cyprus, and the necessity of keeping the Germans out of Africa, and the necessity of keeping Russia out of Asia Minor, and the necessity of keeping the Bulgarians out of Macedonia, with the view of making him a Conservative, you are talking to him about matters for which he cares very little."

And this indifference to what are known as "Foreign Affairs" Mr. TREVELYAN appears to approve. But does Mr. TREVELYAN remember the Schoolbook history of "Don't Care?" "Don't Care" came to grief, and was ultimately eaten by Lions, was he not? There are plenty of "Lions in the way" abroad, as well as at home, unfortunately; and if Mr. TREVELYAN'S "hard-working" Briton persists in ignoring them, they will "eat" him as sure as teeth are teeth, and ostriches not birds of wisdom. So sensible and temperate a politician

as Mr. TREVELYAN should "teach our masters" better things than this purblind twaddle. Because the Conservatives sacrifice Home Interests to Foreign Affairs, must the Liberals cap their stupidity by ignoring Foreign Affairs in short-sighted absorption in Home Interests? And what *are* Foreign Affairs? Nothing that concerns the interest, safety, or honour of this country, is really "foreign." Our real "Home Interests" may be as much at stake in Merv as in Middlesex, at Alexandria as at Galashiels. Mr. TREVELYAN knows this as well as anybody. Why, then, encourage the "hard-working" but half-instructed Voter in a contrary belief? The duty of the day is to teach the Electors to take an intelligent, dispassionate, fair-minded interest in these same Foreign Affairs. This will supply the true check to blind muddles, as well as to bellicose outbursts, to intemperate Jingoism, as well as to blundering *laissez-faire*. It is the timid temporising of the TREVELYANS which lends what power it possesses to the clamorous Chauvinism of the ASHMEAD-BARTLETTS.

TEA À LA RUSSE.

A LAY OF POLITICAL LIMBO LAND.

(*Vide Mr. Auberon Herbert's occasional letters to the Times on such subjects as "Squeezed Oranges," "The Crook'd Knee," &c.*)

FROM AUBERON in Limbo-land—

The king of dreams and shadows he—
Fall screeds of counsel calmly grand,
Of subtlest sub-acidity;
Best voice of those, the few, the fine,
Whose home is in the hyaline.

That later Limbo, crystal-clear,
Whither no fumes of earth-fray mount;
Where lolling sage and lounging seer
Draw wisdom from its upper fount,
To sprinkle on our dusty way
In sparse but most pellucid spray.

There GREY and SPENCER gravely sit,
Unerring AUSTIN, there lolls he,
On abstract principles and wit,
Like lesser souls on toast and tea,
Serenely faring; blessed boon
In realms of endless afternoon!

O sweeter than with Teuton "Blues"
At high "æsthetic tea" to meet,
With these great souls to moon and muse
Or list to AUBERON'S pipings sweet.
Crook'd oft, perchance, in temper he,
But never never at the knee.

And yet, as when old Tabbies—bless
Their blameless bosoms!—gather round
The hissing urn, a man may guess
Not saccharine only will abound,
But, as at Russdom's teas, you'll find
The twang of lemon, juice or rind;—

E'en so not "merum nectar" sole
Crowns that bland board in Limbo laid;
There tones, there permeates the whole,
The tart, the mordant lemon-aid;
That lends such pungent, piquant zest
To the repast of each rare guest.

No vitriol-throwers, these dear dames
(In politics and not in sex),
No envious thoughts of larger fames
Their sad superior bosoms vex;
Only, in their Olympian brew,
The lemon-dash they overdo!

"OUR ONLY GENERAL" (JUST NOW).—
General Election.



CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

(The new Bishop-elect of Barnesbury tries on his new Raiment in the bosom of his Family.)

Youngest Daughter of the House. "WELL, I MUTHT THAY, PAPA, YOU DO LOOK THUPWEMELY WIDICULUTH!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, June 4.—Members met again to-night after Whitsun Recess. At least some of them did. Amongst absentees, STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and CHRISTOPHER SYKES.

"No," said CHRISTOPHER, whom I accidentally met at Epsom. "Shan't be there to-morrow. Leave it over to Monday at earliest. Most exhausting this rush of politics. Don't know how you stand it, TOBY, but sometimes threatens to kill me. Suppose it's because of intense mental application. Some people take their politics lightly. To me very serious business. Lie awake at night thinking of my country. Must take a rest sometimes, and House must get on without me for day or two. Thought I'd take a drive out into the country to-day. What a lot of people, and, 'pon my soul, there's a string of horses!" And CHRISTOPHER, drawing on the other straw-coloured glove, walked off with long slow stride.

RANDOLPH is here, none the worse for his hour-and-half speech last night, whatever weaker vessels among the audience may be. GLADSTONE here, too, looking more as if the holidays should begin to-morrow than as if they had ended yesterday. DILKE, who has had no holiday, looking best of all. CHAMBERLAIN, with eye-glass in eye, and orchid in button-hole, cruising about the Bar, staring down at Treasury Bench, apparently trying to focus it from all points of view.

"Qu'avez-vous?" I asked, thinking as he'd just come back from Paris, French language would be most familiar to him. Quick as lightning he capped the quotation from OLLENDORFF.

"Je n'ai rien." The fact is I'm trying to get a look at GLADSTONE from a distance. I sometimes think that great men are like great mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude whilst we are still close to them. We have to go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above his fellows. Even from here I recognise that GLADSTONE is a bigger man than SHAW-LÉFÈVRE.

Quite a return of interesting invalids. HENRY LENNOX back

again, gracefully ambling round and receiving felicitations on his return to public life.

"All very well once a Session," growls RANDOLPH, with whom LENNOX insists upon effusively shaking hands, making the while a fascinating little curtsy. "But LENNOX is always lying up and coming back smirking and shaking hands all round as if he'd been to the Soudan or the North Pole. And what in Heaven's name does the man mean by turning up his trousers on a hot June day when there isn't a thimbleful of mud in the Metropolis?"

BOBBY back, too. Everyone glad to see his innocent face. Pulled down a bit with his long illness. Pathetically acknowledges the fact by cutting down his collars.

"Can't carry as much sail as I used to do, TOBY, dear boy," he says, with something like tear glistening in his left eye. "But I'm coming round, and will go the pace again. Bad thing for SPENCER me being laid up; but I'm coaching him again, and he'll pull through now, you'll see." *Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

Friday Night.—Lords came up smiling after Whitsun recess. Addition to Hereditary Legislators. The new Earl CAIRNS—sometime known as Lord GARMOYLE—took his seat on succession to Peerage.

"Here's another vote for us," said the Markiss, rubbing his hands. "No chance of Conservative majority being reduced in this House."

In Commons, urgent necessity for House being kept. Important to get Budget Resolution advanced in Ways and Means. But, before business commenced, House must listen to fresh Irish grievance. At Twenty-five minutes past Six, Windbag SEXTON interposed. At Seven o'clock still speaking. At Half-past Seven the level flow of pointless talk going forward.

"If ever there was a man inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, this is he," said CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, violently yawning. "Had a good chance once, but he's taken to speaking as some men take to drinking, and is a hopeless case."

"Yes," said HENRY FOWLER, returning the yawn; "SEXTON's arranged for interment of his own opportunities."

At Ten minutes to Eight Windbag collapsed. House in state of physical and mental collapse. REDMOND rising, the few Members present fled, and House Counted Out at Eight o'clock.

Business done.—None.

NOISES OF THE NIGHT.



I SOUGHT my couch that quiet
My system might restore,
When—bless me, what a riot!
No chance to slumber more!
Some fool's locked out; he'll
racket,
And beat the door, and whack
it,
And skirmish and attack it,
Till he breaks down the door!

He's done at last! Now scatter
Thy poppy, Somnus, do.
Hullo, what is the matter?
Was that a Cock that crew?
It was,—and hark the squalling,
The scurry, and miauwling,
Of Cats, the caterwauling,
Abominable crew!

Next 'ARRIES without number
Come clamouring along,
They scatter dream and slumber
With blasphemy and song,
And scarcely do they mizzle,
When dreadful through the
drizzle,
The Railways screech and whistle.
This really is too strong!

I had not closed a peeper,
And rest seemed wondrous
sweet,

Proserpine Gardens, Kensington, W.

When, lo, the Chimney-sweeper!
Came screaming down the street.
The Milkman raised a clamour,
Then *Hammer, hammer, hammer!*
"The Postman 'tis," I stammer.
And now they carpets beat!

Here, as I sit inditing
My "copy" for the Press,
Three bands, their brass uniting,
Invade the peacefulness;
Five organs, and a vendor
Of faggots for the fender,
One preacher, a pretender,
What right has he to bless?

Ah, for some cottage lonely
The burn goes singing by,
There wakes no sound, or only
The sheep-bells, and the sigh
Of winds that stir the cover,
The plaining of the plover,
The song of larks that hover
Beneath the arch of sky!

There dog nor cat shall waken
To vex the sacred night,
Nor tunes of maids mistaken,
Nor any dynamite.
Nor screams of boys infernal,
That cry the evening journal;
Nor that remark eternal,
"A light, Sir,—box o' light!"

REASONS WHY I WOULDN'T GO TO THE DERBY.

BECAUSE it always runs into such a lot of money somehow.
Because I had refused a seat on a drag.
Because I had made up my mind to stay in and work all day.
Because I invariably back the losers and draw blanks or rank outsiders.

Because I've been there so often.
Because I know it all by heart.
Because I shall catch cold, or the sun will be too strong for me.
Because I hate a crowd.
Because I shan't be back in time for dinner.
Because—oh—for a heap of other excellent reasons.
But—I went after all.

A REAL PLEASURE.

(Nibbs at the Inventories on June the Fifth.)

THE *Conversazione* given by Sir FREDERICK and Lady LEONORA BRAMWELL on Friday night last, at the Inventories, was perfection. A lovely night, a rare and varied musical entertainment, select company, a festival of colour, iced cups, fragrant coffee, and the choice Havannah—such a combination made three hours pass away like some fairy vision. The rain politely held off till a quarter past twelve, and then it had its turn, but gently at first, giving the guests full warning, and plenty of time to get away comfortably.

Paris and Vienna must pale their ineffectual fires before the marvellous effects of electric lighting at the Inventories, and I should say that at the present moment no Capital in Europe can offer anything like such a show—such an Arabian Nights' Entertainment—as is to be seen at the Inventories, and especially when exhibited to such advantage as on the occasion of this *Conversazione*.

But what shall I say of Strauss's Band, which shared the Programme with the others, playing from ten to twelve? What shall I say of EDUARD STRAUSS, Prince of Conductors of Dance Music, the like of whom for energy, for action, and for "go" for the "tilt" which he communicates to the Band, and through them to the Audience, I have not seen since the days of JULIEN,—"Mons." JULIEN, who was the delight of the holidays of my boyhood? It seems to me a mistake that EDUARD STRAUSS should ever include in his Programme such pieces as CHOPIN'S "*Marche Funèbre*," or an "*Ave Maria*," by SCHUBERT. *Odi profanum*—but when I heard the last-mentioned composition, I could not help momentarily expecting to see the active Conductor suddenly throw off the self-imposed restraint, and take the hymn in waltz, polka, or galop time. *Chassez le naturel, il reviendra au galop*.

On Friday night, however, the *Ave Maria* was received with, if possible, greater favour than any of the other selections. Pretty to see the people catching the Strauss fever, and moving their heads and then their feet in the strictest time! The performance of dance-music by STRAUSS'S Band is a revelation. It unvulgarises even the polka, and, from time to time, imparts an elevating tone to that ungraceful and prosaic dance. In honour of the event I present the world, on the usual terms, with a new version of CHARLES F. ADAMS'S delightful poem of *Leedle Yawcob Strauss*, which, of course, I call

LEEDLE EDUARD STRAUSS.

They haf von very clever man
At der Inventorees,
To see him schust conduct der
band,
Dats zomtings if you please.

He hops und schumps und marks
der time,
Und shows such taste and nous,
Dat dere's to equal him no vun.
Mine clever EDUARD STRAUSS!

He fills our ears mit lofely sounds,
Applause "brings down der
house,"

Dat happens to feu oder poys,
But leedle EDUARD STRAUSS.

He dakes der viddle in his hands,
Und he schust blay it, too!

He dake der sehtick to beat der
time,

Mine gracious, dot vos drue.

And with this and my very strongest recommendation to every one to go and hear STRAUSS'S Band play dance-music, and to clever EDUARD STRAUSS to stick to his dance-music while he's here, I remain, the Public's, very truly,
NIBBS.

Milton Modified.

(For the benefit of the hard-hearted, inconsiderate dames who object to being served by sitting shop-girls.)

"THEY also serve who only sit and wait."

THE LARK ON THE TURF.—The Rev. F. O. MORRIS, Ornithological Correspondent of the *Times*, announces that he has noticed a scarcity of Larks. He might have enjoyed the observation of no end of Larks, if he had gone to the Derby.

NOT AN ADAPTATION.—*Bad Boys*, at the Opéra Comique, is a genuine translation. It has been translated from the Comedy Theatre to the Opéra Comique.

NOTHING LIKE SNAILS!

[A correspondence has been going on in the *Standard*, advocating the use of snails for cutaneous disease.]

If you are not quite sure of the state of your skin,
There's the *Standard* has wonderful yarns,
But one fancies its medical readers must grin
At the lore of the Reverend BARNES.
He says if you tickle and feel very bad,
And each medical remedy fails,
Why, go to the garden where they're to be had,
And then rub yourself over with Snails.

You first take off the shell, says this merciful gent,
Which may seem to the Snail rather hard,
And I don't think a parson would e'er be content
His own cuticle thus to discard.
Then you rub him well in till you're thoroughly cured,
That is all the prescription entails,
But these good folks don't say what the Snails have endured
When they vow that there's nothing like Snails.

CYCLOMANIA.

CHAPTER I.

"If you want exercise," says old SPROGGER, of Summersault House, "if you want *real* exercise, now, there's nothing in the world to be compared to a tricycle."

I don't know why SPROGGER is always bothering about my becoming what he calls a "wheelman." What interest can he possibly possess in attempting to induce a respectable middle-aged citizen, like myself, to risk his existence in rash enterprises, such as being a Velocipedist? "A Velocipedist" sounds like a Voltairian sort of person. Why? See the connection. Got him mixed up with "Encyclopædist." Every time I meet him he "babbles of green fields," and how to see them on a four-and-twenty guinea "Roadster." Life, with SPROGGER, has become a cycling affair altogether. Perhaps it makes him happy. I suppose all jokes about Wheel and Wee are exhausted by this time, as when I tried it, everybody went on talking about something else. The best of all jokes if ill-timed is the worst. Yet a number of good jokes are to be picked up in this way by a careful listener.

"Do you know how many wheelmen there are now?" he goes on almost threateningly.

I am obliged to confess I do not. I don't want to hurt old SPROGGER's feelings, or I should tell him at once that the precise number of wandering lunatics about is quite immaterial to me.

"Three hundred thousand!" says SPROGGER, stopping to observe the effect his announcement will have on me. As it has none whatever, he goes on in rather a disappointed tone: "Then all the aristocracy are taking to it. Why, anybody who doesn't tricycle—no," says SPROGGER, who will perish rather than fail in his duty to velocipedists—"no, I won't say *that*, but anybody who isn't a *wheelman* of one sort or another is out of it altogether nowadays, I can tell you."

I feel inclined to say something funny as to its being probable that I shall be "out of it"—the tricycle, I mean—if I am ever fool enough to get *into* it. But I don't say it, because a joke against his favourite amusement cuts poor SPROGGER to the heart. As I have no desire to cut SPROGGER to the heart, I merely ask *what* members of the aristocracy ride—I beg his pardon—are "wheelmen?"

Somehow he doesn't seem quite definite as to their names. "Oh, a whole lot of 'em," he says, in a way which I should call disrespectful. "You can't"—in a tone of remonstrance—"read the papers, or you'd see about it. There's the Princess THINGUMBOB, of Moldavia-Krakowitz-Spiffenburg—she's ordered a whole lot of tricycles for her nursery, you know. Lord WHAT'S-HIS-NAME—he's a wheelman; at least," SPROGGER goes on thoughtfully, "he was, before he broke his collar-bone. But," he ends up cheerfully, "it's quite the tip-top thing, I can assure you."

I tell SPROGGER that I believe him entirely, but that I am thinking (so I am, in my insanely extravagant moments) of purchasing a horse—taking horse-exercise, in fact.

"A horse!" says SPROGGER, in a tone of genuine pity. "Why, my dear fellow, cycling is far superior in every way to riding. Just think what a hopelessly inferior machine a horse is, compared with a 'Shoreditch Zephyr,' for instance. A horse doesn't *glide* along in the beautiful way that a wheel does, now does it?"

I am constrained to admit that horses *don't* glide. If I bought a horse which showed any tendency to gliding, nothing should induce me to keep him for a single day.

"Then"—SPROGGER proceeds, trying to pick all the holes he can in horses, which is rather mean, I think, as they aren't here to defend

themselves—"a horse's shoes are always coming off, and all that sort of thing. Besides, a tricycle doesn't want any hay, or grooming."

"Or water," I suggest.

"Or water"—SPROGGER accepts the suggestion. "And it's safer, too; you haven't half so far to fall."

"Then you *do* fall sometimes"—I exclaim, triumphantly. I am quite glad to have old SPROGGER, who is always boasting of the perfect security of a tricycle, up in a corner, at last.

"No, you don't fall off," he replies inconsistently and rudely. "No, you don't. Then"—he winds up the conversation—"you will get a tricycle, won't you? I'm so glad"—he says, taking it quite for granted—"I'm really so glad that you're going to get one. And you must join our Club too, the West Kensington Dragonfly Wheelmen, you know. Mind, you had better write to-night for a 'Number One Shoreditch Zephyr,' and I'll call round in a day or so and see that you've got it."

"See that you have got it," reminds me of the advertisements. "Write for a Number One Shoreditch Zephyr, and See that you get it!" But suppose you *don't* get it, and they try to palm off on you a "Number Six Whitechapel Zephyr," or a "Ratcliff Highway Gossamer" instead, what then? 'Twas Zephyr thus from childhood's days—see suggestion for *jeu de mot* in this. Keep it to myself.

"I am not thinking of purchasing any sort of tricycle," I reply to SPROGGER's last observation; "and why should I get a Shoreditch Zephyr if I *did* want one?"

"My dear fellow," says SPROGGER, sadly and impressively, "I should have thought, after what I've told you about the 'Zephyr,' that you'd have simply *caught* at the idea. It's nothing to me, of course, if you go and get a regular second-hand Bone-shaker—nothing at all."

I don't like SPROGGER assuming this tone with me. A little more, and I feel that our friendship—the friendship of years—will be severed. "Then you *do* consider," I say, soothingly,—"then you really *do* consider tricycling a fine pursuit, and the 'Shoreditch Zephyr' a capital machine?"

"I should just think I did," he answers. "Why, it was a 'Shoreditch Zephyr' that the Princess of Moldavia-Krakowitz-Spiffenburg ordered for the Crown Prince, and she was so pleased with it that—well, you ought just to see the flattering letter she sent the makers!"

Really I feel that I have been grossly unjust to tricyclists in general, and the makers of the "Shoreditch Zephyr" in particular.

SPROGGER parts with me, hoping that I shall soon be a "wheelman," and, as a necessary consequence, "join their Club." Now that this tricycling tyranny of SPROGGER is overpast, why not go and call on the HARKAWAYS? I will. FRED HARKAWAY, at all events, isn't a "wheelman," or wasn't when I last saw him, a couple of months ago. Then he's got some nice sisters, who, I am convinced, would sooner perish than ride a velocipede.

Luckily, I find them all at home, FRED, the Barrister, included. Miss FANNY HARKAWAY startles me by asking, in her most insinuating way—

"Why don't you buy a tricycle? We've got such a beauty—it's a 'Corrugated Convertible,' you know; and we see such a lot of lovely country; and you *really* must get one yourself!"

"But I see all the same country by train," I reply, gasping. "And a train is—well, it's more comfortable, isn't it, than a tricycle?"

Trains! I am at once surrounded and howled at by a band of male and female cyclists whose ferocity puts old SPROGGER quite in the shade. (By the bye, can you call a female cyclist a "wheelwoman"? Shall ask FRED HARKAWAY about this presently in private.) I find, to my intense surprise, that FRED himself has taken to the pastime. If I had only known this, I shouldn't have dreamed of calling on the HARKAWAYS.

"Then," says FRED HARKAWAY, with adroit flattery, "you're just the *shape* for it."

Really, tricycling seems to have its good points! I have never been told before—that is, for the last twenty years—that my shape was an athletic advantage. Think of the line about "shape which shape had none," but don't say it, as it doesn't pay to run oneself down too much. Yes, I think I *will* start a tricycle.

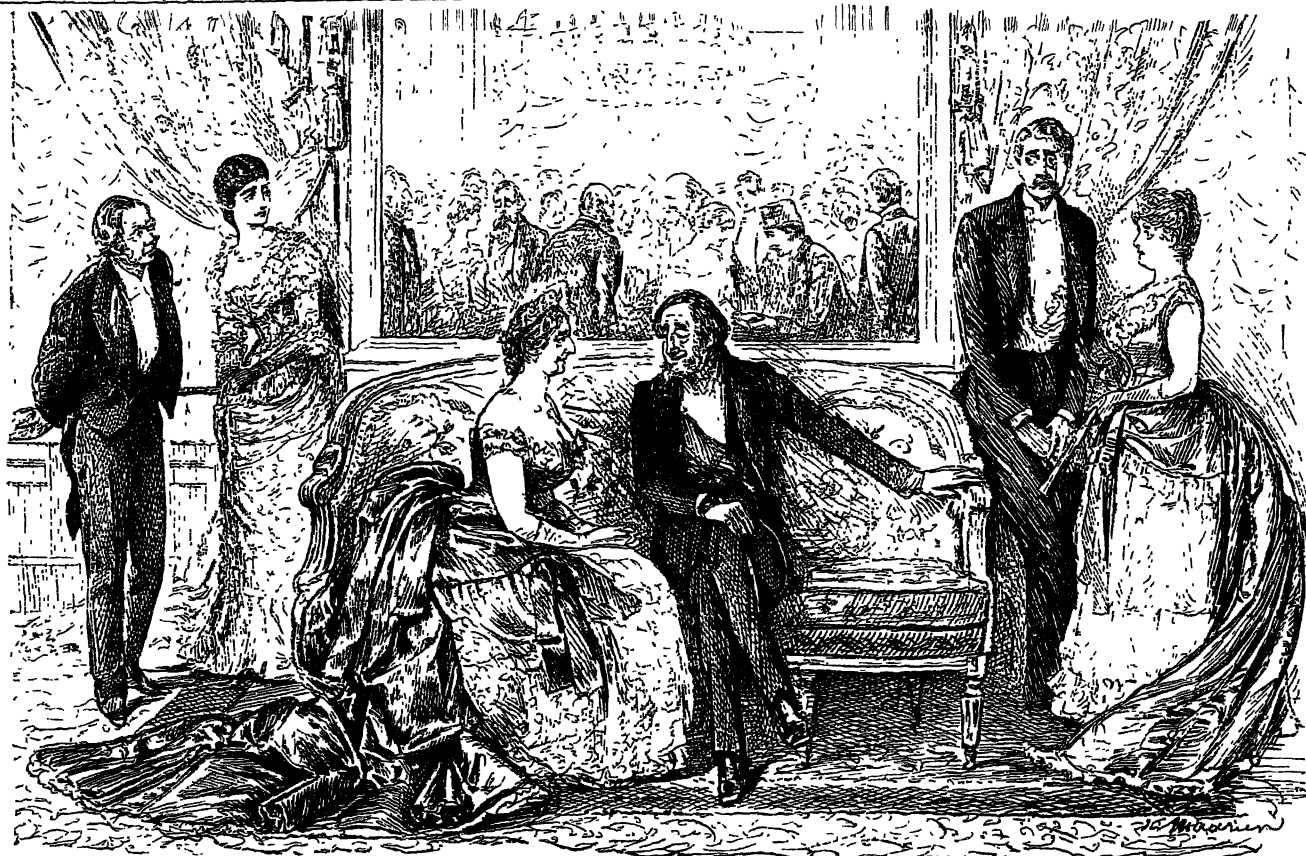
(To be continued.)

Cabinet Part-Song.

Arranged as a Trio for Messrs. Gladstone, Chamberlain, and Sir Charles Dilke.

Mr. Gladstone.	Stay, prithee, stay!
Mr. Chamberlain.	I must away!
Sir Charles Dilke.	I must away!
Mr. Gladstone	{ (ensemble) { Stay, prithee, stay! We must away! We must away!
Mr. Chamberlain	
Sir Charles Dilke	

(Repeat, with Variations, until the finish.)



AMONG THE TRITONS.

(The Duchess of Stilton at Home—Small and Early.)

Mrs. Minnow (indignantly, to her husband). "LOOK, LOVE! MR. AND MRS. STICKLEBACK, OF ALL PEOPLE! TO THINK OF THOSE STICKLEBACKS BEING HERE!"

Mr. Minnow. "YES, LOVE! AND TO THINK OF THEIR BEING THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE ROOM WE KNOW!"

[Mr. and Mrs. Stickleback are saying precisely the same things of their old friends Mr. and Mrs. Minnow.]

THAT FORWARD BOY.

Master Randolph loquitur:—

POOH! pooh! Goody STAFFY. You talk about teaching?
It's really absurd.
Do you think an old Partlet who's taken to preaching
Is like to be heard?
Do you think in these days of First Standards your hornbook
Is in it a mite?
That scholars will not deride teacher and scorn book,
Both obsolete—quite?
No, no, dear old Goody, the Dame's School is done with,
Just make way for me.
This new class of yours I'll be having some fun with;
I'll teach 'em,—you'll see!
With mobcap and birch you look dreadfully busy,
But *that's* not the style;
To "educate" now you must work, *à la* DIZZY,
With gumption *plus* guile.
Your chawbacons' mouths are agape like the gizzards
Of blackbirds or rooks;
Great A's, bounding B's, Amperzands, and quaint Izzards
Of old spelling-books
You fancy will fashion the intellect rustic
To-day as of yore.
Your notion is crass, and your plan nubibustic;
Not thus will you score.
Why, bless you, old Lady, the Gaffers and Gammers
Are much like their betters,
They'll bolt—what you crane at—the "big thumping" crammers,
As well as their letters.
I'll teach 'em, and that in a style would be making
Your hair stand on end;
And *you* all the time can a lesson be taking,
If you'll but attend.

You do not like "promising youngsters," dear Goody,
As lately you've said,
But come, it's no use to turn huffish or moody,
Don't shake your old head,
And gaze in that way like a goose in a passion.
I'll take your new class,
They'll have to be "crammed," Ma'am, in quite a new fashion,
If they are to pass.
I'll make 'em sit up a bit. Stroke upon stroke 'll
Bring home—well *our* views,
Ay, e'en to the beer-bemused mind of a yokel,
Come, do not refuse!
You'll have to give up Goody. Why take the loss ill?
Your lip why so curved?
You are not a bad sort of a funny old fossil,
But—youth will be served!
You can't bear the new "educational" burden,
And that you must see;
So turn up the job, that's a dear old Dame Durden,
And leave it to *Me*!

"SARTOR RESARTUS."—The three Tailors of Tooley Street may hide their diminished, and perhaps mythical, heads before the startling avatar of the one TAYLOR, of North Camberwell. The irrepressible, and acidulous, HELEN has, it is reported, been chosen as Parliamentary Candidate by that egregious Constituency, or at any rate by a knot of *soi-disant* "representatives" thereof. The Farce *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?* may henceforth have a new application. Miss HELEN TAYLOR considers that—even from the Parliamentary point of view—a woman is as good as a man, and better too. It is funny though that a "person" bearing this particular name should be chosen to put this to the test. The irreverent might suggest that to balance the equation one term would require multiplication by *nine*.



THAT FORWARD BOY.

MASTER R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL (to DAME N-RTHC-TE). "HERE—GIVE US THE BOOK, OLD LADY. I'LL TEACH THE LOT OF YOU!!"

THE CAUTIOUS KURD.

To Thoughtful men it must be clear
That "situations," meet for song,
Grow scarce and scarcer, year by year,
And will be quite used up, ere long.

The narrow limits of our life
As lived upon the modern plan,
Assign but "one unceasing wife"
To every contemplative man.

Then how can novelists combine
New "situations?" Day by day
Readers and Critics must repine
"The old are anything but gay."

Cast off the chains that gird thee round,
Come seek the Orient world with us,
New "situations" must abound
Among the Tribes polygamous!

I sing to-day about a Kurd,
A Kurd to praise I grasp my pen,
It must not seem to you absurd,
For Kurds have hearts like other men!

He had a heart, my Kurdish boy,
An organ of capacious size,
And Woman was his only joy,
Her smiles and wiles, her lips and eyes.

Hard by a Turkish Pasha dwelt,
His name was ALI RAS DABEEM,
And in his heart young FARGA felt
He loved that Pasha's whole Harem!



He saw, he loved them, he was fired
By Passion, like a furnace blown.
Without exception he desired
To call each one of them his own.



The number of these ladies was
A trifle over thirty score,
A figure limited, because
The Pasha could afford no more.

(Lands of the Vulture and the Dove
Our chill morality disclaim.
In FARGA's heart the flame of love
Was really something like a flame!)

Below their windows FARGA sighed—
Six hundred windows, more or less—
But, as their glittering veils he spied,
He thought about the cost of dress.

Then did he pause, and contemplate,
Then felt his flame the *douche* of doubt,
And finally he got a slate
To cipher all the matter out.

"The Housekeeping for each fair head
Let's call," he wrote, "two pounds a
week;
The man that can afford to wed,
Must be a Pasha or a Greek!

"Twelve hundred pounds by fifty-two?
And then the children, nurses, masters,—
There does not breathe a Kurd can do
So vast a sum into piastres!



"But I will look before I leap!"
He vowed, and struggled with the slate,
In decimals and fractions deep
He vainly tried to calculate.

Alas for Love, for ever dumb,
Alas for Hope, whose lamp grew dim,
The coils of that prodigious sum
Increased, embraced, and strangled him!

Of over-pressure did he die,—
Compound addition sealed his doom;
And now six hundred Matrons sigh,
And scatter roses on his tomb!



A SEASONABLE INVENTION.

MESSERS. DAUBITON, TINTEN & Co. beg to inform the Public that they are about to introduce into the Fashionable Market, and they trust into the Home of Taste and the Boudoir of Beauty, a new and most elegant Complexion Improver, which they are convinced will speedily supersede Rouge, Rose Pink, Auroral Flush, Bendemeer Balm, Compost of Cashmere, and all other compositions ever devised for the purpose of incarnadining the human cheek divine, to be called "THE BRITISH MATRON'S BURNING BLUSH."

This choice and elegant preparation is designed to meet a Great Public Want which has long been felt, more especially in the Art-loving World. There is, indeed, so much in Modern Society at which it is the obvious duty of True Modesty to blush, that a permanent Blush has become a *desideratum*. Nature cannot be depended upon to furnish the due measure of sanguineous determination on all occasions and at short notice. What can be more distressing to True Modesty than *not* to blush brilliantly on the right occasion and at the psychological moment? Cases have been known in which well-bred young girls, and even watchful and susceptible British Matrons, have failed to blush when, according to social usage, they should have done so, or have been, as it were, behind-hand with their blush, not beginning the necessary performance until more observant and sensitive persons have ended it. The power of promptly perceiving the Immodest is indeed unequally distributed, and in many cases requires subtle and assiduous training.

When Messrs. DAUBITON and TINTEN speak of the Immodest, they of course refer to what is, by unerring social convention, recognised as such. No merely natural instinct, however refined and delicate, will, of course, suffice to determine this. On this subject the British Matron is the acknowledged and final authority. To blush when Society does not demand it—as in a modern Ball-room, or at a fashionable Theatre—is of course as ridiculous, as essentially "bad form," as not to blush when Society does require it—as at a British (not Foreign) Art Exhibition, or Sculpture Gallery.

Messrs. DAUBITON and TINTEN trust that the difficulties arising from this state of affairs will be entirely removed by the introduction of their "BRITISH MATRON'S BURNING BLUSH." Armed with this choice preparation, the most susceptible will be ready for all social emergencies. In the Art Season more particularly, it will prove an invaluable companion for all Ladies, whether Maids or Matrons, who have to perform the fashionable duty of going the rounds of the Galleries. They will then be able even to go through the trying ordeal of "gazing on divinity disrobed" without being suspected of insensibility to the impropriety and immodesty of the exhibition.

Messrs. D. and T. anticipate that this artificial Blush will entirely supersede the ordinary process of nature, which cannot be in all cases safely depended on, and which will henceforth doubtless sink into absolute disuse, at any rate in Fashionable Society.—[ADVT.]

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says of the proposed New Duties that "It's all vanity and taxation of spirits."



"WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?"

"I'M MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AS YOU SEE, DR. SQUILLS! AND WHO ARE YOU?"
"I'M HORACE WALPOLE!"

EXTRA-JUDICIAL OATHS.

ENTERTAINED the other evening by the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House, Her Majesty's Judges had a considerable eulogy pronounced upon them by his Excellency the United States Minister, concluding, as reported, thus:—

"An American Judge once remarked that two courses were open to a disappointed suitor in the United States. He might either appeal the case or go away and swear at the Court. (*Laughter.*) I do not think this second course is very much in vogue in this country. (*Cheers.*)"

Perhaps it isn't. Swearing, in this country, is not at all in vogue, except among classes comprising but few litigants. Disappointed suitors, in the present day, do not usually go away and swear at the Court aloud. It may, however, be feared that the language they would use if they expressed their feelings audibly would sometimes prove rather strong. They seldom take this second course mentioned by the American Minister. But they do very often resort to the first, and not only "appeal the case," but go on appealing it through Court upon Court, each Court above in turn reversing the decision of the Court below. If disappointed litigants were accustomed to swear at Court after Court upon each successive disappointment, and all the profane oaths thus sworn could be recorded, registered, and the swearers every one of them for every oath fined five shillings, what an immense amount of money from that source of revenue would accrue to the Crown!

The Difference.

"A GOVERNMENT of Thirty-seven Policies!"
Shrieks RANDOLPH. "Tis a thing beyond endurance!"
How nice to know that he at least their folly sees!
He has but one,—a Policy of Assurance!

THE REAL "BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF."—A Derby without any champagne.

"HIS LAST CHANCE."

MR. W. H. SMITH'S Committee propose the abolition of the Paymaster-General. Quite right. Such an office must be a sinecure. We have made numerous inquiries, and cannot find one single instance on record of the Paymaster-General having paid anything for anyone in particular. He has never paid our own bill at a hotel, or the bill for a little dinner at the Club, or, indeed, any of our bills when we have been a "trifle pressed for money." True, we have never asked him; but, now we know of his existence, we shall at Quarter-Day give him a chance of showing what a Paymaster-General can do if he likes, and what he is really "good for" within reasonable limits. If the Paymaster-General is a sharp chap, and wishes to keep in office, he will comply with all our requests, and, by availing himself of this great chance, prolong his official existence. But if to pay for everybody is what he ought to be doing, then, for neglecting such deserving cases as above-mentioned, he should be dismissed, and a new man appointed with the title of Official Public Benefactor.

A Chance for Childers.

INCREASE of Spirit Duties some oppose;

But CHILDERS you might win—at least you'd merit—
Approval and support from friends and foes,
If you would put a tax on *Party Spirit*.

IMPRESSIONISM IN POLITICS.—Mr. GLADSTONE would seem to have joined the "Impressioniste" School of Art. His "Impressions of Russia," however, appear to err in the same direction as the singular and audacious productions of Mr. WHISTLER, that, namely, of vague and indeterminate sketchiness. They require a deal of explanation, too, like the works of that other enigmatic genius. Looked at in the right way, and from precisely the proper point of view, they may possibly be seen to mean something or other, but the general effect to the ordinary gazer is as negative and nubibustic as that of any Whistlerian Nocturne. His last "Arrangement" seems to be a Protean and puzzling composition, and is, in fact, a piece which passes all ordinary understanding. It is to be hoped that the "Harmony" upon which he is supposed to be now engaged, may prove a more definite and intelligible work of Art.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

BORN, 1801. DIED, JUNE 5, 1885.

ART-evergreen, link with a larger past!
The leaf has fallen, the chain is snapt at last.
But changeful echoes of thy various song
On Time's Æolian chords will linger long.

"THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER" HIM.

THE excellent programme of the BALFE Memorial Concert promised for the Albert Hall this week ought to bring together a strong muster of those,—and, spite some recent tendencies, there are certainly yet not a few,—who, preferring the fresh melody of true genius to that unoriginal *pot-pourri* of GOUNOD-and-WAGNER-and-water, a good deal too much of which passes current nowadays as Modern English Music, still regard as our one great Composer; the prolific *maestro* to whom we owe the immortal *Bohemian Girl*. To have left such a girl behind him ought alone to be enough for anyone's musical fame, but the capital lyrical *menu* before us reminds us, if we needed reminding, how much and how great work BALFE accomplished in his time. With SIMS REEVES set down for "*When Other Lips*," and CHRISTINE NILSSON prepared with "*Marble Halls*," to say nothing of TREEBELL, MAAS, and BARRINGTON FOOT, all of whose names figure prominently in the programme, the whole entertainment, both artistically and musically, promises remarkably well. We wish it every success.

THE WAY TO THE BAR.—It appears that a Drinking and Refreshment Bar has been established in the Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice, besides two other such bars set up in the corridors of the ground floor. If these are to be permanent institutions, an arrangement might be made which would be a considerable convenience to the higher class of Law-students. Candidates for the position of Barrister might be allowed the option of eating (and drinking) their terms at these legal Refreshment Bars.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 12.



NEUTRAL GROUND. THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS "AT HOME."

OLD SCORES ;

Or, Paying Them Off Made Easy.

It is understood that, with a view to cutting down the ridiculously high scores and counteracting the rapidly-growing superiority of the Bat, a superiority that is fast tending to render a Cricket Match quite an interminable affair, the Committee of the M.C.C. have decided on adopting, without further delay, the following brief Schedule of Rules, which, it is hoped, will do something towards restoring the old equilibrium to the game, and giving the Bowler something of his old chance.

THE BALL.

The Ball shall, in future, weigh one pound thirteen ounces and a half, be nineteen inches in diameter, and tinted a bright grass green, selected to match as nearly as possible the colour of the bowling crease.

THE BAT.

The face of the Bat shall lose two inches in width, five in length, while the handle shall be shortened by a foot or even more, on appeal to the Umpire, if the Out side so desire it.

THE WICKET.

The Wicket shall consist of five stumps, rising to a height of six feet three inches, and presenting a breadth of not more than two feet two inches. To give the Batsman an equivalent advantage, and enable him to cover this conveniently, he will be permitted either to stand on a chair or play his innings on stilts.

THE GROUND.

The ground between the two wickets shall be carefully prepared underneath the turf with patent elastic India-rubber pavement, which will have the effect of making the Ball rise freely and unexpectedly, and so give the Bowler some slight advantage against an active Batsman. To prevent runs coming too fast, the Umpires shall, if requested by the Out Captain, after every third Over convert the portion of the ground between the two Wickets into a butter-slide, and request the Batsmen to remove their spikes.

THE FIELD.

The Field shall be disposed as usual, but being provided with large seven-foot expanding web-handed net Gloves and pantomime heads, and being well padded with the new cricketing air-cushion suit, they can stand in close and, surrounding the Batsman, render a drive for six, or even for one, a practical impossibility. An innings of double figures, with decent fielding on this principle, will be found therefore to be a rare occurrence.

N.B.—More stringent regulations, on the above lines, are already under consideration, but it may be stated that a competent authority has given it as his opinion that if the foregoing Rules are strictly adhered to, as it is proposed they should be, at the forthcoming Oxford and Cambridge Match at Lord's, the contest will be over in less than five-and-twenty minutes. The advantage of this will be obvious, and all the lovers of Cricket must feel that at last a move has been made in the right direction.

THE invitation of the "Pastoral Players" to see their Show is not "Walk up! Walk up!" but "Coombe up! Coombe up!"

LAYS OF A CRAZY MINSTREL.

Written for Accompaniment on the Colney Hatch Concertina.

THE birdlime glimmers green and grey,
The silky sludges shiver;
We sing the dirge of well-a-day,
While deadly (somethings) quiver!



The dusky dab-chick loves to dream,
The brindled bat is flapping;
Deep in the secret of the stream
The timid boot-jack's napping!
Oh, then we'll take a boat, my love,
I'll pull you through the heather,
And then with tea and toast, my love,
We'll roll away together!

But hark! the evening dumb-bells chime,
It is not meet to giggle,
So let us kneel on orange-peel,
And writhe, and rave, and wriggle.
The weeping willows dry their eyes,
(Then let us all be humble)
The blatant bullrush softly sighs,
My own, my Bee, my Bumble!
Oh, then we'll drift away, my love,
And you will wear a feather,
But I will be your macaroon,
My love!
And now, then, all together!

(Chorus.)

* No room for "my love" in this line or next, but it must come in somewhere, or the idea will be lost.—C.M.

THE DOOMED ASSOCIATE.

A Romance of Modern Art.

THE thermometer still stood at 88°, and the gloomy stupor that had for some time been irresistibly settling on the assembled Academicians, seemed now to deepen visibly with the fast fading daylight. A faint and weary dreaminess oppressed the President. He had been recalling some of his own after-dinner speeches. Still he struggled to overcome their influence, and complete, by one supreme effort, the matter of business that had, notwithstanding the fierce tropical temperature of the evening, occasioned the conclave of his colleagues, whose labours it was not only his highest duty, but his honest endeavour to stimulate and direct. He rose to his feet.

There was a momentary hush. The conversation had for several hours been turning on the recent outrages perpetrated with a large kitchen toasting-fork on all the noted pictures of the year. Many had been torn to shreds. Some, more fortunate, were hanging from their frames in slices. All had suffered remarkably, and public interest was excited. Among the Academicians themselves there was but one feeling on the subject. They had sold their Pictures, and regarded the matter with sulky indifference. But the evening was hot, and they were human. They could not but snarl over the circumstance in suppressed whispers.

"Come, Gentlemen," said the President, looking round upon them in his most finished manner with a feeble smile, "waste no more thought about the jealous miscreant. We neither know, nor care to know, his name. Let us proceed to business. We have one more election to make, and then our labours end."

"The sooner the better," gasped an old Gentleman, pushing his way to a place at the table opposite his Chief; "but don't say we don't know names."

He seized a pencil as he spoke, and wrote two words on a small piece of inked paper. He folded it up, and tossed it to the President. "There," he said, "we know names well enough, but we don't always mention them, lest the matter gets wind, and the parties escape. I have had six Detectives on him for a month," he continued with a chuckle, "and to-morrow morning, as sure as my name is JOHN HERBERT, we nab him." The veteran Academician resumed his seat with a call to order. Nobody heeded his excitement. "It's only old HERBERT," they said.

The President opened the paper and read it, smiling again in his best manner. Then he refolded it, and took it up to place it in his waistcoat pocket. He did not notice that he let it fall upon the table.

The evening had now grown inconveniently dark; the sky-effects were pronounced by the majority to be worthy of an outsider, and they determined to proceed with their business without candles.

The method of election of an Associate of the Royal Academy, though extremely simple, strikes the uninitiated as strange, if not even quaint. The President's hat, a new one, is generally selected for the purpose, and is placed upon a chair in the middle of the room. Into it each Academician in turn casts the names of not less than five-and-twenty friends, acquaintances, or, if possible, relations, whom he considers eligible for the honour. These names are written on little slips of folded paper.

The President's new hat being now filled by these to the very brim, the process of "election" commences. This is contrived adroitly as follows. Held firmly by the Treasurer, on one side, and on the other by the junior Trustee, the hat is carried several times quickly round the room, while each Academician present, taking a run at it, gives, when he gets a chance, a smart kick at the crown, thereby effectively disturbing some of the contents, and scattering them on the ground. At first the scraps of paper are easily displaced by a light touch; but, as the hat gets gradually emptied of its contents, the kicks take necessarily a more lively character, till, when the last few remaining names are reached, the horse-play becomes both fast and furious, the whole culminating in the crown coming bodily out, together with the final paper. This, with the debris of his hat, is eagerly seized by the now panting President, who, opening the paper and reading the name, good-humouredly announces to the palpitating and laughing Academicians, that their new Associate is "elected."

These time-honoured details had, notwithstanding the excessive heat and the twilight, been strictly adhered to on the present occasion, and the President, having secured the final paper, and opened it, there was a general cry for lights.

"Well?" was the general shout, as the walking stick and umbrella keeper entered with candles, "well?—who is the unlucky dog? His name? What's his name? Out with it!"

The President had turned a rich Chinese white. His head trembled like a stippling brush, and for a moment the room swam before him. He was gazing at a little bit of ink-stained paper. Then he rallied. "The name of our new Associate, Gentlemen," he said, in a firm voice, "is BURNES JONES!"

There was a wild yell of astonishment. But at that moment the aged Academician had darted towards the President.

"That man!" he cried, with a low wail of agony—"there's some mistake! Why he's the fellow who—"

"Hush!" said the President, rapidly drawing him aside.

"Hush! It's all for the best!"

"All for the best!" repeated the now sobbing veteran, mechanically. "How?"

There was a moment's silence. Then came the slow sardonic answer. "How? He is now one of Us! He's done for!"

"STUFF O' THE CONSCIENCE."

A MORNING Contemporary attributes to the Under-Secretary for the Colonies an observation which may be regarded as rather exceptional; the speeches of Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY being, in point of common sense, usually quite worthy of his father's son. Addressing a conference of Liberals lately held at Shanklin, the Hon. Gentleman, if not misquoted, "while expressing his belief in the efficacy of Vaccination, said he was in favour of the abolition of the compulsory principle when a parent has proved his objections to be conscientious." Mr. ASHLEY doubtless believes not only in the efficacy of Vaccination, but also in that of scientific medical treatment in general. Suppose one of the Peculiar People had not only refused to let his child be vaccinated, but also, the child having been seized with smallpox, persisted in refusing to send for a Doctor, would the representative of the intelligent electors of the Isle of Wight have the compulsory principle abolished for that parent solely because he had proved his objections to be conscientious?



AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.

Mrs. Blokey (who has called with a Letter of Introduction on Mr. Roscius Lamborn, the famous Actor and Manager). "AND I'VE BROUGHT YOU MY SON, WHO'S BREAKIN' HIS MOTHER'S 'ART, MR. LAMBORN! HE INSISTS ON GIVIN' UP THE CITY AND GOIN' ON THE STAGE—AND HIS FATHER AN ALDERMAN AND 'IM IN HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS, AND ALL THE FAMILY THOUGHT OF SO 'IGHLY IN CLAPHAM! IT'S A GREAT GRIEF TO US, I ASSURE YOU, MR. LAMBORN! OH! IF YOU COULD ONLY DISSUADE 'IM! BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, I'M AFRAID, SO P'APS YOU WOULDN'T MIND GIVIN' HIM A LEADIN' PART IN YOUR NEXT PIECE!"

THE REVOLUTION ON EVOLUTION.

(By a Bewildered Philistine.)

BARRING earthquake, or the submersion of this Island, or the devastation of London and its suburbs by Chinese or some other barbaric or semi-barbaric invaders, the statue of CHARLES DARWIN will look down for all time on the visitors to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. It is not astonishing that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Dean of WESTMINSTER, and Archdeacon FARRE, assisted at the unveiling of that monument by Professor HUXLEY: The residue of the propounder of Evolution had previously, *nem. diss.* of the Clergy, if not also of the Dissenters, been interred in Westminster Abbey. Public instructors have taken occasion to moralise joyfully on the wonderful change of attitude towards the doctrine of DARWIN displayed by their Reverences and their Worships from that which their predecessors, and perhaps some of themselves, exhibited six-and-twenty years ago.

The moralists on that transition from anathema to admiration, enthusiastically proclaim that it is all right. They are apparently convinced that Evolution is a grand discovery and an unquestionable truth, although DARWIN himself seems to have not been quite cocksure of it, and to have proposed it as not much more than a highly probable theory. Be that as it may, on what supposition is the entire reversal of their Worships' and Reverences' judgment of it to be explained? When first it was announced to them they either misunderstood Evolution, or else entertained erroneous ideas of the verities to which they imagined it contrary—the orthodoxy they professed to teach. They must now acknowledge DARWIN's doxy; do they, therefore, perceive that it agrees with their own doxy, or seem to have seen reason to modify the latter? At any rate, they

THE ARTFUL "AJAX."

A Nautical Song of the Period.

"The *Ajax* has a supreme contempt for her helm. She does just as she pleases, and can only be kept under the semblance of control by the adoption on board of the most heroic remedies."—*Admiralty and Horse-Guards' Gazette.*

An artful ship is the *Ajax* bold,
With a yo-heave-ho!
She's found uncommonly hard to hold,
With a yo-heave-ho!
She waltzes about in all the seas,
And she rolls although there isn't a breeze,
A sort of naval "Go-as-you-please,"
With a yo-heave-ho!

No waves are present to overwhelm,
With a yo-heave-ho!
But still she doesn't obey her helm,
With a yo-heave-ho!
When tired of carrying helm a-port,
She's off to starboard in playful sport,
A monstrous maritime "rorty sort,"
With a yo-heave-ho!

She anchored safe anear Dover town,
With a yo-heave-ho!
But steam was up, though the anchor down,
With a yo-heave-ho!
And lucky, too, for she broke away,
And smashed all her cable there, they say;
Her Captain must have had a lively day,
With a yo-heave-ho!

And now she's off, this lively gal,
With a yo-heave-ho!
A-cruising with HORNBY, Admiral,
With a yo-heave-ho!
Though Captain KENNEDY furl and reef,
And keep up steam, it's my firm belief,
The artful *Ajax* will come to grief,
With a yo-heave-ho!

A REASONABLE SERVICE.—Mr. BOOTH, Generalissimo of the S. A., has announced, on the part of its organisers, that they are proposing also to start a "Salvation Navy." Good, if the shipping of the S. A. is to consist of Life Boats.

THE Liberals say that the Government has been "Wrecked in Port." Stranded on a BEACH would, perhaps, be nearer the mark.

may be presumed to have become satisfied that Evolution, if a fact, by no means destroys their own professional *raison d'être*. By what considerations Public Instructors, judiciously or injudiciously, forbear (if able) to enlighten the public mind.

PROVIDENCE FOR THE POOR.

DR. ALFRED CARPENTER, writing to the *Times* on the subject of "Disfranchisement for Receipt of Medical Relief," says:—

"If the principle of Provident Dispensaries among the poor were properly inculcated, so that by means of a small payment per week or ls. a month, a family should be able to obtain medical advice when required, there would be no occasion at any time to call upon the parish for assistance, unless something else should be wanted."

Now this merits consideration. Dr. CARPENTER thinks the action of the House of Lords in the matter is to be commended. Mr. Punch, as he has already intimated, does not. But if it should have the effect of calling public attention to the Provident Dispensary system, there will be something at least to be said for it. Several gentlemen, notably Dr. JOHN MAUNSELL, late of Bath, have endeavoured, with little success hitherto, to get this important subject properly ventilated, both in its bearings upon the interest of the poor and of the Medical Profession. Dr. MAUNSELL, in particular, has made a special study of it for years, and has worked hard to direct attention to the vices and mischiefs of the present practice, and the beneficent possibilities of the Provident Dispensary System properly understood and applied. Mr. Punch gladly seconds Dr. CARPENTER's appeal to our Lady Bountifuls, benevolence organisers, aye, and practical politicians and unsentimental philanthropists of all classes, to take this matter into immediate and earnest consideration.

THE COMPETITORS

For the Conservative Puppy Stakes. (With acknowledgments to Mr. W. H. Trood.)



Bow-wow-wow! Now is the time, or never—
 Pups all, perchance, but promising and clever!
 Such a rare row of them, all smart as *Guppies*,
 Alert, expectant. Mark that prince of Puppies,
 Blunt-muzzled *Impudence*, extremely tiny,
 But full of "devil," sharp-eyed, trim, and shiny.
S-c-a-t, boy! He scarce needs hounding on the quarry,
 And for the rat he tackles one feels sorry.

There's *Randolph*, with pug-muzzle and sharp eyes,
 He won't be very far from the first prize.
Indifference, bland of look, and yet few bolder;
Jealousy rather out of it—much older
 Than the young *Hopefuls*, among whom he poses,
Modesty, with not the best of noses,
Conceit, with *Cookney* polish,
Jealousy—*ress*. He'd demolish

All the *Pied Piper's* rat-host, he cock-sure is,
 At one full mouthful; sleekest of sham-furies,
 With more of snap than tooth-hold, given to yelping,
 And needing much disciplinary skelping.
 Next sharp-jawed *Modesty*, whose look and nature
 Mark the fine irony of nomenclature.
 He ransack ricks for rats? Pooh! that's a poor hunt!
 He's game to lead the *Calydonian Boar Hunt*,



THE "SOFT ANSWER."

She (impatiently). "OH, GEORGE DEAR! HOW YOU DO SMOKE! DO YOU BUY YOUR CIGARS BY THE HUNDREDWEIGHT, OR BY THE TON?"
He (ever patient). "THE FORMER, LOVE, I SUPPOSE,—AS I BUY THEM BY THE HUNDRED, AND THE MAN WAITS FOR HIS MONEY!"

Or beard Midlothian lions in their dens. He
 Thinks there's no difference between "fine frenzy"
 And kennel-rabies. So conceives his neighbour
 Moon-baying *Silliness*. Mountain in labour
 Gave birth to him as he gives birth to yapping.
 BUN-GAULTIER'S Turtle ne'er excelled at snapping
 This small, tongue-giving tyke. A decent doggy
 Comes next in *Nervousness*, a trifle foggy
 As to his function, has a sort of notion,
 Which in his honest breast excites commotion,
 That he's a *Wolf*-hound, but might feel much merrier,
 As, say, a (diplomatic) smart fox-terrier.
Simplicity, sweet puppy, most ingenuous
 Of tykes, but just a trifle tame and tenuous,
 Eyes *Envy* doubtfully; *Envy*, who truly
 Should take first prize with ease, if treated duly.
 But ah—there always is a "but," and prizes
 To dogs as men, and of all sorts and sizes,
 Come often as *surprises*. Though it true is
 That every dog shall have his day, to few is
 Master McGraff's supremacy permitted,
 But still this Puppy-Show may not be pitied.
 The Dog-Star's in the ascendant, the Canicular
 Season is here. Which puppy in particular
 Shall play political *Sirius*, to these rivals
 Is quite a *Sirius* question. Some survivals
 Must from among these youthful Dogs of War win,
 The fittest, doubtless, if there's truth in DARWIN.

MR. CYRIL FLOWER was not a defaulter on the night of the Government defeat. He wrote to the *Times* to say that he came up to Town all the way from the Island of Lewis. When, in future, any loyal Liberal hurries to Westminster post-haste to assist his party, it will be said of him that he "Cometh up as a Flower." N.B.—This is not an advertisement for one of the best of Miss BROUGHTON'S novels.

· UNIMPEACHABLE.

THE recent crisis has naturally given rise to a great many rumours, for the perfect authenticity of which it has not always been possible to vouch. The following, however, which have been carefully sifted, may be taken quite confidently *cum grano*.

It is stated on good authority that Lord SALISBURY, for the purpose of insuring himself a working majority in the House of Commons, has stipulated that Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent phalanx of "Abstainers" shall be all provided, from the Secret Service Fund, with sufficient means to enable them to pass the remainder of the Session at some of the cheaper watering-places, while the Irish party will have the option either of going up in a batch to the Upper House, or being permanently "named" by the SPEAKER.

It is now no longer a secret that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has carried his point, and that his objection to accepting off-hand the Leadership of the House of Commons has been overcome. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE becomes Viceroy of India, and has consented to start to-morrow *viâ* Flushing.

It is understood that the PREMIER'S refusal to go down to Balmoral and personally tender his resignation to Her Majesty hinged at the last moment on a simple question of the payment of his railway fare. Considering that, due to the pressing circumstances under which his journey was about to be undertaken, he had a right to a third class return ticket free of cost, and this being obstinately denied him by the Authorities at Euston Square, he, with some show of irritation, entrusted his mission, just as the train was starting, to an active Queen's Messenger, who happened to be lounging about the platform. Notwithstanding the protest of the Officials, this gentleman who, it appears, had grown familiar with the feat from successfully attempting it on nearly all the great Continental lines, adroitly swung himself under the guard's van and holding firmly to the axle bar, travelled thus suspended without a break as far as Perth. Though ultimately taken into custody through having bail refused

for him at the latter place, it was entirely owing to his prompt and energetic action that the QUEEN's reply was received in London on the morning of the following Wednesday week.

Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR's celebrated "Four-Line" Whip Letter of Explanation is now admitted on all hands to have been a clever and ingenious hoax. Conceived and carried out jointly by a sporting Baronet, well known on the Front Opposition Benches, and a subordinate Official of the House, celebrated for his strong language, clever caligraphy, and keen sense of humour, it had, as might have been foreseen, the desired effect of keeping the bulk of the party well at a distance.

One of the first acts of the New Ministry it is reported, on good authority, will be to dispatch Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, with as little delay as possible, on a Special Secret Mission to the Russian Camp at Zulikar. With a view to enabling him thoroughly to master the intricacies of the complicated situation in a manner satisfactory to the Government, he will be provided, before starting, with all the Blue Books bearing on the subject, a copy of the "Lives of the Czars;" and, to disarm suspicion, he will be unaccompanied by an Interpreter. With full powers to meet General KOMAROFF boldly on his own ground, and ask him as many questions, without notice, as he can, it is confidently believed that, as Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT will have, moreover, unlimited leave of absence, his selection for this delicate Mission will, while gracefully acknowledging his special services in the past, at the same time prove a very substantial benefit to his party generally. His departure for Central Asia under these conditions cannot but be watched with lively interest.

Signs of the Times.

MR. MAPLE, Upholsterer, runs a horse for the Derby, a real live one, not a towel-horse, with a good chance of winning when he turned Tottenham Court—no, we mean Tattenham Corner. Then Mr. WALTER SHOOLBRED buys a deer-forest in Argyllshire, and considers it a cheap forest. If Messrs. SWAN AND EDGAR, or LEWIS AND ALLENBY, take to starting a horse for the great race of the year, they not only might win the "Blue Riband of the Turf," but, as a little bit of economy, and all in the way of business, supply it themselves.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 8.—Seats Bills went through Lords to-night after decent show of debate. The Markiss in most conciliatory mood. Wouldn't even listen to proposals for Amendment. Most of the old friends came up again. Once more the fight raged round Batley and Morley; and the great question that shook the House of Commons to its centre, whether it should be Radcliffe-cum-Farnworth, or Farnworth-cum-Radcliffe, earnestly debated. POWERSCOURT wanted one of the Dublin Divisions called Donnybrook to be re-named St. Stephen's.

"Never mind," said the Markiss, "much the same thing. Been in the Commons myself, you know."

Meanwhile, Commons spent a dull evening in debate on Budget. CHILDERS having high old time. Of course made prodigious speech on introducing Budget. Statement on Friday touching proposed alterations. Long speech to-night on Motion to go into Committee, and six hours later up again with another fearsome oration.

"No Budget can survive this," said the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

"Oh, yes, you'll pull through," said PULESTON; and so said everyone. Whole business regarded as a bore. No Vote of Censure for nearly a fortnight. HICKS-BEACH accordingly put down one on Budget. Great field-night proclaimed. Members, whipped up, came down grumbling. Government sure of majority, and what's the use? House empty for hours during night. Filled up again towards midnight, when Division looked for.

An Hon. Member immediately behind Treasury Bench, the only man in House who had listened throughout, fell asleep at 11.30. At 11.45 attack of nightmare. Began pummelling DODDS in manner unaccountable to that gentleman. Profound sensation in House. Thought the reckless man was in a fit. Dr. LYONS solemnly rose and proceeded to patient, who was still pummelling DODDS. Member behind with great presence of mind sought to relieve patient by taking his hat off. Preparations made for loosening his shirt-collar. But this too much. Had listened all through to CHILDERS' speech No. 1, HICKS-BEACH, GEORGE HAMILTON, the long list of dinner-hour orators, CHILDERS's speech No. 2, and STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. But was not going to lose his hat. Awoke; made wild dash at Member behind; recovered his hat, and tried to look as if nothing had

happened. Pretty to see DODDS insisting on shaking hands with him. Awakened Member resented this as inconsequential. Hadn't



Strange "Scene in the House."

slightest idea how severely he'd pummelled Member for Stockton, who desired to intimate that no harm was done.

Tuesday, 1.30 A.M.—Scene suddenly changed. GLADSTONE just down after delivering fiery speech. "A matter of life and death to us," he cried, with accusatory gesture towards Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who had got his hands up his sleeves, and was trying desperately so to dispose of the rest of his corporeal presence. "Turn us out on our Budget and bring in your own."

But nobody thought of turning out. Government sure of majority. Might be small, but that nothing new. Members trooped out to Division, and straggled back again. At Quarter to Two, it was plain that forces were equally divided. Still Government bound to win. KENSINGTON "telling" Ministerial numbers, in first. Even that didn't shake universal opinion.

"These Liberals," growled HICKS, audibly smacking his lips, "can't go through Lobby like ordinary gentlemen; rush through like schoolboys."

Evidently mistake somewhere. Clerk hands paper to ROWLAND

WINN, Tory Whip. At this indication of Government defeat, RANDOLPH leaped on the bench and waved his hat, shouting as only one other man in House can shout. Other man there too: TIM HEALY, on lower end of back Bench, leaped up and answered the shout of triumph. Shrill voice of JOSEPH GILLES rose above uproar. A light that never was on sea or land cast its radiance over his expressive countenance.

JOSEPH's smile seemed to stretch right across the Gangway. Cheers intermitted for moment, to give opportunity for announcement of figures; then rose again and again, JOEY B. excitedly but irrelevantly bellowing "Buckshot! Buckshot!"



Rapturous Delight of the Fourth Party.

TIM HEALY and the rest roaring "Coercion!" As Tory Whip passed down after announcing figures, RANDOLPH publicly shook hands with him.

"ROWLAND," he said, his voice trembling with emotion, "I always said that some day you were bound to WINN."

All this while GLADSTONE quietly writing letter on his knee. "Like Madame Defarge going on knitting whilst Revolution was brewing," said DAVID PLUNKET. Clerk proposed to go through Orders of the Day. Met by cries of "Adjourn! Adjourn!" GLADSTONE looked up, and surveyed animated scene with delightfully puzzled expression. Something evidently had happened besides the pummelling of DODDS by the Gentleman in the nightmare. "Adjourn? Why, cert'nly." So House adjourned, Members pouring out through doorway in tumultuous stream, Parnellites and Conservatives still wildly cheering.

Business done.—The Government's.

Tuesday Night.—Second Act in exciting Drama. A full House, and eager expectation. GLADSTONE entering at Twenty-five Minutes past Four, received tremendous ovation.

If he'd been the victor instead of the vanquished, couldn't have been greater enthusiasm amongst his followers. Conservatives, a little taken aback by this demonstration, looked coldly on. Presently HICKS-BEACH came in, and they took their turn to cheer. JOSEPH GILLIS, entering still later, there was a movement among the Parnellites. Thought they were going to cheer him. But the impulse was resisted, and JOEY B. took his seat unconscious of the flutter he had created.

Everyt' seemed topsy-turvy. GLADSTONE cheered just after being routed, and never during five years of Ministry were there such jubilant faces on Treasury Bench. HARTINGTON positively smiling. HARCOURT breaking out from time to time in a low chuckle, DILKE and CHAMBERLAIN chatting and laughing as if they had private information of good joke.

Only GLADSTONE solemn and dignified. Rose before questions put, and stated that in consequence of the decision arrived at by House the same morning the Cabinet had forwarded "a dutiful communication to Her MAJESTY." Wild horses would not drag from GLADSTONE the nature of that communication. The time might come when he would be at liberty to disclose it. It was not yet. House nevertheless cheered and counter-cheered as if it knew all about it. Cheerfully acceded to motion for adjournment, and Members gaily went off to enjoy their unexpected holiday.

Business done.—GLADSTONE darkly hints at Resignation.

Friday Night.—Third and concluding Act. GLADSTONE makes clean breast of it. Unreservedly admits that the "dutiful communication" to the QUEEN contained his Resignation. House surprised beyond measure. Apparently the very last thing it thought of. What was more, the QUEEN had accepted the resignation, and sent for Lord SALISBURY.

"It appears to me," said GIBSON, "that there was resignation on both sides. QUEEN seems to have concealed with great success her regret at WILLIAM's approaching departure."



The G. O. M. writing to the Queen, and committing the "Happy Dispatch."



Taking Counsel.

Drove home with GLADSTONE after adjournment. Had a very flattering reception from the crowd. Really didn't think I was so widely known. Took opportunity of giving a little friendly advice

to GLADSTONE. Besought him to make the most of his opportunities, avoid all work, and take long rest.

"You're quite right," he said, pressing my paw, "and I shall take your advice. Shan't do much more this Session. Will save myself up for another Midlothian Campaign and a new Parliament." *Business done.*—GLADSTONE openly announces Resignation.

The Wreck of the "Grosvenor."

ALAS for the loss of the Government Ship,

For want of "all hands to the sails!"

If the crew can't be ruled by a sharp "Four-Line Whip,"
They merit a Cat-o'-nine-tails.

CHANGE OF NAME IN THE ARTISTIC WORLD.—Since his being elected Associate of the Royal Academy, "BURNES-JONES, A." will now be known in Burlington House as "HANG-JONES, A." Now, we know exactly where "the line" is drawn on the Academy walls. It is drawn at "HANG-JONES."

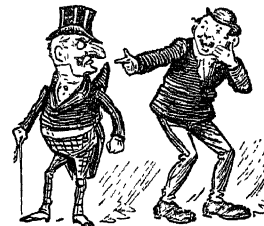
THE DAY AFTER.—"How are you this morning?" asked HERBERT GLADSTONE of his excellent parent, who was packing up preparatory to quitting Downing Street "bag and baggage." "My dear boy," replied his father, sadly, "this is not 'Question Time'; but, to tell you the truth, my brow is aching; for I had too much Beer and Spirits last night, and I'm completely upset." Then they split a B. and S. iced.

WICKET JOKES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Winning the Toss.



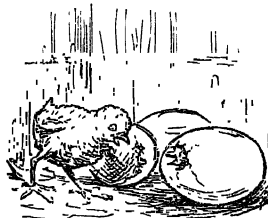
Point and Hump-ire.



Excellent Fielding.



Long Stop.



Out, and Not Out.



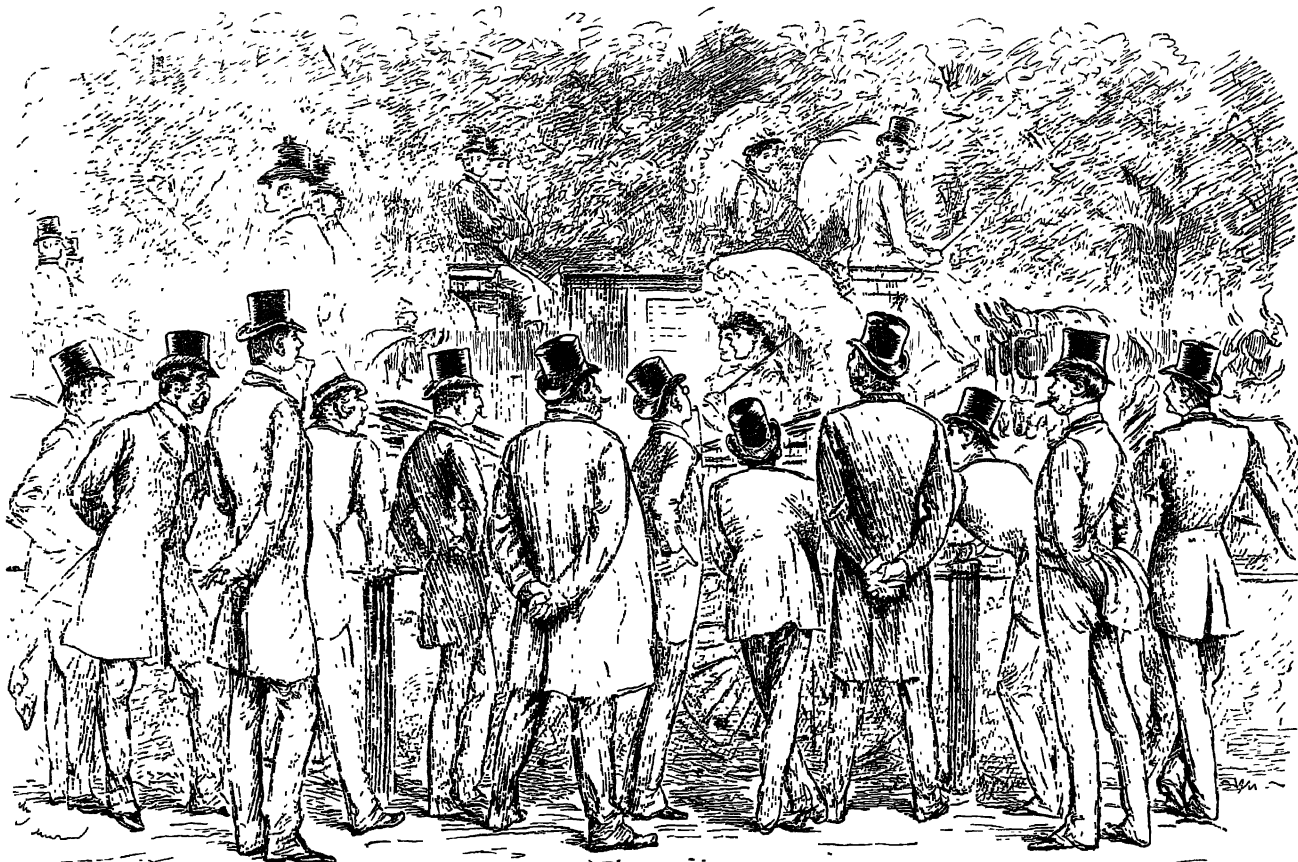
Following On, and opening with a Wide.



Bowling his Off Stump.



Caught at the Wicket.



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Mrs. Masham. "WHAT A LOT OF DUST THERE IS, MABEL! SHALL WE HAVE THE HOOD OF THE CARRIAGE PUT UP IN FRONT?"

Mabel. "OH NO! WE SHOULDN'T SEE ANYBODY!"

Mrs. Masham. "SHALL WE HAVE IT UP BEHIND, THEN?"

Mabel. "OH, THAT WOULD BE STILL WORSE, FOR NOBODY WOULD SEE US!"

THE "BUDGET" STAKES.

Where was his Whip? On a horse such as this is,
Although—like his jock—he is "aged" and tired,
With pace of *Bucephalus*, nous of Ulysses,

He should have been first at the post—if desired.

Patience and dash,

With a touch of the lash,

And he ought to have gone to the front in a flash.

Where was his Whip? What "close things" he has ridden!

When was his nag known to fail at a pinch?

Has he not done pretty nearly as bidden?

Fairly wound-up, is he given to flinch?

Now an "old crock"

May the Favourite mock.

Who lost this race, then, the horse or the jock?

Where was his Whip? 'Tis a horse that will stand it.

True it has temper, is given to bolt:

'Tisn't a mere stable-boy can command it,

But, with *this* rider, not apt to revolt.

WILLIAM, I think

That was a wink.

Things do appear in a bit of a kink.

Where was his Whip? Never lifted it fairly.

Lazily led, *Flying Childers* might fail.

Far harder races you've won, WILL, if barely;

Rather odd game at the last to turn tail.

Reads like a fable,

Raises a Babel.

What was the cause? *Something wrong with the Stable?*

Certainly seems all at sixes and sevens.

In and out running suspicion excites.

Might have been backed though this time, if at evens;
Not a try left in you? Oddest of plights!

Was it quite proper

To go for a cropper?

Or, do you mean it an *ultimate* stopper?

Stable has been a bit shaky; no wonder!

Stables that can't pull together all round

Court cruel luck, and are destined to blunder.

Been a bit cheviated, too, WILL, I'll be bound.

Overworked, stale?

Yes, you look pale;

But surely 'tis not want of pluck makes *you* fail.

The Public, too—that has its rights, Master WILLY;

After all you can't leave *it* quite out of account.

He must not ride to lose, but peg on, willy-nilly,

Who, trusted as jockey, accepts a big mount.

Not *mean* to win?

Humph! Cynics may grin,

But how about backers who've planked down their tin?

Something behind? Why that clearly the case is!

Something before? That seems probable too!

Let's hope 'twill bear daylight. Those subsequent races

The Stable *may* win. Will it be, though, with *you*?

A Jockey so rare

Did our colours ne'er wear,

Punch hopes to the end you will ride fair and square!

SIR JOHN BENNETT, always up to the time of day, and occasionally a little too fast, wanted the Common Council to condole with France on the loss of VICTOR HUGO. "Ugo!" exclaimed a Common Councillor in correctest French, "Oo's Ugo? You go and be wound up!" So SIR JOHN BENNETT put his hands before his clock-face, joined them together, and, as the Council wouldn't hear him, struck.



THE "BUDGET" STAKES.

MR. PUNCH. "HALLO, WILLIAM! WHERE WAS YOUR 'WHIP'?"

W. E. G. (*the old Jock*). "OH, I MADE PLAY WITH IT, JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING, BUT"—(*shilly*)—"BLESS YOU, I DIDN'T MEAN WINNING THIS TIME!"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

I TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.



LOOKED in at my Chambers a few days after an important sporting event, to attend to a matter of professional business (I had put into "The Staircase Sweep," and was not aware whether I had drawn a placed horse), and was met by my excellent and admirable Clerk in a condition of some excitement. From his bright face I expected that I had been sufficiently lucky to select the Winner, and that he was waiting to tell me the news, and to claim the half-crown

in the guinea which I allow as a fee to my trusty retainer.

"So *Snuffbox*, I see, was my selection, PORTINGTON?" I observed, with a smile.

My excellent and admirable Clerk seemed for a moment surprised, and then explained that the joy which I had noticed on his face was not attributable to my success on the Turf (as a matter of record I may say that I had drawn *Pauper*, a non-starter), but to the fact that a Client was waiting for me.

"Mr. LINCOLN GRAY!" I exclaimed, reading the card that PORTINGTON handed to me. "Dear me! what can he want with me?"

"He had a brief in his hand, Sir," replied my worthy assistant, opening the door of my room, and ushering me in.

"You do not recollect me?" said my visitor, a gentleman of staid appearance, albeit there was a twinkle in one of his eyes which somehow or other recalled to my recollection happier scenes than those usually witnessed in the dark stern chambers of the law.

"No," I faltered; "although your face is very familiar to me."

"Don't you recollect DASHOVER's drag, and the drive home?" he continued, with some slight hesitation. Then he laughed.

In a moment all came back to me. I remembered that the last occasion on which I had seen my Client, was when we were both returning from the Races (where I had gone unknown to my wife, but with the pure and noble object of "increasing my connection"), and when we both had, for some reason or other, been induced (I was led into the demonstration solely against my will) to decorate our hats with small Dutch dolls, which I subsequently handed over to my children as a "present for good boys," from the Lowther Arcade.

"I suppose you don't remember," he said, still smiling, "that I put you on a brief to nothing on *Snuffbox*?"

I replied that I had some recollection of the fact, but did not remember (without consultation with PORTINGTON) the particular case.

"To be sure," continued Mr. LINCOLN GRAY; "and you tried to write it down in your note-book with a latch-key."

Not wishing to contradict my Client, I bowed, and said that I had no doubt he had accurately described the transaction.

"Well, here it is. I am never a defaulter. *Snuffbox* won, and here's your brief. You will have a Leader. It is a running-down case, and you can't go wrong."

With this (and a little further conversation of a general character) my visitor, who still seemed to be greatly tickled at his recollection of our return from the Races, took his leave.

On examining the papers which he had left behind him, I found that there appeared to be no great difficulty in the matter, which was one rather of fact than of law. The Defendant (for whom I appeared), a Fly-proprietor, had damaged, through the alleged negligence of one of his drivers, a costermonger's barrow, and the Plaintiff (the Costermonger) sued him for compensation. The brief was indorsed—

"With you, Mr. Hurricane, Q.C."

In due time I had a consultation with this Gentleman. I found that in Chambers he was as meek as a lamb—a demeanour in strong contrast with the lion-like ferocity he usually adopted when he got into Court. He courteously questioned the Solicitor upon several points, and then, turning to me, said, "he thought we ought to win the case." I agreed with much cordiality, and glanced at Mr. LINCOLN GRAY with an expression intended to convey to that gentleman's mind that I—"with me Mr. HURRICANE, Q.C."—represented the Learned and the Inevitable.

The day of trial came. Mr. HURRICANE, Q.C., cross-examined the witnesses for the Plaintiff with a savage earnestness that whitened the face of a corroborative crossing-sweeper with terror, and nearly reduced a testifying police-constable to a state of hopeless hysterics. I was delighted at his system, as I noticed that it was evidently having its effect upon the Jury, whose sympathy seemed to be veering

round from the Costermonger to the Fly-proprietor. The interval for lunch came just as our opponent informed us that he had no further witnesses to call, and that "this was his case."

When I resumed my seat, on my return to the Court, after partaking of a sandwich and a glass of ginger-beer, I found Mr. HURRICANE was absent. I was rather annoyed at this, as I wanted to give him a hint or two about how I (were I in his place) should lay before the Jury the case for the Defendant, which was the next proceeding that would come before the Bench. The opposing Q.C. and his Junior, wiping their mouths with their handkerchiefs, returned, chatting and laughing, to their places. The respective Solicitors also came in. Lastly, the Judge made his appearance, and bowed to the Bar—but not to Mr. HURRICANE, Q.C.! Then it suddenly broke in upon me that a fearful calamity had occurred to me! Oh, horror! My Leader was absent!

For a moment I was so completely overcome, that I could not realise the terrors of the situation. I fancied I must be the victim of some horrible nightmare, and pinched my arm to wake myself up. But no, it was too true—too real! A friend beside me whispered to me "to go in and win;" and Mr. LINCOLN GRAY stooped over and said something about Mr. HURRICANE having been called away, and that I must supply his place. At that moment how I wished that the Usher of the Court would change into a good Fairy, and with his wand instantly transport me to some agreeable land thousands of miles distant from the Royal Courts!

The Judge looked at me, and bowed. I got, or rather staggered, to my feet, and tried to speak. My voice, when it came to me, seemed to belong to some one else, and to be entirely beyond my control. It was husky, and uncertain. Now it spoke in a guttural whisper, now in a shrill howl. I began, "My Lord," and then completely forgot the presence of the Jury. I clutched desperately at my Brief, and suddenly, as if by inspiration, I made up my mind to read what my Client had set down for me. This gave me confidence. I had not the vaguest notion *what* I was saying, but felt that I was saying *something*, which, so far as it went, was satisfactory. By degrees I began to gain courage. The nervousness which at first had nearly made me weep like a child, took another form. I became (I felt it) obtrusively, offensively, at my ease. As a rule, I fancy I am accepted as extremely courteous, but on this occasion my tone (so it seemed to me, looking at it, as I did, as a dispassionate outsider) was so irritating, that even then it was a mystery to me that the Judge did not immediately order me to quit the Court for unprovoked and intolerable insolence. If he had, I should have sorrowfully acquiesced in his decision. I felt I was coarse, nay, brutal in my involuntary and uncontrollable arrogance. Soon I was happy to find that I was returning to my sober self. The extremes of fear and defiance faded away, and, to my infinite delight, I discovered that I was speaking with sense and fluency.

By degrees I got into the full swing of the argument. I examined the case from every point of view. I pointed out how weak the evidence of the Plaintiff was, how strong was the case for the defence. I became perfectly eloquent, and felt that I had never done full justice to myself before. I became conscious of the presence of the Jury, and, with winning grace, explained away all the difficulties that might possibly puzzle them.

At length, after a really grand peroration, I finished with just a touch of meek, but I trust becoming, humility, "that I could not sufficiently regret, on behalf of my client, the absence of my learned Leader, but that I hoped I had not altogether failed in some way—imperfectly it might be, but still in some way, to supply his place." With this, and a little bow to Judge and Jury, I resumed my seat, feeling, with a glow of honest delight, that I had done my duty as well as made my mark.

Immediately five of the Jury sprang to their feet, and insisted upon addressing the Court.

"We want to stop this case, my Lord," cried one of them.

I was greatly gratified, and beamed through my spectacles at the intelligent Jurymen.

"I am afraid you cannot do that," replied his Lordship, with a smile. "You must hear the evidence for the defence. I do not think—"

"You don't understand us, my Lord," continued the Jurymen who had just spoken. Then he looked at me, and pointed at me.

"We have heard all that Gentleman has been saying to us."

Here he paused, and, still smiling, I bowed to him in grateful acknowledgment of his attention, and the evident impression my poor eloquence had made upon the Jury in general and himself in particular.

"And," he continued, looking me full in the face with an expression that I did not fully, for the moment, appreciate, on account of my short-sightedness, "having heard all he has to say, we are determined, one and all of us—to give it against him!"

At this moment— But no! my emotion (which is still too deep for words) will not permit me to continue the matter further!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.

(See Spectator, June 6.)

'Tis a famous idea of MYERS,
The Spectator attempts to explain,
There's a hitch in the cerebral wires
That the burden of thinking sustain;
One "hemisphere" bustles amain,
While the other is laid on the shelf,
And what tenants these cells of the Brain?
It is just the Unconscious Self!

Now suppose that this essence inspires
All acts that give Moralists pain,*
That ferocious passions it fires,
Why the sinner may guiltless remain!
He may forge, and may hurry to Spain
With a parcel of alien pelf,
But the culprit's that Side of his Brain,
It is just the Unconscious Self!

What a comfort to ladies and squires
When their scutcheon is under a stain.
They must answer whoever inquires,
With apology none can disdain,
"Automatic vagaries arraign,
But acquit the poor innocent elf.
ANANIAS is guiltless, and CAIN,
It is just the Unconscious Self!"

Prince, surely the notion is plain
To the critical mind of a Guelph,
When we sin 'tis a kink in the brain.
It is just the Unconscious Self!

* Mr. MYERS, however, supposes nothing of the sort.



DANCE MUSIC.

"HE HOPS UND SCHUMPS UND MARKS DER TIME,
UND SHOWS SUCH TASTE AND NOUS,
DOT DERE'S TO EQUAL HIM NO VUN,
MINE CLEVER EDUARD STRAUSS!"

HAPPY THOUGHT GOVERNMENT.

(A few Suggestions.)

Lord Salisbury.—Happy Thought.—Fight Russia—at once.
Sir Stafford Northcote.—Happy Thought.—Ought to Reduce Income Tax, somehow. Popular this. Also square the Brewers.

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Happy Thought.—Not Ireland, thank you. Take Indian Department. Know all about it. Been there. Why not make PARNEILL Chief Secretary for Ireland?

Mr. Chaplin.—Happy Thought.—Invent an Agricultural Minister. I'm there.

Right Hon. E. Gibson, Q.C.—Happy Thought.—Office evident. Title and Pension for hard work done.

Happy Thought (suggests itself to several other people). No—not India—Make RANDOLPH Chief Secretary for Ireland.

A Deserter's Deserts.

IN the Times of the 11th inst., among the numerous excuses for the Liberal Absentees appeared this:—"Mr. A. BROGDEN explains that he returned home late, and got wet, but adds that he received no special Whip." This might suggest a couplet for the Christy Minstrels:—

Returning home wet, and wet,
O naughty Massa BROGDEN!
Why dat no special whip you get?
You ought to hab bin flogged den.

THE Liberal Absentees were on Friday night last "branded with the curse of CAINE."

THE TRUE REASONS FOR THE ABSENCE OF THE LIBERAL MEMBERS.

No. 1 was abroad and had made arrangements to be in town on the following day.

No. 2 was forbidden to leave his room on a very wet day.

No. 3 had been honeymooning for the last six months, and could not come home till the end of the week.

No. 4 represented a thirsty Constituency who were much opposed to increased prices on the national beverages of Gin and Beer.

No. 5 was in a house-boat, expecting a message.

No. 6 had had a very bad settlement on the Derby and was out of spirits.

No. 7 was coming, only he missed his train.

No. 8 was spending the evening with some Tory friends and did not know it was so late.

No. 9 did not feel very well, and therefore naturally objected to any increase in the Death Duties.

No. 10, representing a jovial constituency, could not swallow any increased duty on old Scotch Whiskey.

No. 11 very sorry, but quite forgot all about it.

No. 12 only had a four-line whip, and never troubles himself under a fiver.

No. 13 was indisposed in every sense of the word.

No. 14 had such a lot of important engagements on that day that he could not possibly keep them all.

No. 15 was up Mont Blanc.

No. 16 was up to a trick worth two of coming to Town.

No. 17 made a mistake in the day, and thought it was to-morrow.

No. 18 got wet through, and did not want to be a damper on his party.

No. 19 is so jolly old that he did not think he should be missed.

No. 20 had been told he shouldn't be wanted. Forgot who told him; but quite believed it.

No. 21 went to the Opéra Comique, fell asleep, and was not awake

by anyone leaving the house. Was found by the Fireman, and went home about 3 A.M. (He hopes Mr. GLADSTONE will accept this excuse, as his wife won't.)

No. 22 didn't think the Division would be vital.

No. 23 went to see the Ballet at Her Majesty's, had a little supper for four afterwards, and did not reach the House till just too late.

No. 24 was not at all well up in figures, and, therefore, always avoided Budget discussions, and always should.

No. 25 had sat quietly at home, weighing the whole matter carefully in his mind, in company with just one bottle of whiskey, and unaccountably fell asleep, and did not wake till daylight did appear!

Curious.

THE Government, now it seems clear,
In neither direction were gainers;
For, threatened by Spirits and Beer,
They owed their defeat to "Abstainers."

"TO WHAT BASS USES!"

It appears from a recent telegram from Constantinople, that the SULTAN has at last appointed a Minister of Music, "with whom," so the encouraging despatch continues, "His Majesty, who is an excellent performer on the pianoforte, is in the habit of frequently playing long and difficult duetts." This promises well for the next European Concert, where, should the programme, as it often does, break down, the august and accomplished ruler of Stamboul might possibly be equal to a solo by himself. His Majesty's thorough acquaintance with his own promissory notes no less than his familiarity with the most brilliant financial suspensions, ought to make such a performance a very pleasing and entertaining affair; and if he could only be persuaded to give one of his own celebrated compositions, and secure at the same time the patronage of his creditors, the Concert might really pass off with some *éclat*. At least, the idea is worth a trial.



PROPOSED NEW ROOM AT THE R.A. THE HERBERT COLLECTION.

CYCLOMANIA.

CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH I promised SPROGGER last night that I would write at once for a "Number One Shoreditch Zephyr," I haven't done so yet.

HARKAWAY, who evidently stands in some awe of SPROGGER as an authority on "wheeling," on the other hand offers to "send me to Coventry," as he puts it, for one of their "glorious Ne Plus Ultras." Or, he suggests, with a legal eye to a compromise, "if not that, why not a 'Coventry Corrugated Convertible,' which is almost as good."

"Why is it called a Convertible?" I ask.

"Because you can tip it up so easily," growls SPROGGER, a fanatic in the cause of the "Zephyr."

"Well," I remark, not wishing to cause a tricycling blood-feud between SPROGGER and HARKAWAY, "what do you say to a 'Royal Phlegethon'?" I see it's advertised as 'learnt in an hour by a mere child. Impossible to fall off. A miracle of cheapness and durability. The Phlegethon never takes a 'header.' (I am not partial to headers, I confess). "The Phlegethon climbs a mountain easier than another tricycle comes down it. Ridden the other day 450 miles in six hours by a schoolboy of twelve." That seems wonderful, doesn't it?"

My friends, however, don't think much of it, as far as I can see. It's flat sacrilege to suggest that any tricycle isn't perfect, and of course they don't do that, but somehow they don't seem enthusiastic.

"Phlegethon?" Oh, that's the sort poor young FLUKER was riding when he capsized coming down the hill into Kingston the other day, isn't it? It wasn't the fault of the machine so much, I daresay; it was the road, you know. They'd been mending it, the beggars! So he got pitched off, and had emphyteusis of the ankle-bone—that's all."

Won't ask any further questions about emphyteusis.

As the "Royal Phlegethon" is voted down—"dismissed with costs," HARKAWAY remarks—the whole question of what tricycle is best for me to buy is reopened. Why not call it "the Battle of the Bone-shakers?" As this would probably mortally offend both HARKAWAY and SPROGGER, I don't mention it.

Finally, both HARKAWAY and I weakly acquiesce in SPROGGER's original suggestion of a "Shoreditch Zephyr." But when it arrives—as it does with a celerity which, if I did not know SPROGGER's

spotless rectitude, I should consider suspicious—I find that the number of additional necessary articles is simply legion.

I ask HARKAWAY and SPROGGER to come in and have a look at my new acquisition. As HARKAWAY observes, "The jury then proceeded to the stables to view the remains." They both pronounce it a beauty, "to look at."

"But you must have a lantern, you know, and a bell," says HARKAWAY, decisively.

"And a costume, of course," says SPROGGER.

"Yes," HARKAWAY adds; "dark blue, with stripes, might suit you. And a trumpet; that's an essential thing."

"What's the good of having a trumpet?" I ask, doubtfully.

"Oh, to tootle as you go through a village, of course," they both reject.

I shall have to practise tootling. Whenever I've tried I've made my lips very sore, and the result in sound has been invariably feeble. Why won't shouting do instead of "tootling"? The advantage of this is that one hasn't to learn shouting.

Here is what my determination to be a "wheelman" has cost me hitherto:—

One "Number One Shoreditch Zephyr," reduced (by SPROGGER's direct interposition, it seems, from its usual price—then what <i>must</i> its usual price be?) to	£	s.	d.
Patent Self-feeding (and Self-spilling) Oil-can	25	10	6
"Premier" Wrench	0	5	6
Patent Adjustable Gong	0	4	0
Saddle (which is an extra) and nuts	0	7	6
Additional Saddle (in case the first is smashed. Query—Where should I be then?)	1	10	0
Travelling Valise	0	4	0
Duplicate Cog-band, Spoke-tighteners, Cleaning-cloths, &c.	1	2	6
One Costume (as supplied to the "West Kensington Dragonflies"—also specially reduced price, owing to SPROGGER. I wish the whole bill was owing by SPROGGER, instead of by me)	4	5	6

Grand Total ... 34 19 6

Might have bought a horse—at least I think so—with the money. However, as SPROGGER justly observes, "When you're not using a horse he is eating his head off,"—(curious phenomenon),—"whereas

your tricycle doesn't eat anything." This is absolutely true. SPROGGER and HARKAWAY (who have become fast friends in a couple of days) hold a kind of Council of War as to what is to be done with me. I feel my fate is in their hands.

"You must"—HARKAWAY says, giving the decision of the Court—"learn to ride *immediately*."

"Learn to wheel," SPROGGER suggests.

"Yes, learn to wheel *immediately*," says FRED HARKAWAY, accepting the correction. "SPROGGER will take you to the place"—(What place? Am at once unpleasantly reminded of the formula, "to be taken to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck," &c)—"and have you thoroughly instructed. Then we'll all go a jolly spin down to Brighton, or somewhere."

This sounds tempting. SPROGGER says he is willing, if he can get the leave of the Captain of the "West Kensington Dragonflies." Leave! Is the Captain of a Tricycling Club a despot? I ask SPROGGER.

"Oh dear, no," he replies; "but then you see it is considered bad Club form for a 'Dragonfly' to do a tour with any people who aren't 'Dragonflies,' you understand. But of course you will both of you join our Club, and then," he adds, cheerfully, "it will be all right."

So it is settled that the journey to Brighton—which SPROGGER thinks will only take one day, though I know better—shall begin as soon as ever I have "learnt to pedal my way about," as he picturesquely puts it.

With a last lingering doubt in my mind, I ask HARKAWAY if I shan't "get mixed up with the machinery"?

HARKAWAY wants to know, rather contemptuously, what machinery I mean.

"Oh, I don't quite know," I reply, unsatisfactorily. On reflection, I find I have a notion of a dangerous sort of fly-wheel attached to a tricycle. Fancy I've been confusing a tricycle and a threshing-machine. Shan't mention *this* to HARKAWAY.

In order to learn how to "pedal my way about," I am taken into a shop in the City, and down a steep ladder into a large and dimly-lighted cellar, and am told that *this* is the practising-ground.

The Instructor (who, I find, is also the owner of the shop, and maker of the "Front-Steering Double-Gearing Liverpool Buster") looks something between a second-rate jockey and a Dissenting Minister in needy circumstances. He eyes me critically, which I don't like, and asks me to "throw my leg over this 'ere machine."

The art of learning to ride a tricycle is perfectly simple to anybody who can accomplish three different objects simultaneously, which are—To move the pedals properly, To prevent a horrible tendency to slip off sideways, and Contrive to steer. While you endeavour to master the first feat, and take delicious dabs at each pedal as it comes round, you find yourself (if you are practising in a dark cellar, at any rate) running up against a wall, or pillar. Then when you turn the handles violently, to avoid a collision with the said wall or pillar, you swerve round so as to be within an ace of being pitched out on to the asphalt.

SPROGGER, however, looks on encouragingly. Evidently, the chief desire of my Instructor, the Dissenting Jockey, is to prevent my running myself, and his machine (especially his machine) up against anything solid.

He shouts loudly when there are breakers, so to speak, ahead. Beyond this, and saying, "Capital! Capital!" now and then in a cold official tone, he does nothing to earn his five shillings an hour.

He wants to know particularly "whether I'm suited with a machine yet." When he hears that I am, and that he has no chance of selling me a "Front-Steering Double-Gearing Buster," his interest in me becomes even less than before.

However, I don't care, because at the end of my hour I find I *really can go along*! After one or two days' practice, towards dusk, in quiet roads near my own house, and being nearly ridden over by my own butcher's cart, I really feel fit for the Brighton trip! I tell SPROGGER and HARKAWAY so.

"All right," says the latter, cheerily, "we'll start the day after to-morrow. FANNY and CLARA" (his two sisters) "will ride the 'Sociable,' probably. Start 8'30 sharp. Breakfast Croydon, lunch Horsham, dinner Brighton."

Somehow, I wish FANNY HARKAWAY were not to come with us. I have every confidence in my "Shoreditch Zephyr," and my own powers as a wheelman up to a certain point,—or, rather, an uncertain point, for I don't quite know where that point is to be,—and, if an accident *should* occur, I would rather that she did not see it. That's all. It is fixed that we start on Tuesday, at 8'30 "sharp."

(To be continued.)

The Real "Danger to Silver."

ONCE "Silver Thames," now shallow and impure, Must take as its new motto, "Slow and Sewer." In its foul stream may gazers, home or foreign, see True "degradation of our silver currency."

PETS FROM PARIS.

(Mlle. Van Zandt and Madame Jane Hading at the Gaiety.)

MARIE VAN ZANDT is delightful in that rather absurd and decidedly lugubrious Opera, *Lakmé*. Her vocalisation is well worth sitting out the Opera, which, without her, would be a serious trial. It is but fair to say, however, that the Opera has been so out about as to be a very different affair from what it was in Paris, where some entertainment of a light and refreshing character was provided by an English Governess.



"THE BIRD THAT CAN SING," ETC.

Savage Old Father. Chante! Chante encore! Lakmé. Chante? Shan't!

But she can't "chante," and is just giving up when in comes Gerald, and is spotted and then potted by the irate Brahmin.

JANE HADING comes out strong in a weak piece, the *Prince Zilah*. The Prologue, which gave a sort of Adelphi melodramatic tone to the play, has been left out. When I saw it in Paris, it was perfectly evident to any playgoer that the Prologue was entirely unnecessary, except from the Author's point of view, as a pure matter of business,

so that, by occupying the entire evening, he might be able to collar ten per cent. on the gross receipts, to which sum, after deducting a small amount for the poor, the French Dramatist is legally entitled. This arrangement is an admirable one; the Law puts the Author, with his maiden effort, on the same footing with the Author who has written and produced twenty, or a hundred. There can be no haggling, or bargaining, or any unpleasantness about the business transaction. Law has settled it for the Society of Dramatic Authors in France; and if a Dramatist makes as big a name as SARDOU, he can demand a "prime," or a retainer, or anything he likes, by way of bonus, over and above his "Author's rights," which are secured to him by Law; and this system, enforced by the authority of the Law, is exactly what we want here. When such a law exists, I warrant there'll be no dearth of good Plays, and it would be then worth while to follow the French example and collaborate. However, I am not going to discuss this question, now, or here. It will keep. Let us return to JANE HADING, and DAMALA, the latter of whom is much the same in everything.

As Marsa had already a lover, and, as she had once thought, a husband, in *Count Menko*, who is subsequently nearly eaten up by savage dogs—which two characters are very dangerous dramatically—*Prince Zilah* becomes *de trop*, and so the title of the piece ought to be *Zilah have to Spare*; or, *Going to the Dogs*, which perhaps may be adopted at the St. James's, if they do it, or elsewhere. The piece is not worthy of Madame JANE HADING's performance. I prefer her in *Le Maître de Forges*. SARAH is coming!!



Not Much of a Success; or, A Short Run with the Hounds.

NUBBS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



THROUGH THE MAGNIFIER.

IN SARUM'S COURT TOM THUMB DID LIVE,—
A MAN OF MICKLE MIGHT,—
THE BEST OF ALL THE TABLE ROUND,
AND EKE A DOUGHTY KNIGHT.
HIS STATURE BUT AN INCH IN HEIGHT,
A QUARTER OF A SPAN,
WHEN THINK YOU NOT THIS LITTLE KNIGHT
WAS PROVED A VALIANT MAN?"

History of Tom Thumb in Great Britain.

ROBERT AT VIRGINIA WATER.

WHAT a world this is becoming for surprises! Wen one has to go down to Werginnywater to hopen a Horsepital, as is bin removed from Holloway becos it's healthier, wun natrally expex to see a Horsepital. So wen I got down in good time, afore the Swells come, I had a good look round; and I may trewly say as I had to go and look in the looking-glasses every now and then, like a werry middle-aged Bride does, jest to see as I was quite awake. Horsepital? No, Pallis! and such a Pallis! Buckenham ain't within a mile of it. Such a Dining Room, for instance, as would amost tempt you to stop there heating for ours, as some of the Gests did too, one speshally, who I kept on a serving with anythink as I appened to have, as noboddy else wanted. Notherk come amiss to him. What a welcom jest he woud be at a Shilling Ordinary!

The great Hall too, where the speeches was made was a perfect jam, as I herd a werry stout lady say, and all the passages and rooms was full of the most butiful picturs, and all most kindly put there by the generous gentleman who built it all, so as to britten up the sad lives of the poor Patients. Patients indeed, poor creturs, they must want plenty of it. About four o'clock who should drive up in an open wagonett and ony 2 horses but the poplar Prince of WALES and the butiful Princess of WALES and her children, and the jolly-looking Dook of CAMBRIDGE a setting on the Box! Fanny a Royal Dook and a Feeld Marshal a setting on a box insted of on his Gharger! But he reckarked me directly, and acshally said, "You here, Mr. ROBERT?" How eye breeding shows itself in the lowest things. "Mr. ROBERT" cost his royal ighness no trubble, but it sent a pang of prowd sattisfaeshun rite through my grateful art. We had a most distingwisht compenny, but I mist the LORD MARE and Sherryffs. Their skarlet Robes and golden chanes wood have lighted up the hole plaice, and I'm not sure as I likes to see Princes and Princesses in sitch werry plane costooms, it's jest a leetle trying to trew loyalty.

Noboddy need dout the xtreme helthyness of the place, for directly the royal pussonages and their sweets was gone, the hole of the 1,500 gests seemed to be suddenly seazed with the werry keenest pangs of hunger, and rushed into the warious dining-rooms as if they would carry all afore them. But us waiters was trew to our-

selves and our brave leader, and hunder the carm and collected direction of Mr. TRUNDLE we stemmed the hungry torrent of the press gang and let 'em in by fits and starts, 'till their remarkably fine appytites was fully satiated. I did hear the amount of Champain as was drunk, but my natral modesty forbids me menshuning the delicate subject, but I bear my willing testimony to its remarkably fine quality. There is always a exseption to all rules, so I holds hup to the respect of mankind the reel gentleman who was content with one glass of Champain and a pluvver's hegg!

I think I never see so many butiful women, and a reel plezzur it was to wate on em. Mr. MACK COLOUREM, the Hartist, and his hansum wife was there, and wen I gave him a lovely basket of strawberries, I took the libberty of saying that I thort as they was nice enuff for him to paint, when she took one up with her little delycate fingers, and sed, "no Art could improve 'em, but praps a little cream might." One of my pore Bretheren made quite a dred-fool mistake when trying to show a kindness to a sillybrated Tea-totalling Hem Pea, of Citty credit and renown. It appears as he arsked for a glass of Ginger Beer, or sum such exhiliratin drink, and the Waiter took him all across the Grounds to a big Tent, witch was kep for sitch things, but there wasn't nothing there but Cham-pane Cup; and the grate man was in sitch a rage as he amost swore, and sed as he'd have him reported.

Ah, it's a grate pity as these temperance Gents ain't jest a leetle more temprancer in their tempers, and a little less temprancer in their drinks. If so, I don't think as it 'ud be much the wusser for not noboddy. He needn't ha bin afraid of the Champain Cup. A hole pint of it woudn't ha made his pore head ake. I think I ort to know, if anybody ort. I managed to git away by the Special Express Train, and ardlly expex to be beleived when I says as we did the twenty miles home summet under too hours. ROBERT.

THE BRITON'S BEER SONG.

(Latest Version.)

"We must express our decided preference for increasing the taxation on beer and spirits as compared with that on tea. The present taxation of beer is not enough to hinder the consumption of an amount of it altogether in excess of the physiological or dietetic requirement of the body. It stiffens the joints and besots the intellects of the labouring classes."—*The Lancet.*

OH, what's a poor man without muscle and brain?
(That moral the *Lancet* most pungently points),
So lots of cheap beer *must* to labour be gain,
For it muddles its mind and it stiffens its joints!
So tax what you like, Gents, tax sugar, tax tea,
But see that the Working-man's "lush" is not dear!
And turn out the Statesman, whoever he be,
Who'd rob the poor man of cheap beer!

"THE REAL SHELLEY."—The oyster, the mussel, the whelk, the lobster, the crawfish, the scallop, the cockle, the winkle, the nut, the egg, the snail.

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

Arrayed by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Good 'aul.



Pet-tie.



Hoarsely.



Armstead.

INVITING!



Tennyson. "COME INTO THE GARDEN, WILL."

Gladstone. "NO, THANK YOU, ALFRED. I PREFER TO"—(Sings)—"PADDLE MY OWN CANOE."

COME into the garden, WILL,
 For the black bat, Place, has flown,
 Come into the garden, WILL,
 I'm going it all alone;
 And the Woolsack's spices are not half
 bad,
 Though they may be the least bit
 blown.

But the breeze of Faction moves,
 And SALISBURY'S carried on high,
 Already half swamped by the Party he
 loves,
 As he'll find to his cost by-and-by;
 Most thoroughly swamped by the Party he
 loves,—
 Come,—I'll give him till Christmas to die.

So grace this gay garden of elegant Earls,
 Step in, all your labours are done;
 I should like to see how you look in your
 pearls!
 Come along, do,—it will be such fun
 To see your grand head capped with ginger-
 bread pearls;
 If there e'er was a swell—you'll be one!

What! You're going? Won't try the retreat!
 You think to march over my head?
 Well you may. Still I've found the place sweet,
 And I've ever so airy a tread!
 Titled dust you would shake from your feet,
 Whereas I, though a century dead,
 Shall my gew-gaw existence repeat,
 And still blossom in tinsel and red.

WHAT "E. P. B." THINKS.

(With apologies to Mr. Hosea Biglow.)

[See letter to the *Times* of June 19, on "Anticipated History," by "E. P. B."]

"E. P. B.'s" a superior man,
 He sits on the fence and surveys lesser folks;
 He gives them a slating whenever he can,
 But into political work never pokes.
 And "E. P. B.,"
 The Oracle, he
 Is down like a hammer on W. G.

Whew! It is terrible! What *will* he do?
 The people won't choose him again,—that is flat.
 Guess he will have to retire (do not you?)
 And go in for HOMER, and hymns, and all that.

For "E. P. B.,"
 The Oracle, he
 Regular "reckons up" W. G.

"E. P. B." is a dreadful smart man,
 He doesn't go in for place, power, or pelf;
 Consistency's easy enough, on his plan,
 For there's only one party who's right,—that's himself.
 So "E. P. B.,"
 The Oracle, he
 Is "in at the death," of poor W. G.

Apology, extravagance, war;
 Eating, numble-pie, grovelling in mud;
 Leaving our national gates all ajar;
 Floundering in quagmires, and swimming in blood.
 So "E. P. B.,"
 The Oracle, he
 The Government sums up of W. G.

Sides 'gainst our country most always he took,
 (And "E. P. B." you know, he is our country)
 W. G. wouldn't learn from his book,
 And that is the most inexcusable effront'ry.
 So "E. P. B.,"
 The Oracle, he
 "Jumps on" the body of W. G.

Shelved STAFFY might say these are "big thumping lies,"
 JOHN BULL holds the half of them mere *fee, faw, fum*.
 JOHN doesn't like blunders nor love humble-pies,
 And some of G.'s doings have made him look glum.
 But "E. P. B.,"
 The Oracle, he
 Talks rantipole rubbish and fiddlededee!

JOHN BULL says that he never loved in his life
 The "superior person" who sniggers and gloats
 O'er the failures of fighters well worn in the strife,
 Or down—by the chance of a handful of votes.
 And JOHN B.
 Says, says he,
 "You do not know *everything*, bumptious E. P.!"

Well, well, it's a mercy we have men to tell us
 The rights and the wrongs of these things, anyhow,
 That Providence sends us oracular fellows
 To sit on the fence and slant those at the plough.
 And "E. P. B.,"
 The Oracle, he
 Seems that sort of critical bird to a T.!

THE Irish Members won't change their seats. They refuse to redistribute themselves. "Men may come and men may go, but we'll sit here for ever"—But "ever" is limited in the Latest Revised Parliamentary Version.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Pew-Opener. "TRY IT SIDEWAYS, MISS!"

THE HYGEIA OF IT!

THE *Pungolo* of Naples, considering the failure of the International Sanitary Conference, speaks of the English Representatives as "the adversaries of all measures of precaution and hygienic preservation." Great Hygeia, what a charge! Fancy England being considered—and by Naples—as the Dirty Boy amongst Nations! England, with her "Healtheries," her Sir HENRY THOMPSON, her "Housing of the Poor" Crusades, her Dust-hole Demonstrations, where most of the time not absorbed by talking about Politics and Sport seems to be devoted to discussion of Cleanliness and Sanitation! Hygeia-ridden, almost to excess, at home, can England be regarded as the enemy of hygiene abroad? It is preposterous, and shows once more how difficult, in the face of foreign prejudice, it is for JOHN BULL to demonstrate that, in matters Political, Commercial, Moral, and Hygienic, he is immaculate. What wonder Germany charges GLADSTONE with *Tartufferie*, that Ireland brands SPENCER as a fiend, when Naples—that "great centre of infection," as the Roman *Riforma* calls it—which of late has given a new and ghastly significance to the old vaunt, "See Naples, and die," charges England with hostility to its newest, most potent, and most widely worshipped Goddess, the ubiquitous and omnipotent Hygeia!

Consolation.

O MAN of fine feeling, and temperate nous,
 Well quit of the Commons' rude row and coarse pother!
 And if, as they say, you're hurled out of one House,
 You'll at least be *Earl'd* into another!

Brother Blocks.

WARTON has been outdone at last, and by a mere Dredger, which has "blocked" the Suez Canal. But, after all, the Member for Bridport has the best of it, for the obstructive and Artful Dredger has to be removed by blowing it up, whereas, alas! no amount of "blowing up" removes the Great Blocker!



GREAT HANDLE FESTIVAL OF 1885.

(From Dumb-Crambo Junior's Point of View.)

THE SHIP OF STATE.

"The Liberals had run the Ship on the rocks."—Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE.

"Mr. ERNEST HART said Mr. GLADSTONE had been driven from the helm just as he had steered the Ship of State into the haven of Electoral Reform, with Five Millions of enfranchised Voters standing on the shores."

Oh, nautical metaphors many and various!

Oh, which with the public at large shall prevail?

Is the Ship in a state that is truly precarious?

Is the Ship just in harbour, and lowering sail?

Which, which is the cry for the coming Election?

BILLY DYKE he speaks out like a five-liner Whip—

"Mr. GLADSTONE's been 'scuttling' in every direction, And now, at the last, he has scuttled the Ship!"

ERNEST HART, at Mile End, says, "Our GLADSTONE's been driven

From the helm, and the haven of goodly Reform;"

That the barque (like poor SHELLEY's) to tempest is given, And he can't think the Tories will weather the storm.

But Five Millions, he cries, of New Voters are standing, And shouting like bricks, on Electoral shores.

They'll cheer for their GLADSTONE, and welcome his landing, And return his supporters by hundreds and scores!

'Tis a little confusing. I'll just let alone a

Sea-problem as deep and as dark as the sea;

But our Ship, to my mind, should get rid of a Jonah,

And I know, might I choose, who that Jonah would be!

RETORT TO THE EARLY CLOSERS.—"Shut up!"

CYCLOMANIA.

CHAPTER III.

ON the morning of the start for our "Spin to Brighton" HARKAWAY turns up clad in what he calls a "blazer," which makes him look like a nigger minstrel out for a holiday. SPROGGER, who does not see the vulgarity of his own "Dragonfly" suit, seems really pained.

"My dear fellow," he says, "are you actually going in that costume?"

"Why not?" asks HARKAWAY, rather abashed.

"Oh, nothing," returns SPROGGER, and relapses into silence, but continues to regard HARKAWAY's coat (which I think cheerful) with a look in which sorrow rather than anger is predominant.

Am glad to find that neither FANNY HARKAWAY nor her sister is to come with us. They, it seems, are going to Brighton by train, in spite of all the contempt they once lavished on that form of locomotion. "But they've promised," says HARKAWAY, "to meet us on the road near Brighton about six this evening."

Query—How shall I be looking about six this evening?

SPROGGER and HARKAWAY, whenever they are at all near me, eye my riding critically, and say nothing. This silence is oppressive. Wonder if I am riding—I mean wheeling—properly. Put extra strength into my leg delivery, so to speak, and miss the pedal, or treadle. Like "catching a crab" in rowing, only worse. Nearly jolted over front wheel into road.

"Don't she wobble rather?" HARKAWAY says to SPROGGER.

"She," I find, is my machine. SPROGGER still gloomy and reticent. His manner, I feel, is distinctly ominous as to the prospects of my ever reaching Brighton.

"Do you hear that nasty jingling?" HARKAWAY says, in another hundred yards or so, again referring to my machine. I do wish HARKAWAY would attend to his own business. I don't mean his legal business, because I know he hasn't any. Shall tell him so in a minute, if he doesn't take care.

SPROGGER still maintains an obstinate silence, from which I infer the worst. Hang it all! Why can't he tell me my faults plainly?

"Look here!" I say, appealingly, "If my style of riding—I mean wheeling—is wrong" (here I give an extra push to the pedal, and catch another crab) "I can alter it; but don't sit like a Sphinx"—(Don't think Sphinx as a simile for a man on a tricycle is happy. Too late to recall it)—"and say nothing!"

SPROGGER is evidently touched. He remarks, soothingly, but unsatisfactorily,

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing at all. Of course" (condescendingly) "you can't be expected to get 'Dragonfly' form all at once. I was only looking at the tire of your off-wheel."

He then sees what he calls "a nice level for a fast spin," where he can "beat record time," and starts ahead.

What on earth is the matter with the tire of my off-wheel, I wonder? If it goes seriously wrong, will the off-wheel become a wheel off? I do wish HARKAWAY and SPROGGER wouldn't ride so fast.

Seeing a horse approaching that looks frisky (a considerable distance), I seize the opportunity to pull up and go very slowly past him. This gives me a rest; also gives me a chance of admiring the scenery, which SPROGGER, as a soul of London clay, doesn't seem to care two straws for.

SPROGGER comes back and asks me, irritably, "if I'm practising for a funeral?"

I feel huffed, and retort, satirically, "My dear fellow, I don't pretend to be a professional tricyclist."

"No necessity to explain that," returns SPROGGER, rudely, and again fixes his cold grey eye on my machine. Believe he's mesmerising it. Wonder if he has any occult power over "Shoreditch Sphyrers," and if that was the reason he made me buy one?

Pass through a suburban village. SPROGGER thinks it necessary to get out his trumpet, and "tootle." This excites the village dog, who rushes at my machine, because I bring up the rear. Horrible thought—perhaps he's mad! What a fool he must be, anyhow, not to try and bite SPROGGER, who is "tootling," instead of me, who is doing nothing. Wish to goodness "tootling" was "bad Dragonfly form."

Curious fact that SPROGGER, although he says he's "done the road hundreds of times," doesn't seem to know the way, so that we go wrong, and travel several miles out of our course. SPROGGER says cheerfully, that "this is good luck for me," as it gives me "so much more practice."

I ask HARKAWAY, in confidence, "how much further it is to Brighton." He says "forty-six," and we've "only done eight so far."

Only eight miles! I thought we'd done at least sixteen. I suggest stopping for breakfast at a nice suburban hotel which we pass.

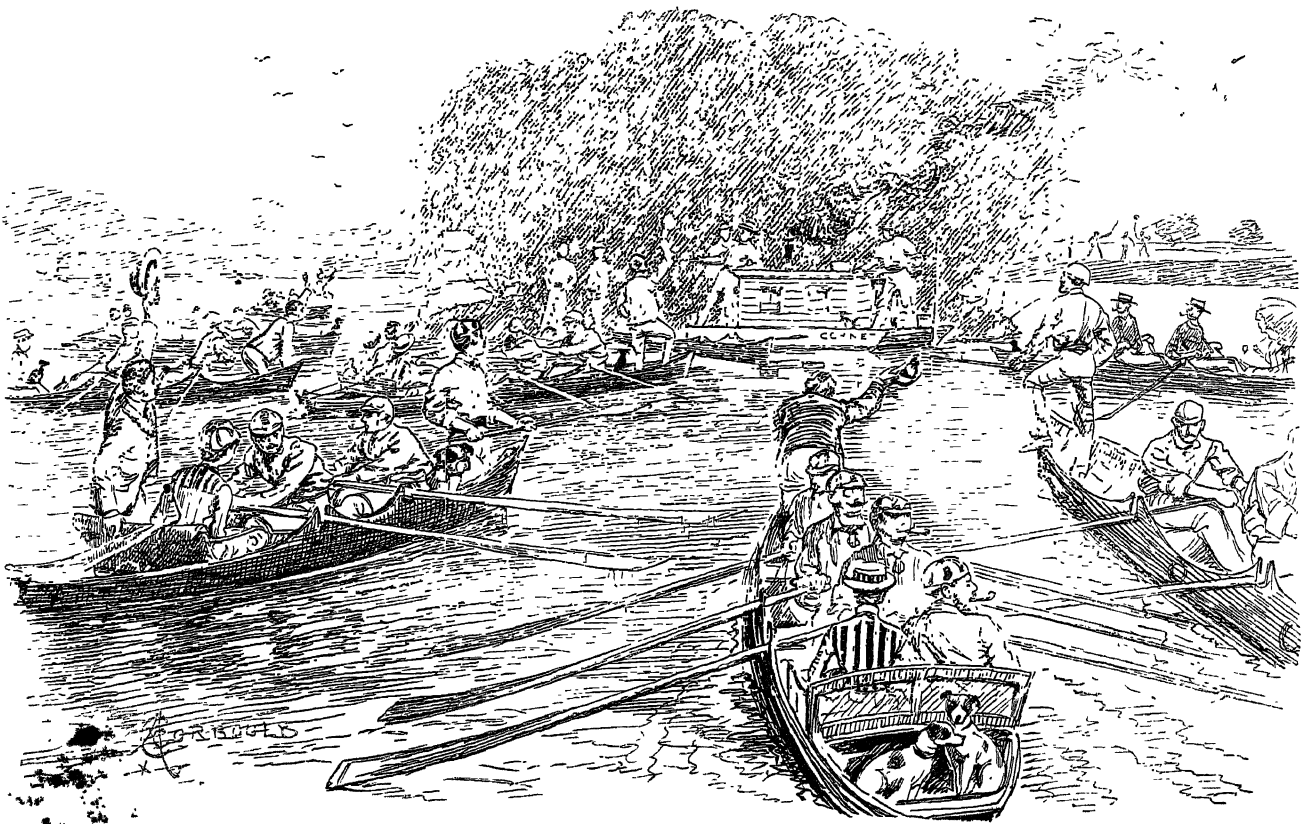
"Can't breakfast before Croydon," says SPROGGER, firmly.

"Why not?" I ask.

"Bad form for a 'Dragonfly' to breakfast anywhere before Croydon" is his unsatisfactory reply. "Besides," he adds, "that's not a Wheelman's House."

Find, on inquiry, that there is no "Wheelman's House" before we reach Croydon. I then propose that they should ride on, and—I add, confidently—"I'll catch 'em up." They evidently don't relish my pace, and agree heartily, and I fall behind; and, when SPROGGER and HARKAWAY are well out of sight, I walk slowly up the next hill, which I can't do when they are with me, as walking up hills is "bad wheeling form."

Feel refreshed. Right out of London now. Hurrah! Here's a nice bit of country road. A Farmer's cart just ahead. Why not catch it up and pass it?



RIVER PUZZLE.

SMITH AND JONES, FORGETTING THE SIZE OF THEIR HOUSE-BOAT, HAVE GENIALLY ASKED "ONE OR TWO FRIENDS" AT VARIOUS TIMES. THEY ALL CHOOSE THE SAME DAY FOR A VISIT. PUZZLE EVIDENT.

I do. Never felt so serenely triumphant in my life. Believe Farmer is asleep. Such carelessness inexcusable. Shout "Yoicks!" and he wakes up with a start, and begins to use strong country dialect. Luckily I am a good way ahead by the time he has completely realised the situation.

It's a little up-hill now. Shall I get off and walk? Farmer might think me a fool. The "Shoreditch Zephyr" seems to object to gentle slopes—so do I. Feel curious sensation in my thighs. They seem as if lumps of lead were forming in them. Think of poor young FLUKER. Wonder if this is how emphyseus of thigh-bone begins.

That confounded Farmer is catching me up! He is whipping his horse. How unfair! Evidently he intends to pass me. Feel put on my mettle (no time now to think out joke about being "on my metal"); trying to evolve extra speed, catch a disastrous crab, and feel hot all over. Believe I can hear Farmer laughing behind.

He is passing me.

Farmer's wheel (intentionally, I think) shaves mine so closely that I give a swerve, and nearly go into ditch. This amuses Farmer, who offers to take me in tow "if I'm feeling tired." I want a repartee for this. If I said, "What have you got in your cart, Farmer?" he might reply, being evidently a ready man,—a rough-and-ready man,—"Chaff!" and I shouldn't get the best of it. Pass him in silence. Perhaps he'll insult SPROGGER and HARKAWAY, and they can have a row with him, if they like.

Five Miles beyond Croydon.—HARKAWAY and SPROGGER leagues ahead. Didn't know a road could have so much dust. Never felt half so thirsty before. Every limb aches. And this is called pleasure!

One peculiarity, I find, of the "Shoreditch Zephyr" is that the cog-band comes off every two miles or so. This necessitates my stopping and oiling myself all over in Herculean endeavours to get it over the cogs again. If SPROGGER was here should make joke about throwing "oil on the troubled tricycle," and watch how he took it.

Going down-hill now. How easily it—I mean "she"—goes. Why can't all roads be made down-hill?

Travelling faster. This is splendid! What's that idiot shouting to me for? Asks "if I don't see the board?"

"What board?" I shout back to him, but he's such a long way behind that I can't hear his answer.

Think I must be doing twenty miles an hour. Wonder if I am "beating record time"? Comfort to know I can put on break at any moment.

Hill getting much steeper. Try to put on break. Doesn't seem to diminish speed. What am I to do? At this moment think of "Royal Phlegethon," which "never takes a header." Wish I'd got a "Royal Phlegethon." Also think of "poor young FLUKER."

Am certainly being run away with. Awful situation. Feel like *Mazeppa* (on her *Zephyr*—joke good, but very ill-timed). Guide machine, in despair, up a grass bank and into hedge. Tremendous lurch. Bang! Crash! I'm all among the wreckage.

Glad neither SPROGGER nor HARKAWAY anywhere near. Query—Is being spilt (and nearly kilt) off a tricycle "bad 'Dragonily' form?" Still more glad FANNY HARKAWAY didn't come with us.

On calmly surveying the situation, I find total result of spill to be as follows:—

1. Lamp smashed to atoms.
2. Saddle bent double.
3. Backbone of "Zephyr" curved gracefully so as to scrape ground.
4. Coat torn to ribbons.
5. Tire off one wheel.

Tired of the three wheels. But what on earth am I to do?

(To be continued.)

Early Closing Proverbs.

(By Lord Br-mw-ll.)

THE Early Closer gets the Walk.

Late to open, and early to close,
Ticket for theatre, and "off she goes!"

"REMARKABLE Will Case"! exclaimed DUMPLIN on reading this heading in the papers. "Ah! they should hear my wife express her wishes. Hers is a remarkable will, if you like. And when I want to go out to dinner, and she says 'No,' that's a remarkable 'Won't' case."



MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

"WELL? HAVE YOU CAUGHT ANY FISH, BILLY?"

"WELL, I REALLY CAUGHT TWO! BUT THEY WERE QUITE YOUNG, POOR LITTLE THINGS, AND SO THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO HOLD ON!"

THE CONSERVATIVE COMEDY COMPANY.

SCENE—Manager's Room, St. Stephen's.

Present—Manager S-L-SB-RY, Rising Star Actor CH-RCH-LL, and (in the background) certain crushed Comedians.

Manager (grumpily). Of course—er—I'm aware—er—that if you join us—er—it will—er—be—er—

Rising Star (confidently). The making of the piece. Quite so.

Manager. I—er—didn't quite mean that—

Rising Star. But I do. Fact is, you can't play it without me—with any chance of a run.

Manager. Well, you see, for a short season—

Rising Star. Oh, nonsense! With that Old Gang of yours of course the run would be short enough, if even you got it fairly on the boards. But if I join you, and they clear out, well, perhaps the Opposition Show may find our Company takes the Public fancy in a way that'll surprise them; and then, after the Summer Season, we can come back and run the piece till further orders.

Manager. I—er—don't quite understand you.

Rising Star. Oh, can't work with that lot, don't you know. Old sticks like that would damn any piece?

Manager. But, they've been in the Company for years.

Rising Star. Just look at them! What can you make of them? Why, a smart Super would take the shine out of any of them.

Crushed Comedians (aside). Pretentious young Popinjay! Stuck-up swaggerer! Impudent intruder!

Manager. See how suspicious they look! Hear how they mutter! Oh, there'll be the dickens to pay if we put their backs up.

Rising Star (indifferently). All right! You must choose between them and Me, that's all.

Manager (anxiously). But my dear Sir—

Rising Star. "But me no buts." My mind is made up.

Manager (aside). Confound his impudence! Not but what he's right enough—hang him! They are sticks. But for a young novice like him to dictate terms to Me! Got the Public ear, though—that's the worst of it; and, if I leave him out of the

cast, I shall never get a House—at this season, too, and for so short a run.

Rising Star (aside). Must stand fast, and make my own terms. Now or never! Old 'un doesn't like it, I can see. But "youth will be served." Ha! ha! ha! Not going to have my part spoilt by a lot of sodgy old stick-in-the-muds! Let him pension them off if he must be polite. I shan't give way.

Crushed Comedians (aside). Knew how it would be! Regular young Cuckoo! We ought to have kept him down. Got the Guv'nor in cleft stick now, and us upon toast. "Brayvo, Hicks!" indeed. Much Hicks'll get by his backing, in the long run! It'll be Hicks' jacket before long. Ought to have snuffed him out, Staff, long since. You always were too soft for the Show business!

Rising Star (chirpily). Well, Guv'nor, how's it to be?

Manager (glumly). Oh, I suppose you must have your way. Beastly awkward business, though.

Rising Star. Oh! you'll be as glad as anyone—when it's done.

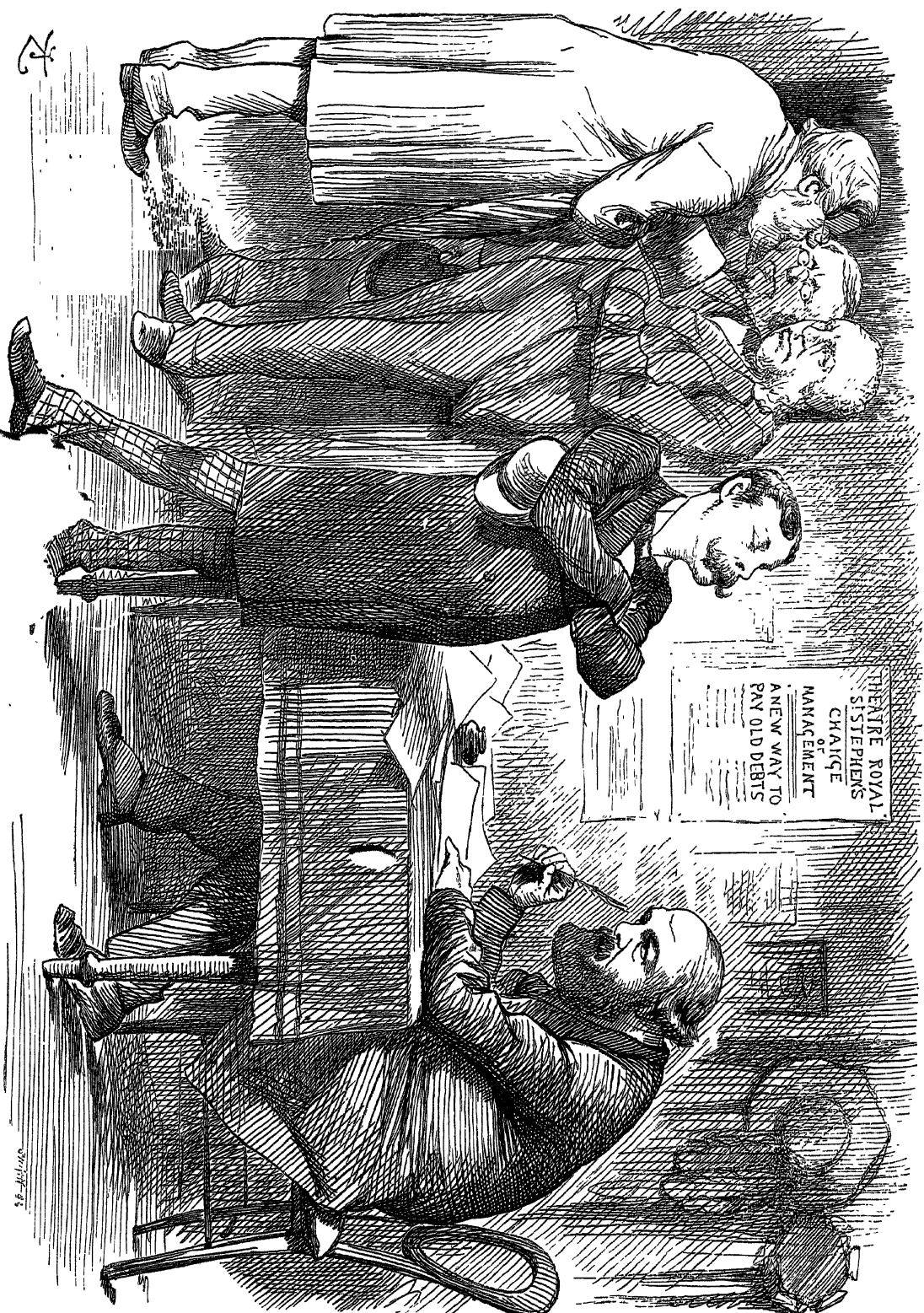
Manager.—Well—perhaps so.

Rising Star. Why, to be sure, if you mean making a House for a short run, you must have good business and no wet blankets. Opposition Show have lots of young sparklers coming on, and haven't lost their Old Star yet. Ah! he's something like an Old Star! not a dying spark, a farthing rushlight, or a spluttering torch, like—well, no matter! I'll outshine the lot of 'em yet, you'll see; but you'll have to remodel your Company, sack the sticks, and take on some of my men. Then we'll put something on the boards that will startle the Public, astonish the Opposition Show, and, I believe, secure a long run. I see my way to first-class business, tragic, comic, sensational, and spectacular—not to mention burlesque. In domestic drama, Oriental spectacle, and, particularly, Irish character, there are things to be done that'll make some of them sit up a bit, I do assure you.

Manager. Humph! You are confident, and—well, the prospect is pleasing enough. And now—ahem!—as regards terms, and as to—ahem!—yourself!

Rising Star (easily). Oh, that's simple enough. I could only accept leading business!

[Left settling terms.]



THE CON

MANAGER. "NOW, AS TO TERMS?"

RAND

COMEDY COMPANY.

ONLY SELLERS—I COULD ONLY ACCEPT 'LEADING BUSINESS'!!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 15.—Every appearance of quiet evening. The Markiss has undertaken to form Administration. Nothing to do but for old tenants quietly to clear out. GLADSTONE in humblest, most conciliatory mood. Last week he came and went unnoticed. Now makes his way into House through cheering

multitudes. Cheered again when he takes his seat, cheered when he rises, cheered when he sits down.

"Seems to me, TOBY," says he, "that the way to be truly popular is to get yourself turned out. Must remember this for new Parliament. If about 1890 I find things not going very well, shall lose a big division."

RANDOLPH in his place twirling moustache with suspicious savagery. WOLFF sitting well forward on edge of bench, hat tipped over his spectacles. "TOBY, dear boy," said RANDOLPH, "ever see two old fogies walking along the road arm-in-arm, confidentially conversing, thinking they've settled everything? Ever see small boy with piece of string pulled across pavement at convenient height? Ever see the two old fogies tumble over the string? No? Well, keep your eyes open to-night."

GLADSTONE briefly made suggestions for arrangement of business. Consider Lords' Amendments to Seats Bill forthwith; then adjourn

1 Friday, so that Markiss may make his Ministry. NORTHCOTE agreed to what was very ordinary proposal. Motion made to consider Lords' Amendments to the Seats Bill. WOLFF rose and moved Adjournment of Debate. Protested against Lords inserting Clause accelerating operation of Registration Act. Could not think of discussing so important a proposal as this in absence of responsible Government and of responsible Opposition. "Another trick of a Liberal Government."

"Beg your pardon," says DILKE—"it was done at the request of Lord SALISBURY."

"Quite true," STAFFORD NORTHCOTE chimed in, always chivalrous, never shirking behind opportunities of evading responsibility. Evidently mischief ahead. Might have left the Government to work their own way with quarrel being raised by Fourth Party. But, to STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, truth is truth, sacred above all things; so now he came forward, and volunteered this testimony.

Rather a staggerer, this. Made the issue unmistakably clear. RANDOLPH and his Merry Men not fighting against GLADSTONE, but against SALISBURY. Would they accept the issue? RANDOLPH quickly replied—

"Yes. Battle, and no quarter!" and forthwith, amid cheers and laughter from the delighted Ministerialists, he proceeded to sneer at "the Leaders of the so-called Constitutional party."

"A pretty beginning, this, to the establishment of a strong and united Party. But it's only RANDOLPH's fun," said SYDNEY WATERLOW, who, having caught the train, was present on this interesting occasion. "He must have his fling. But you'll see the Party will stand by its Leader."

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH on his legs. Now RANDOLPH will catch it, and STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will find his authority justified. BEACH an old colleague of NORTHCOTE's, an intimate counsellor, a companion in the adversity of the Front Opposition Bench. RANDOLPH's proceeding strikes at all discipline. It is not STAFFORD NORTHCOTE alone that suffers by these attacks. It is the Conservative party, and above all the Front Opposition Bench. St. MICHAEL to the rescue!

To general surprise BEACH turned and stabbed his old colleague, who sat trustfully by his side. Threw over NORTHCOTE, bearded SALISBURY, and declared for RANDOLPH.

"Sir MICHAEL," I cried, "what in the name of All Angels do you mean? Do you think this is quite honourable?"

"Well, perhaps not HICKS-ackly," he said, hanging down his head. "But you see I'm like the Solicitor from Sunderland, who gave evidence in the Lotinga Insurance case the other day, and described himself as an unwilling witness. 'Why do you say you are an unwilling witness?' HAWKINS asked. 'Because I didn't want to be mixed up in a case like this, as I'm a young man making my way in the world.' I'm a young man making my way in the world. Very unpleasant to be mixed up in case like this. But have no choice, and being in must consider which side's likely to win. NORTHCOTE old friend, and that sort of thing; been very kind to me; always loyal; sort of second father, don't you know. But he's played out. RANDOLPH coming to the front, will get to the front, has promised to take me with him if I play his game now. Very awkward. I know people will say things. Don't feel altogether easy myself. But as 'a young man making my way in the world' mustn't be too sentimental."

After this defection and desertion matters assumed serious aspect. RAIKES also plucked up courage to desert NORTHCOTE, CHAPLIN declared for RANDOLPH, and when division was called SLATER-BOOTH was so bemused and muddled that he got into the wrong lobby. RANDOLPH heavily beaten in the division lobby; "but," says the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, "he's won his game. Markiss must either knuckle down and accept his terms, or must form a Ministry and leave him below the Gangway. In either case he'll be master of the situation."

Business done.—RANDOLPH revolts, HICKS-BEACH deserts, House adjourns till Friday.

Friday Night.—"Pon my word," said Sir CHARLES FORSTER, mopping his forehead, "don't know whether I'm a Commoner or a Peer; whether I'm Lord Chancellor with a seat in the Cabinet and another on the Woolsack; whether I'm Solicitor-General, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, First Lord of Treasury, or merely Prime Minister; whether I'm a Liberal or a Conservative. Politics, combined with a tendency to misplace one's hat, have always been exhaustive. A little more of this, and I'd have to leave you, and then where would you be? Oh dear! oh dear!"

The good Baronet wobbled off, shaking his head, a picture of belated humanity. Things are truly a little mixed. Conservatives were to have come into possession to-day, and everybody change places. Turns out to be all a mistake. GLADSTONE not yet gone, and SALISBURY not yet in. Nobody knows where he is himself, or where to find others. Adjourn till Tuesday, to think matter over.

Rhyme by a Rad.

OUR peerless WILLIAM made a Peer?
Nay, none would wish it save his foes,
Who'd have his conquering career
Come to an Earl-y close!

Something for the British Matron.

"The Lord Lieutenant and Lady SPENCER will hold an undress reception at Dublin Castle on Saturday next, at one o'clock, and will leave for England on the afternoon of that day."—*Globe*, June 16.

Oh! spare, oh! spare, Lord SPENCER, spare
The feelings of "A British Mère!"

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM said that when she wanted to let her house at the sea-side an agent came in and drew up the infantry for her.

"THE Bar and its moaning" will be heard all over England at Election time. And—after?

A "CORDON BLEU."—A circle of Policemen.



(as Mr. Pecksniff,
"Lord Randolph
and hisses")—"do
an at our opponents." Nay,
brethren, do not let us groan
our opponents. We can find
other ways of dealing with them."

MOST IMPORTANT!

He was with Lord Salisbury
for quite three minutes, and
then left.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 13.



AT BURLINGTON HOUSE. THE "SWARRY."

THE NUBIAN BLACK KING WARREN-TED.

His Majesty OKO JUMBO, who likes to look every inch a King, wanted to go about wearing a regal crown. It was pointed out to him by Sir JOHN MONCKTON, who received him in the City and instructed him in several points of etiquette, that a white hat was quite sufficient, as, when perfect, it always had a crown in it. OKO was satisfied. His personal conductors say that it is quite a game of chess for them. Black King moves over all the squares, and, this sounds unfortunate, is taken everywhere. Match-making Mammals want to know if Black King is mated?

COMMENT ON THE CRISIS.

(By One who Knows.)

THE itch for office, at its highest pitch,
Is oftentimes disappointed by a hitch.

AT A MATINÉE.—Crowd outside watching Theatrical Celebrities going in. "There goes TOOLE!" "There goes IRVING!" Then came Misses ELLEN and MARION TERRY. Boy cried out, "There goes the Show in Exhibition Road, Kensington!" The people saw it at once. The explanation was, "In-went-Terries." The boy has been sent to the Sanatorium, where he will be duly cared for and properly instructed.

The EVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON.—Darwinites.

Mem. by a Misogynist.

[Seven Ladies have passed as Wranglers at Cambridge.]

FOR mathematic fame they've long been anglers,
And now they're seven of them—Complete Wranglers.
Nor let the news poor Man unduly stagger;—
She's Wrangler now who always was a nagger.

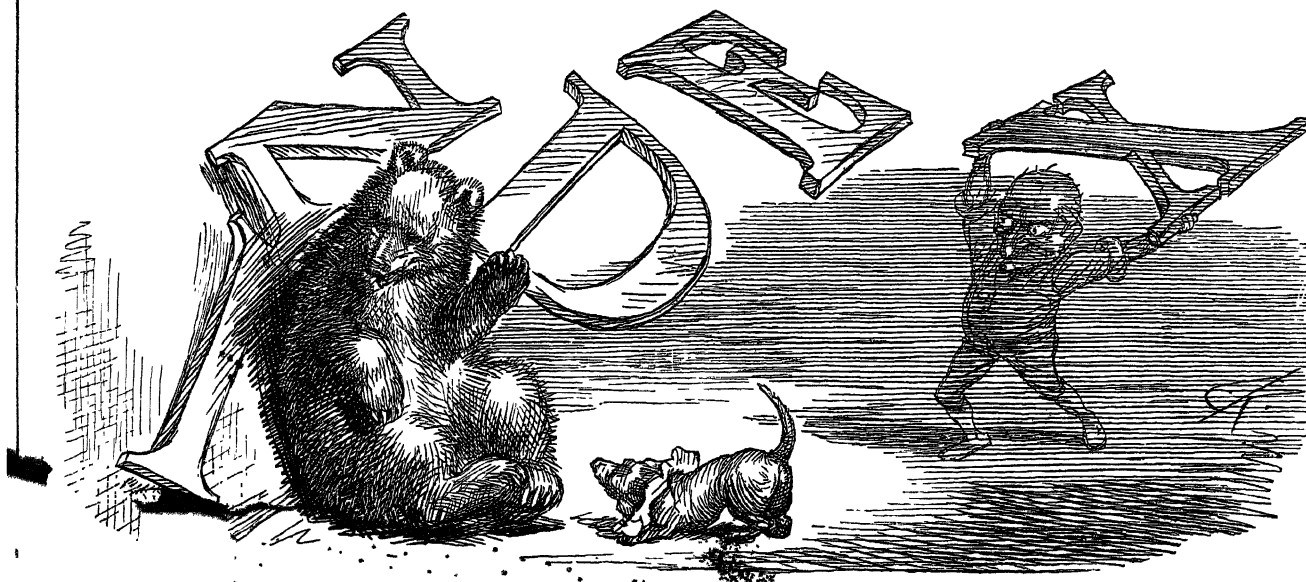
Cook Insects, destroy Beetles, eat Crickets; but there's one sort of Insect everybody is perpetually dressing up and dishing for himself and friends, one sort of Insect which we all swallow, willingly, after a little time, for it is an acquired taste, and that Insect is, the Humbug of Society.

WE are not aware to what ecclesiastical school Canon FREEMANTLE belongs, but if names went for anything, his would be an excellent one for a Ritualist who considers himself at liberty to wear whatever vestments he pleases. Such a one would indeed be a "Free-mantle."

AT the end of last week the Recently Proposed Conservative Ministry were said to be taking lessons in dancing. They were preparing for a good "breakdown."

DISQUALIFICATION FOR MEDICAL RELIEF.—Not having anything at all the matter with you.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



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